Collier's

JUNE 28, 1941

FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

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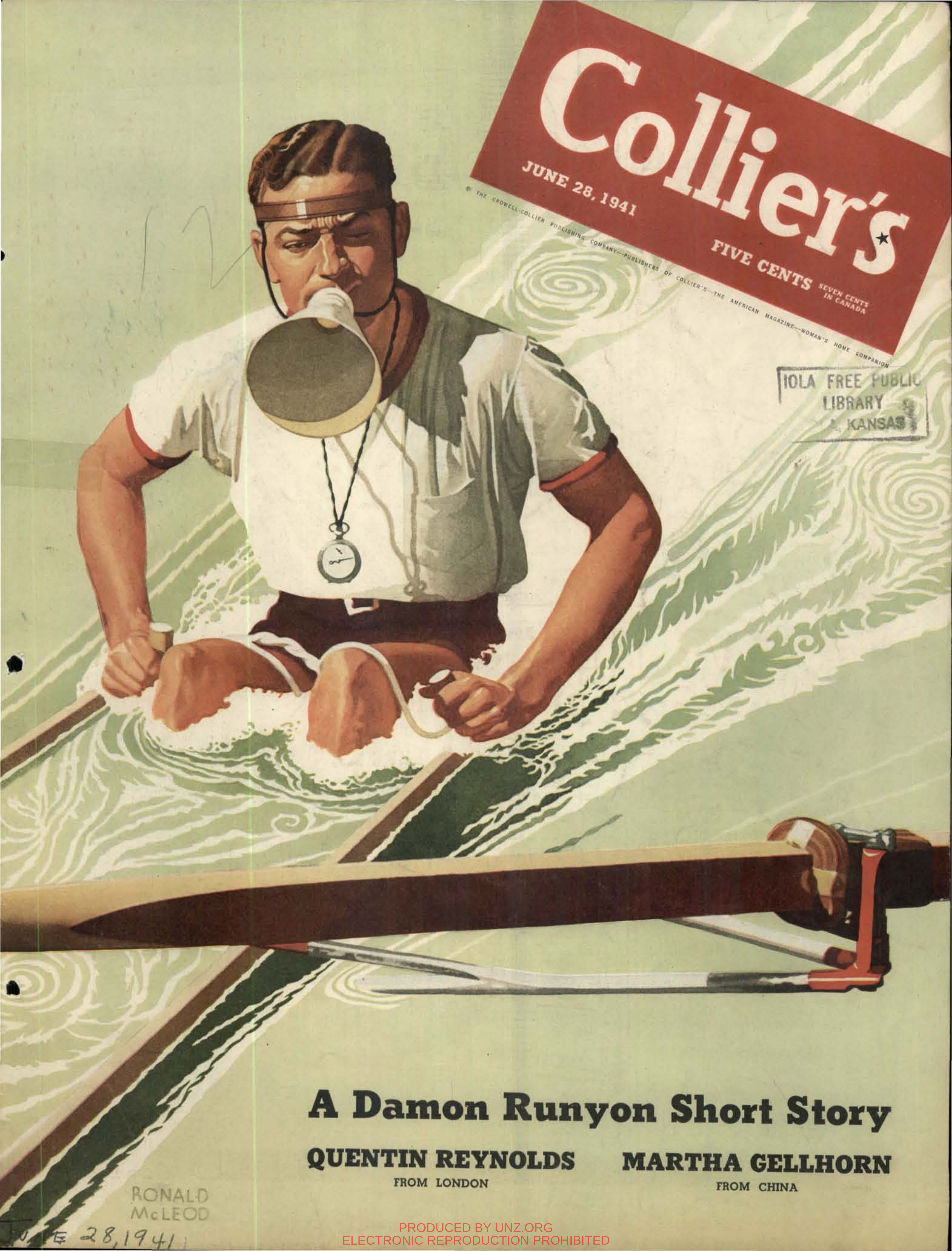


A Damon Runyon Short Story

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
FROM LONDON

MARTHA GELLHORN
FROM CHINA

June 28, 1941

BUFFET SUPPER! what a treat!.. but you need

5 Kinds of Refrigeration

to make it TASTE as good as it LOOKS!

- AND EVERY MEAL YOU EAT OR SERVE NEEDS IT

1. MEATS of every sort need *steady* cold with *moderate* humidity.
2. CREAM, milk and other beverages need *safe, above-freezing* cold.
3. BUTTER, staples and leftovers need *moderate* cold, *mild* humidity.
4. FROZEN FOODS need *extreme* cold, *no* humidity.
5. SALAD GREENS, most vegetables and some fruits need *mild* cold, *high* humidity.

. . . that's
SUPER MARKET REFRIGERATION!

Westinghouse

Super Market REFRIGERATION

. . . makes YOUR HOME the equal of a modern food store in scientific food protection

Refrigeration experts agree that different foods need different conditions of cold and humidity to keep in proper condition. That is why you find *five* types of refrigeration in a modern food store. And that is why Westinghouse SUPER MARKET Refrigeration means tastier meals, fewer shopping trips, and welcome savings, year after year, in family food bills. This Westinghouse advantage, plus many others, costs no more at your dealer's.

TRUE-TEMP CONTROL
is the secret . . .

Only
WESTINGHOUSE HAS IT!

Super Market Refrigeration is made possible by TRUE-TEMP CONTROL, a patented Westinghouse improvement over ordinary systems. Instead of acting from the *froster*, it acts from the *food compartment,* thus assuring steady, *balanced* cold and humidity for foods everywhere in the cabinet. You simply dial the *degree* of average cold required. TRUE-TEMP does the rest, automatically!

SEE THE NEW 1941

Westinghouse Refrigerators

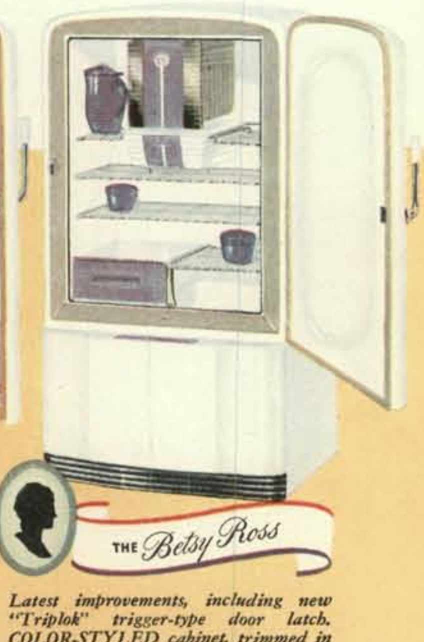
Thrilling new COLOR-STYLED interiors give these new Westinghouse models a distinction you'll be proud to have in your home! Let your near-by Westinghouse Dealer show them, and explain the new improvements. Look for his name in the classified pages of your telephone book.

THE *Martha Washington*

"Mount Vernon" styling, "Crystolite" trim and "Hi-flex" glass shelves. Illuminated TRUE-TEMP CONTROL dial, NEW in every detail, inside and out!

THE *Dolly Madison*

Taste and distinction at a modest price, with newest cabinet styling, rich buff and brown interior trim. Equipment includes new plastic-front Meat-Keeper.



THE *Betsy Ross*

Latest improvements, including new "Triplok" trigger-type door latch. COLOR-STYLED cabinet, trimmed in gay "Colonial Blue". Style at low cost!

Every house needs
Westinghouse

THE *Leisure Line* OF ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCES

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"I Know 'All Three' Inside and Out...

Plymouth's My Choice!"

Independent Garage Men All Over the U.S.A. were asked: "Which of 'All Three' Low-Priced Cars Do You Consider Best-Engineered?"

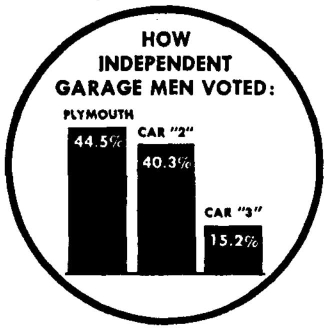
PLYMOUTH GOT MORE VOTES THAN EITHER OF THE "OTHER TWO"

YOU CAN TAKE the word of America's independent garage men—your money buys finer engineering in Plymouth. You enjoy greater comfort, safety, economy and longer car life.

You enjoy finer performance—for Plymouth gives you the greatest power per pound of weight of "All Three." You shift gears less...enjoy a new sense of tremendous power under perfect control!

And you have more room to stretch out—a smoother, more restful ride—because Plymouth gives you the longest wheelbase of "All Three"! You have the new safeguard of Safety Rim Wheels...new protection to you and yours, in case of a blowout.

And of 22 important engineering features found in *high-priced* cars, the *low-priced* Plymouth has 21...Car "2" has 9...Car "3" has 7. *Prices subject to change without notice.* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.



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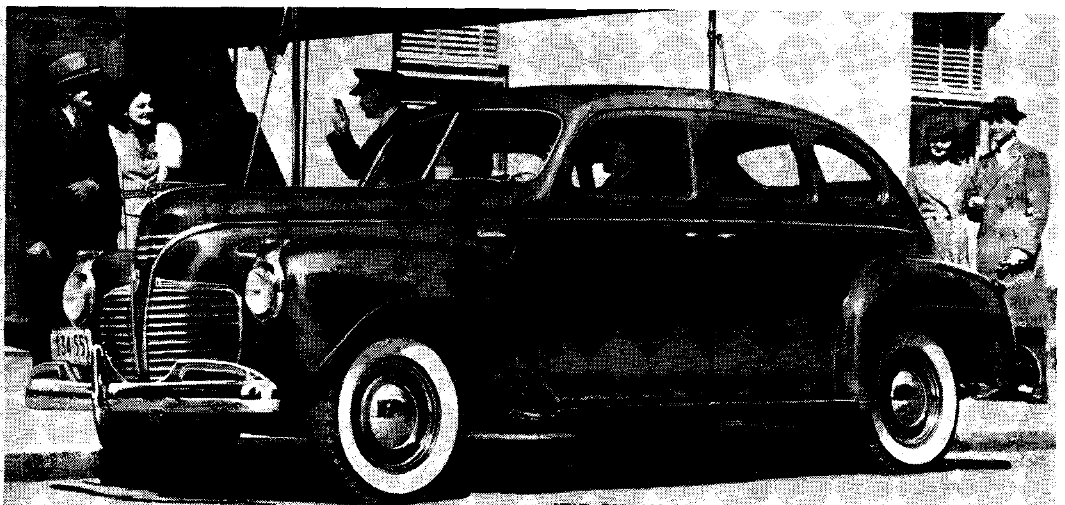
☛ SEE THE NEW LOW-PRICED PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

INDEPENDENT GARAGE MEN SAY:

BEST-ENGINEERED OF "ALL 3"

LOW PRICE BUYS MOST IN PLYMOUTH!

Longest Wheelbase of "All 3"
Widest Rear Seat of "All 3"
Greatest Power Per Pound of "All 3"
Biggest Safety Advance of "All 3"
Widest Color Choice of "All 3"
Most High-Priced Car Features of "All 3"
Lowest Prices of "All 3" on Many Models!



IT'S CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S NO. 1 CAR!

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THIS WEEK

JUNE 28, 1941

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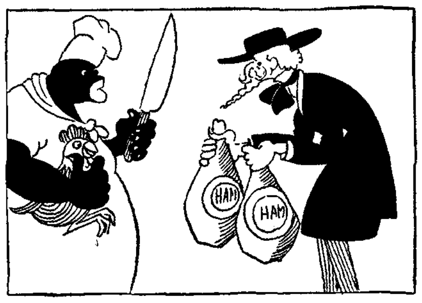
COVER RONALD McLEOD

ANY WEEK

APPARENTLY every Southerner worthy of that proud designation has a deceased but still picturesque uncle. Some time ago we mentioned the uncle who made small colored boys lie at the foot of his bed that he might warm his feet on them. This provoked a number of somewhat diversified responses. We have *one from a* Georgia gentleman who says that his Uncle Whitby, now deceased, inherited fifty thousand dollars on his fifty-second birthday. Investing the legacy was no problem whatever to Uncle Whitby. Instantly he purchased fifty thousand dollars' worth of Virginia ham and began at once to devour same. Uncle Whitby perished miserably at table in eight months and twelve days leaving an estate of one hundred and twenty-two dollars' worth of Virginia ham. Incidentally, the family never referred to them as Virginia hams but as Georgia peaches.



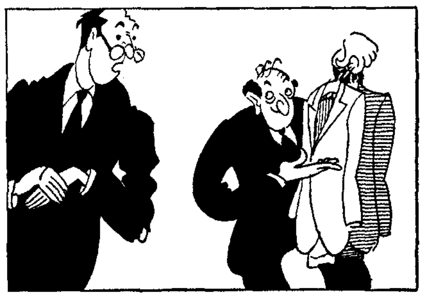
RECENTLY this magazine had a few words to say about psychiatrists and psychotics—about the none too successful efforts of the former to keep the latter out of the Army. As we expected, several letters have come from enlisted men in our new Army. Perhaps we'd better not get too specific. There's some kind of a regulation making it a serious offense for soldiers to utter anything but praise for their superiors. Nevertheless, one of the lads would like to know where those alienists were when the writers of the Selective Service Act were at work on it. And another speculates on the number *of members of Congress* who would not be on the government pay roll if they'd had to be certified as sane. That gives you the idea. While we're on the subject, we may as well set down a few words about draft-board personnel. Mr. James J. Quicklass of Buffalo, New York, is more than merely eager to poke in the nose "a pot-bellied veteran of 1918 (didn't get across) who roars at every reluctant enrollee: 'Boy, if I was your age like I was in 1918 I'd be out there in the front-line trenches, holdin' the fort.' " And we don't blame Mr. Quicklass. More bitter, however, are the criticisms of lady members of draft boards. Mr. George McF. Ginn of Chicago, Illinois, reports that a small prospect asking deferment because he was his mother's sole support was amazoned by the lady member. "If I was your mother," she roared, "I'd be glad to give you to my country. If I had a son I'd insist that he fight for freedom." And the frightened wight replied: "Please, lady, you wouldn't have to."

OUR foreign mail is fairly calm. Mr. P. Newton, Private RAMC, 101 High Street, Andover, Hampshire, England, finds this magazine "the right stuff to pass the long, black-out hours away." We've resolved to give you explicit addresses of men and women who are thus thumbing their noses at Mr. Hitler, hoping that you letter writers take advantage of it. "The articles I like best," goes on Mr. Newton, "are the ones on different parts of the world as they come into the news. Your serials are also very good. I've often given up all hope of receiving some of the numbers but they always arrive in the end. You seem to have a way of doing the impossible. Before Collier's falls apart from wear, more than thirty of us chaps read it. As I'm writing this, there is a big raid on. Isn't it queer the way people get used to anything when they have to?"

YOU *may remember that a few weeks* ago a German politician named Hess, the Axis version of our own Mr. Wrongway Corrigan, was creating quite a stir. Among the various people discussing the incident were Kyle Crichton, our associate, and his hired man, Raymond. Mr. Crichton asked Raymond whether he had read about Herr Hess. "Nawsir," said Raymond. "Well, you ought to," said Mr. Crichton. "Okay," said Raymond, "whut paper is it in?" We thought that was pretty funny, so the next time we were asked what we knew about this Hess thing we told the fellow—an eminent C.P.A.—about Mr. Crichton and Raymond. "Hell," he cried in disgust, "it's in all the papers."

THEREFORE, we shall apply ourself to soberer matters—the furious crawl the United States is making toward military competence, for example. It's a matter that has engaged the interest of quite a number of our readers. Mr. Harry Evans David of Enid, Oklahoma, has taken to telegraphing Washington about it. To Secretaries Stimson and Knox, to Senators Tobey, Pepper and Glass, to Leon Henderson and William S. Knudsen, among others, Mr. David has wired: "Please stop being calm. America expects its leaders to lose control and go to work. What the country needs is six months' unbridled pandemonium. Scram." Or perhaps we should look into a situation more than hinted at by Miss Marian Miller Mong of Washington, D. C. "Dear Friend," writes Miss Mong, "this capital of democracy's last outpost is a sight to behold. Nine tenths of the time we are paid to rearm the nation in is devoted to bitter wrangles between isolationists and internationalists. The other tenth is cocktails." Or we might do something about a letter received from one of Mr. Jesse Jones' assistants. "Please," writes she, "put in a plug for the National Youth Administration. It wants $159,000,000 to make little fellow travelers safe for bureaucracy." Or there may be an idea in this letter from Mr. Will Gamma of Portland, Oregon. Mr. Gamma urges the immediate passage of the Townsend Plan "amended to read four hundred dollars a month instead of two hundred, and a monthly tax of fifty per cent thereon for rearmament." Just to even things up, Mr. Gamma would also tax nonpensioners fifty per cent of their monthly income, this assessment going to pay the Townsendeers.

WE ARE recovering from an awful rhetorical beating contained in a letter from a gentleman in Sandusky, Ohio. He will not permit us to publish his name but does go as far as to assure us that it's a prominent one. He objects primarily to our editorial contention that the insanity abroad in Europe is distinctly true and that one *does not have to be an Anglophile to* realize it—merely an American who wants his children to be free. However, the gentleman has every right to call us "English rats." We'd be somewhat more impressed, however, had his letter not misspelled nine of the ten newsy names he mentions in his letter. For example: Wendle Wilkie, Jessie Jones, Francis Perkens, William C. Knudson, Barnard Baruck, Henry Petaine, Senator Toby, Secretary Stimpson and Secretary Morganthou. But he wasn't shut out. He had *the President's name right.*



IN THE meantime, we are being solicited by a small, unhealthy-looking gentleman to invest one hundred dollars in "a couple of suits of genuine English tailored suitings of English weaves for a giveaway price." He assures us that this golden opportunity would never have come our way if it weren't for the war. "These fine garments," he tells us, "were made for two private English peers, and not called for because these peers are wearing last year's clothes on account of taxes."

SO ARE we. . . . W. D.

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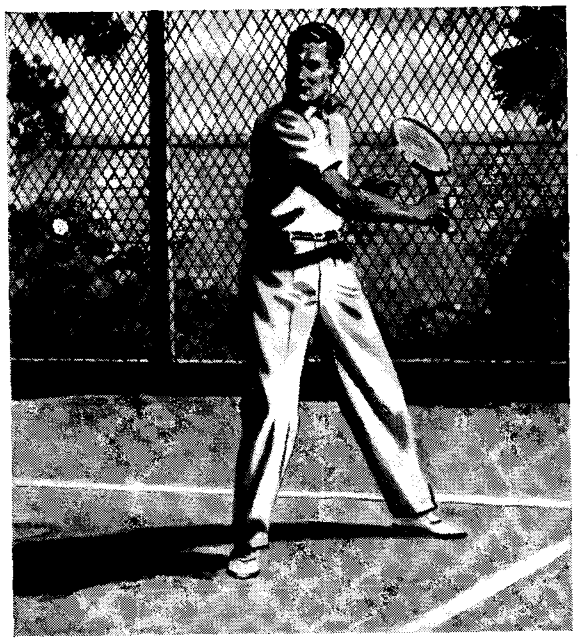
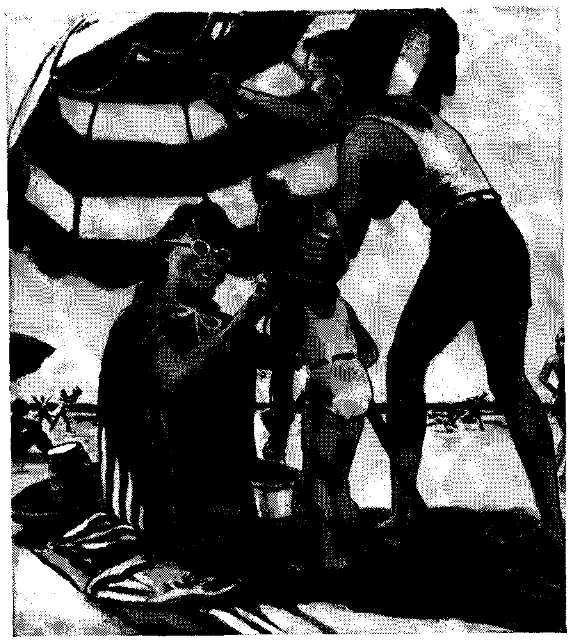
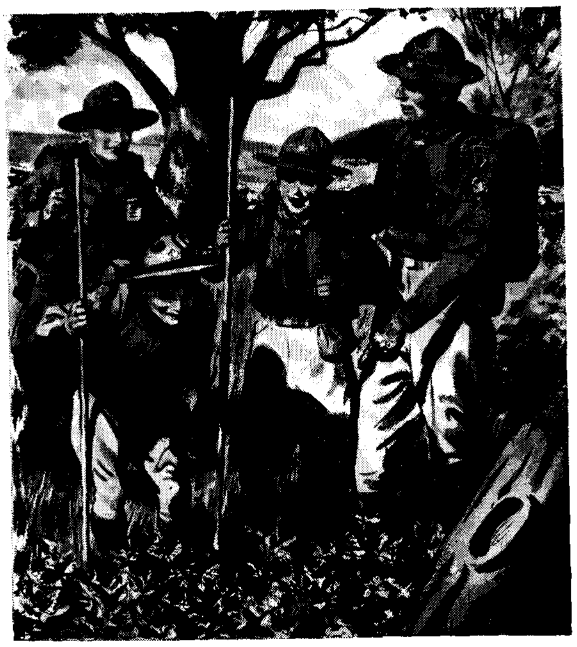
Some Suggestions for enjoying your Summer



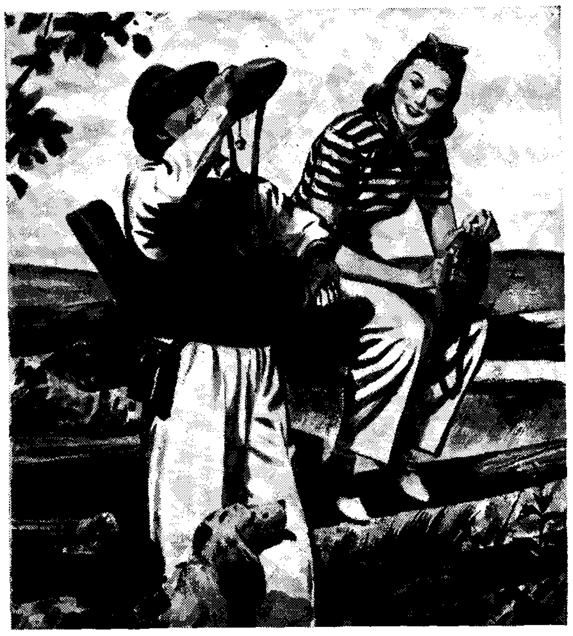
Week-end athletes should be careful. It is unwise to plunge straight from business into hours of strenuous exercise over the week end. Exercise is most beneficial when you take it easily and gradually. Stop before you are "all in," and avoid any unusual exertion soon after eating. That's the way full-time athletes keep in shape.



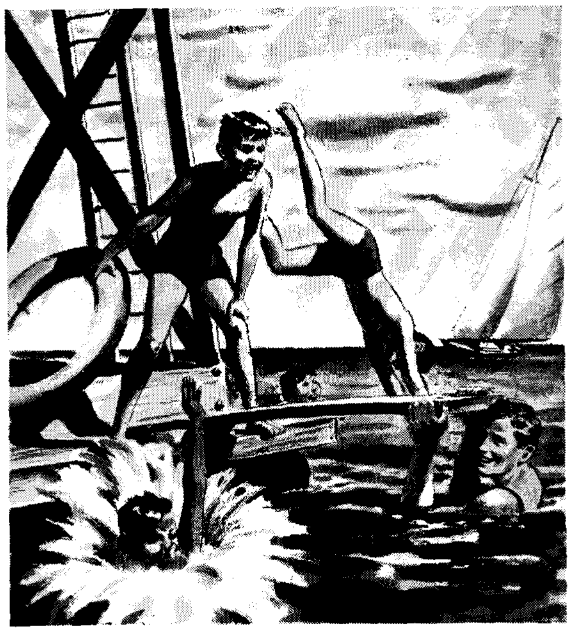
There's danger in the sun. You cannot get a nice coat of tan all at once—but you can get painfully, dangerously burned trying to. It is much better to expose yourself to the Summer sun gradually, in slowly increasing doses. To prevent sunstroke or heat exhaustion, it is well to keep the head covered in direct sunlight; to wear light, loose, porous clothing; and to get plenty of rest.



There are poisons abroad. It is well to be able to recognize poison ivy and poison sumac. Also, to look before you leap or step or reach—in sections where these hazards are present or where there are poisonous snakes. Dependable antiseptics should be kept handy to prevent cuts and scratches from becoming infected. If infection does threaten, a doctor should be seen *promptly*, before one of these poisons has time to do serious harm.



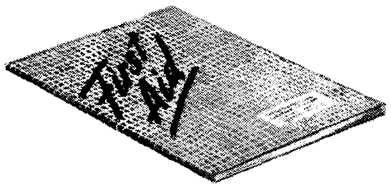
Eat and drink carefully. Drink plenty of cool, clear water—but, like experienced hikers, carry pure water with you or drink only from wells, brooks, or springs that you know are safe. It is wise to make sure that the milk you get in a strange locality is pure. You will feel better if you eat light foods, right for Summer, and if you are careful to avoid overeating.



Water sports bring their hazards. Learn to swim . . . always swim with companions or in sight of other people. Before you dive, make sure the water is deep enough and that there are no submerged objects you might hit. Any boat you are in should be manned by someone who can handle it safely. Those who cannot swim would do well to stay out of small boats altogether.

An interesting 10-minute Technicolor movie on food and health—"PROOF OF THE PUDDING"*—has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.*

TO HELP MAKE SUMMER SAFER



Metropolitan offers you an interesting, free booklet, "First Aid."

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"Don't be jealous of my piggy bank . . . just put Sealed Power Piston Rings in your car—and watch how much you save on oil!"

MOOTH
but saving, too!

...so are cars equipped with Sealed Power Piston Rings

If you want your car to run smoothly, thriftily—just as it did when new—do this: ask your repairman to install Sealed Power Piston Rings. Back will come the power, pep, gas and oil economy you used to boast about! Sealed Power Rings—the brand used in 12 of the 18 American makes of cars—are now sold in packaged sets engineered for your particular make of car. Finest piston rings great engineers can make. Ask for them by name. Accept no substitutes. They cost no more! Sealed Power Corp., Muskegon, Mich., and Windsor, Ont.

SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

Best in new cars!
Best in old cars!

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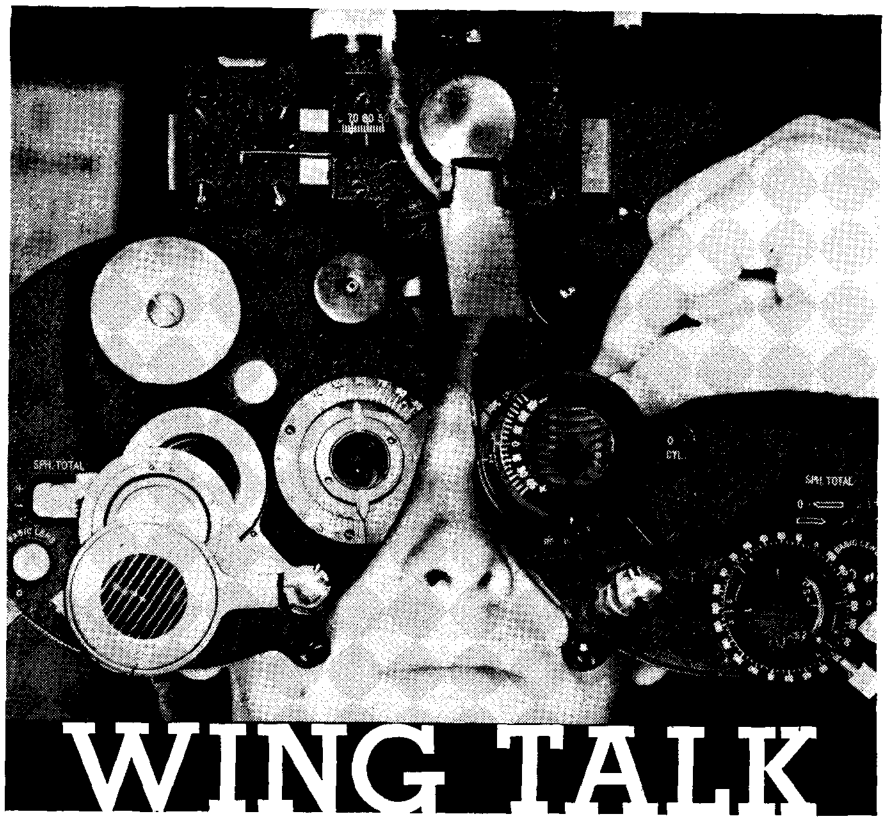


WING TALK

INTERNATIONAL

Phorometer tests eye-muscle balance in rigorous check of Army pilots

Many a healthy young lad, smarting under the polite but firm insistence of the Army Air Corps that he could never become a pilot because he did not have two years of college education or the equivalent, takes new hope with the liberalization of Air Corps requirements for airmen. Enlisted pilots are on order!

While not receding one heartbeat or one hemoglobin from the physical requirements, the Air Corps is willing to take in young men unable to meet the two-year college requirement and give them the same pilot training as Flying Cadets headed for the gold bars of second lieutenants.

When 30,000 Army pilots are needed in a hurry, the old peacetime program of "every pilot an officer" can well be waived. Officers for the peacetime Air Corps heretofore were specified because they were expected to perform command duties on the ground in addition to their flying responsibilities. But under the emergency the country needs young pilots and flying all the time.

The Navy for many years has used enlisted pilots in active service. About 200 are now on duty with the fleet and at shore base stations. One fighting plane squadron aboard a carrier is composed entirely of enlisted pilots. The Navy's need for pilots is nowhere near as acute as the Army's, but the performance of Navy enlisted pilots has been so satisfactory that eventually more will be taken in as needed.

First choice for Army enlisted pilots will be those worthy young men already in the Air Corps—many who just had to fly somehow, though disqualified on educational grounds from receiving Army flight training leading to a commission.

Sergeant Pilot Smith, your ship is ready!

Your reporter used to cover air races and other outstanding aeronautical events as far back as 1922. It was always an uphill fight—to get recognition as an aviation writer. When the reporter went up to the press box he found it filled with friends and relatives of officials, and phony people wearing badges marked "Press." So a reporter would acquire by methods best known to himself an arm band reading "Attendant" or "Mechanic," and go about his job.

Now the aviation writer is treated with respect—particularly if he is a member of the Aviation Writers Association—which claims a readership of 70,000,000. About 100 top-flight reporters of the nation's press, who know which end of the machine the fan goes on, are members of this organization founded three years ago and they aim to preserve their specialist status.

Head of the outfit is Devon Francis, aviation editor of The Associated Press; Maurice Roddy of the Chicago Times, vice-president; Michael Froelich, news editor of Aero Digest, secretary-treasurer; the Board of Governors: Selby Calkins, editor of Western Flying, Los Angeles; Howard Waldorf of the Oakland Post-Enquirer; Justin Bowersock of the Kansas City Star; George Haddaway, editor of Southern Flight, Dallas, Texas; Bob Ball of the Detroit News; Joseph S. Edgerton of the Washington Evening Star; Dick Kirschbaum of the Newark Evening News, and Albert D. Hughes of the Christian Science Monitor, Boston, Massachusetts.

As they enter their fourth year as an organization, the AWA members have broken down and yielded to the decorative impulse to wear a badge. They have had an insignia struck. It includes a single wing, for aerial observer, a quill for the fourth estate and the enameled letters AWA. Ah Wah!

As our military and naval aircraft are speeded up by engines of higher horsepower, there is going to be a temptation by the airlines to go to higher speeds, too. This again brings up the question of ideal speed.

For transcontinental service, it is still questionable in the minds of some airline people if speeds beyond 250 to 270 miles per hour are needed. Such speeds give a true overnight transcontinental trip. Shorten the length of the trip by increasing speed, and the diminishing-returns law begins to work. If an airline schedule is reduced from four to two hours by going from 100 miles an hour to 200 miles an hour, there's a definite saving. Now cut it from two hours to one hour by flying 400 miles an hour. The reduction in time is smaller and the power expenditure to save that one hour is very great.

We'll stop here and let the air-transport economists give us the final answer.

F. R. N.

Try Pepsodent's 2-second Beauty Test!

MAKE THIS TONGUE TEST ON YOUR TEETH

1... DO THIS... Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba... it collects stains, makes teeth dingy-looking.

2... IT'S A WARNING... You need the film-fighting powers of Pepsodent with Irium. Because filmy coating on your teeth is a sign your present tooth paste may be letting you down.

3... DON'T WAIT... Correct this beauty-blemish now... with Pepsodent. No other tooth paste contains this wonder-working combination: (1) Irium, super-cleansing agent loosens sticky coating, flushes it away . . . *and* (2) the patented, high-polishing agent polishes teeth shiny-smooth so coating slides off before it can collect and stain.

Switch to Pepsodent with Irium. Use it regularly and you'll know the joy of sparkling, beautiful teeth. Get a tube today!

PEPSODENT CONTAINS IRIUM for greater cleaning power
Pepsodent TOOTH PASTE
Pepsodent
50¢
FIFTY TUFT

TRY THIS SIMPLE BEAUTY TREATMENT
Use Pepsodent regularly for a few days. You'll *see* and *feel* the difference next time you make the Tongue Test.

50 Tufts! Twice as many as any other brush, in a small, compact head. Get a new 50-Tuft Pepsodent Tooth Brush for Double-Power Cleansing.

GENTLEMEN, DON'T "DOUSE"!

Dousing your hair with water, or anything else, makes it look plastered and unnatural. To keep it well-groomed, simply use a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb every morning. You'll be agreeably surprised!

WARD OFF DRY SCALP
REWARD: HANDSOME HAIR!

DON'T WAIT until itching, falling dandruff scales and abnormal loss of hair have you worrying in earnest . . . begin your Dry Scalp defense today!

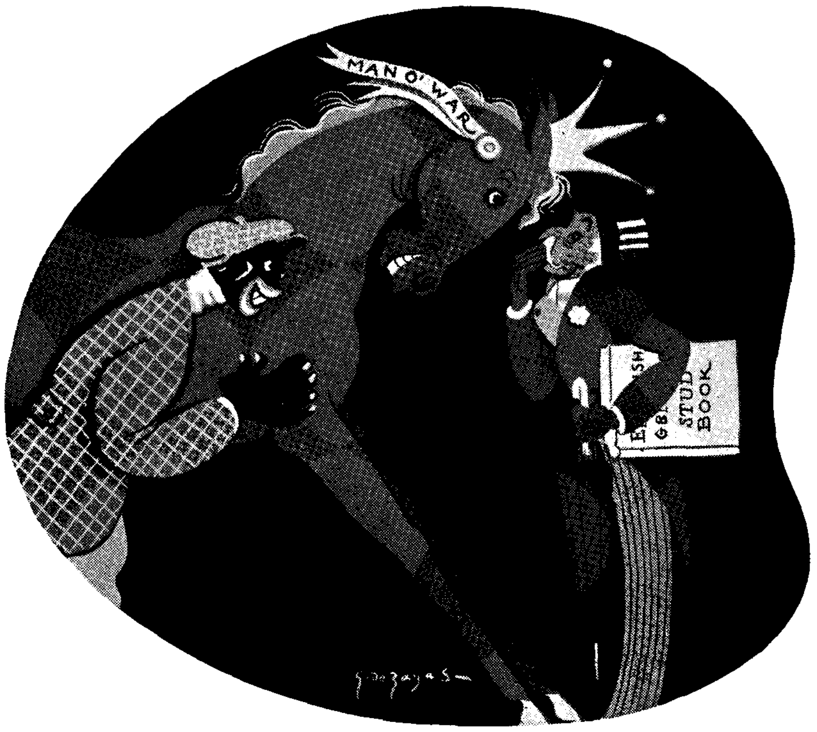
Once a week, before shampoos, give your scalp a vigorous massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Not only will this check normal tendencies toward dryness, but also the drying-out effect of the shampoo itself. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic *actually supplements the natural scalp oils*, keeps the hair good-looking. And every morning, instead of dousing your head with water or anything else, shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb and run it through your hair. It will help to keep your hair handsomely groomed all day.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a *drying* effect.

40¢ and 70¢

By actually *supplementing* the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp soft and supple . . . as it keeps the hair lustrous, well-groomed and good-looking . . . Try it!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Man o' War and a number of other famous American race horses are not included in the English General Stud Book, because not all lines of their pedigrees can be traced back to horses listed in it. Thus, according to British standards, Man o' War is not a thoroughbred, because one of his great granddams is missing from this record.

The only man who was ever successfully shot from a torpedo tube of a submerged submarine to prove that it could be done was Ensign Kenneth Whiting of the United States Navy, who was propelled from the Porpoise in this manner while it was resting on the bottom of the ocean off Cavite in the Philippines in 1909.

Many bills presented in the Senate and the House of Representatives are not written by the congressmen or the congressional committee whose names they bear, but by one or more of the ten lawyers in the office of the Legislative Counsel, an organization set up more than twenty years ago for this purpose and which costs the government about $75,000 a year.

The Khevzurs of the Caucasus Mountains of Russia are the only people who observe a three-day sabbath, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, whose only liquor is a beer brewed and served by the church at religious festivals and whose women are forbidden to have children during the first three years of their married life.

Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish match king who cheated the bankers of the United States alone out of $250,000,000 in the 1920's through fraudulent financial statements and forged bonds, spent more on himself than any other man known. Between 1918 and 1932, when he committed suicide in Paris, the living expenses of this bachelor, who maintained seven city homes, three country estates and several yachts, averaged $8,000,000 a year.

Very soft materials can make impressions on very hard ones. Cloth has been known to make a distinct imprint of its weave on a bullet that passed through it, while moss has been known to make a deep impression of its design on a piece of polished steel when a dynamite cartridge was exploded above it.

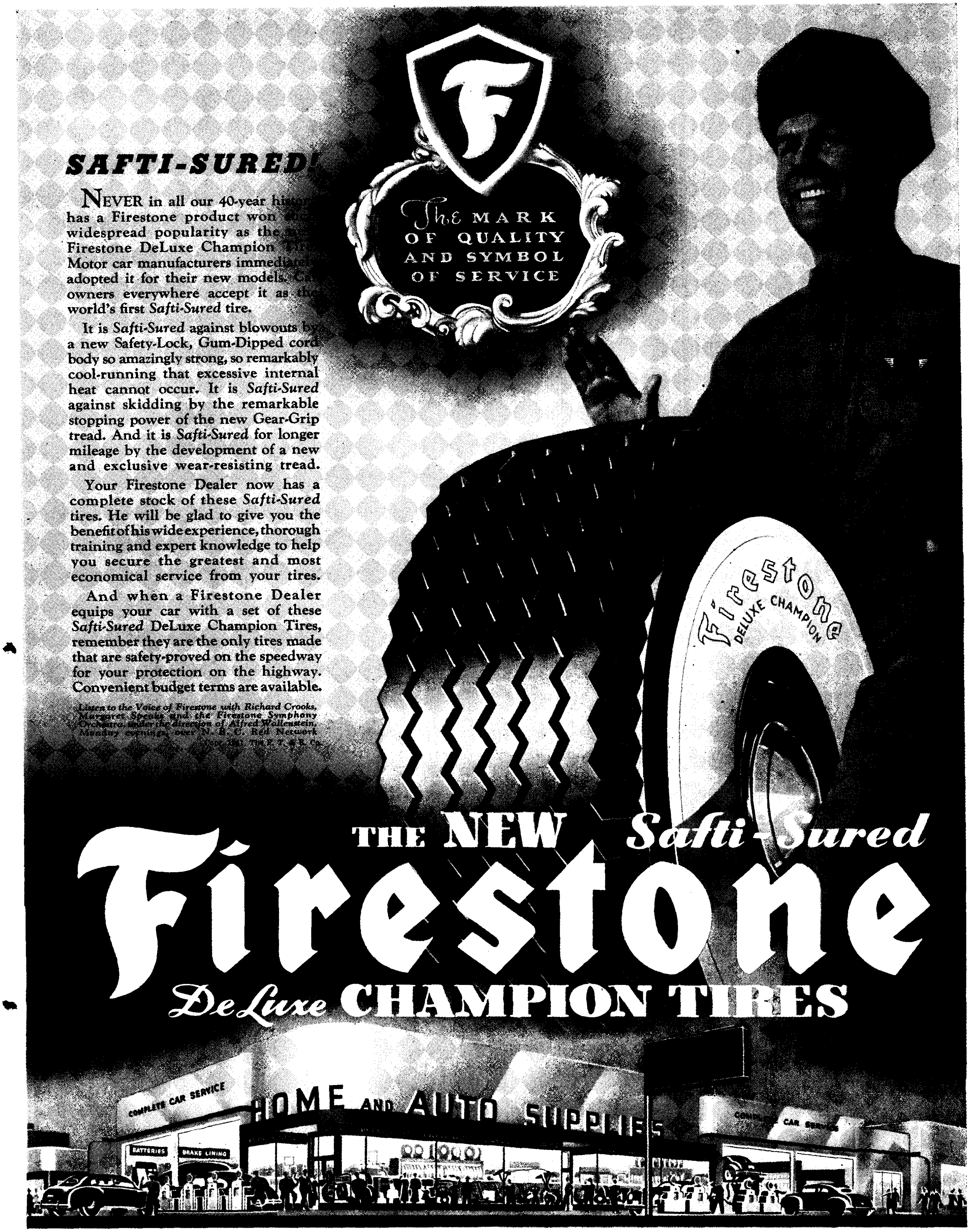
Eleven major-league baseball parks and 286 minor-league parks are now equipped with lighting systems for night games. The largest installation is in New York's Polo Grounds, which has 836 lamps of 1,500-watt capacity, generating 200,000,000 candle power, enough to illuminate four thousand homes. —*By Mrs. P. W. Shawver, Forest Hills, Pennsylvania.*

At five P.M. on May 14, 1912, a man, walking alone in a park in Hamburg, suddenly dropped dead. Unrecognized and with nothing to give a clue to his identity, the body was taken to the public morgue and not identified for twelve hours. He was King Frederick VIII of Denmark, who had reigned over his country, only one hundred miles away, since 1906.—*By Irma Hilgedick, New York, New York.*

In Louisiana, not long ago, a man was convicted of kidnaping his wife because he had forced her to accompany him on a journey.—*By Gilbert Laken, Tompkinsville, New York.*

Chungking, China, between 1937, when the provisional government moved there, and 1939, when it was burned to the ground by Japanese incendiary bombs, was the most thickly populated metropolis on record. It had about 250,000 persons per square mile.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



SAFTI-SURED!

NEVER in all our 40-year history has a Firestone product won such widespread popularity as the new Firestone DeLuxe Champion Tire. Motor car manufacturers immediately adopted it for their new models. Car owners everywhere accept it as the world's first *Safti-Sured* tire.

It is *Safti-Sured* against blowouts by a new Safety-Lock, Gum-Dipped cord body so amazingly strong, so remarkably cool-running that excessive internal heat cannot occur. It is *Safti-Sured* against skidding by the remarkable stopping power of the new Gear-Grip tread. And it is *Safti-Sured* for longer mileage by the development of a new and exclusive wear-resisting tread.

Your Firestone Dealer now has a complete stock of these *Safti-Sured* tires. He will be glad to give you the benefit of his wide experience, thorough training and expert knowledge to help you secure the greatest and most economical service from your tires.

And when a Firestone Dealer equips your car with a set of these *Safti-Sured* DeLuxe Champion Tires, remember they are the only tires made that are safety-proved on the speedway for your protection on the highway. Convenient budget terms are available.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Speaks and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings, over N. B. C. Red Network

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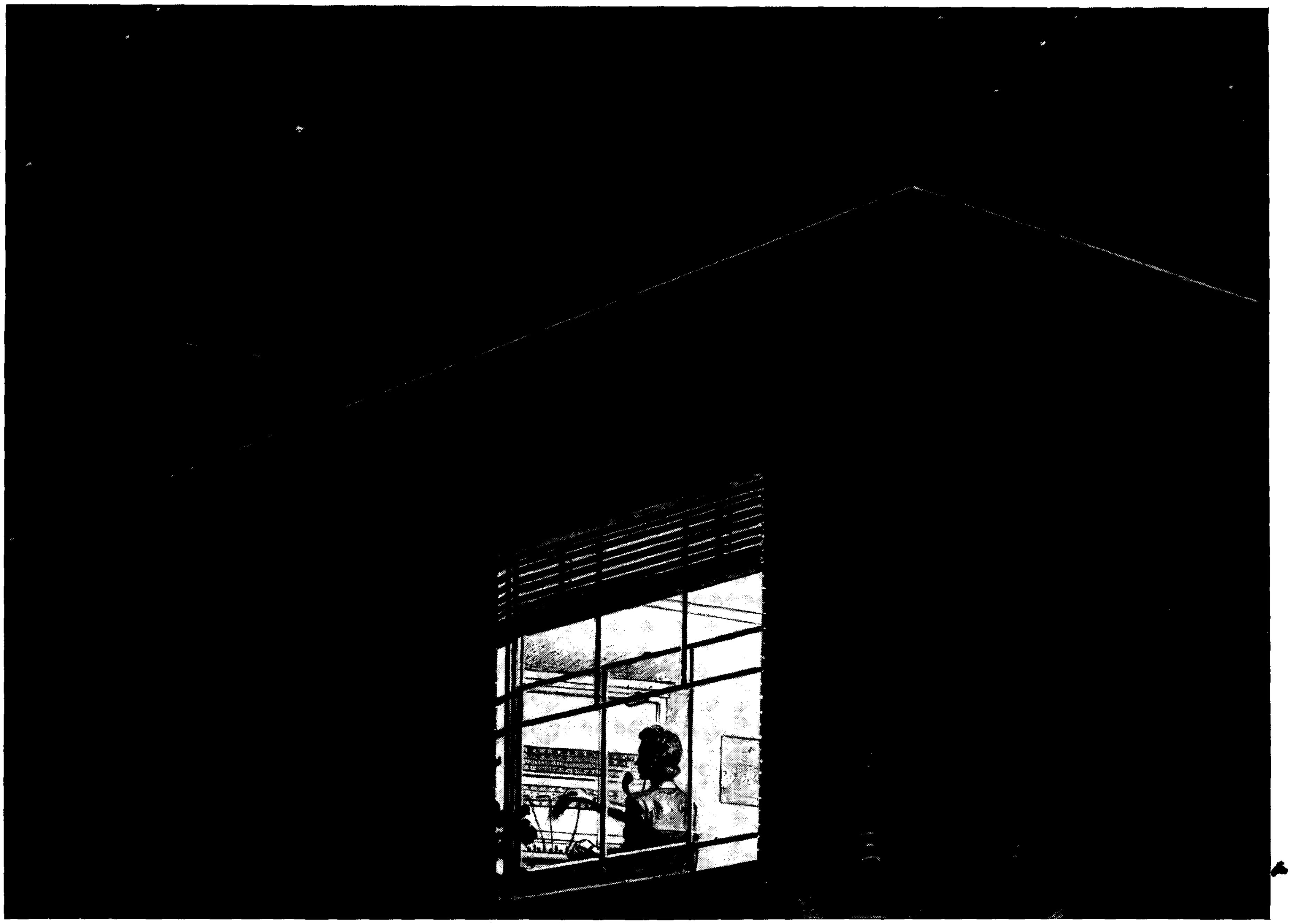
THE NEW *Safti-Sured* Firestone *DeLuxe* CHAMPION TIRES



"I judge the telephone company by the people who work for it"

A little while ago a Vermont newspaper editor, John Hooper, commented on the telephone company and its people. His words express so well the ideals toward which we are striving that we quote them here.

"I DON'T know how big the telephone company is, but it is big enough to exceed my mental grasp of business.

"But I don't find myself thinking of it as a business, even in my day-to-day contacts. Rather, my attention is on the voice that says, 'Number, please.' I find myself wondering if that voice is feeling as well as it always seems to, or if it feels just as hot and weary as I do, and would say so if it wasn't the kind of voice it is.

"The first time the business angle really struck home was when I read that my friend Carl had completed thirty years with the company.

"Now it happens that I know something of the details of those thirty years with the company, and I believe they are a credit both to Carl and to the big business for which he works.

"In 1907 Carl was a high school boy confronted with the need for earning money in his spare time. He happened to get a job as Saturday night operator in the telephone exchange. He worked at this job for three years and then entered the university.

"While in college he did some substituting at the exchange in his home town in vacations. After graduation, he was hired full time by the telephone company, not in an 'executive' position which some folks think goes with a college diploma, but as a lineman.

"Within a year he was made wire chief of the district, a job which he held for the next ten years. He was then transferred to a larger city as manager of the office. Then he was promoted to sales manager of the division.

"A year later he was sent to another State, as district manager. In less than a year after this appointment, he was made manager for the entire State.

"Carl got where he is in a big business by intelligence and industry. And that is a story well known in the American pattern of life. But we shouldn't forget that a big business got Carl where he is because it also was intelligent and industrious.

"I don't know much about the telephone company as a business; I can only judge it by the people who work for it. Just where the dividing line is between a business and the people who work for it, I don't know. I don't think there is any line."

Bell Telephone System

• "THE TELEPHONE HOUR" *is broadcast every Monday. (N.B.C. Red Network, 8 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time.)*

Collier's
The National Weekly for June 28, 1941

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Johnny One-Eye

By Damon Runy

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. RE

A guy who will do what Buttsy does to Johnny One-Eye is a very wrong guy indeed and we are not at all sorry for what happened to him

THIS cat I am going to tell you about is a very small cat, and in fact it is only a few weeks old, consequently it is really nothing but an infant cat. To tell the truth, it is just a kitten.

It is gray and white and very dirty and its fur is all frowzled up, so it is a very miserable-looking little kitten to be sure the day it crawls through a broken basement window into an old house in East Fifty-third Street over near Third Avenue in the city of New York and goes from room to room saying merouw, merouw in a low, weak voice until it comes to a room at the head of the stairs on the second story where a guy by the name of Rudolph is sitting on the floor thinking of not much.

One reason Rudolph is sitting on the floor is because there is nothing else to sit on as this is an empty house that is all boarded up for years and there is no furniture whatever in it, and another reason is that Rudolph has a .38 slug in his side and really does not feel like doing much of anything but sitting. He is wearing a derby hat and his overcoat as it is in the wintertime and very cold and he has an automatic Betsy on the floor beside him and naturally he is surprised quite some when the little kitten comes merouwing into the room and he picks up the Betsy and points it at the door in case anyone he does not wish to see is with the kitten. But when he observes that it is all alone, Rudolph puts the Betsy down again and speaks to the kitten as follows:

"Hello, cat," he says.

Of course the kitten does not say anything in reply except merouw but it walks right up to Rudolph and climbs on his lap, although the chances are if it knows who Rudolph is it will hightail it out of there quicker than anybody can say scat. There is enough daylight coming through the chinks in the boards over the windows for Rudolph to see that the kitten's right eye is in bad shape, and in fact it is bulged half out of its head in a most distressing manner and it is plain to be seen that the sight is gone from this eye. It is also plain to be seen that the injury happens recently and Rudolph gazes at the kitten a while and starts to laugh and says like this:

"Well, cat," he says, "you seem to be scuffed up almost as much as I am. We make a fine pair of invalids here together. What is your name, cat?"

Naturally the kitten does not state its name but only goes merouw and Rudolph says, "All right, I will call you Johnny. Yes," he says, "your tag is now Johnny One-Eye."

Then he puts the kitten in under his overcoat and pretty soon it gets warm and starts to purr and Rudolph says:

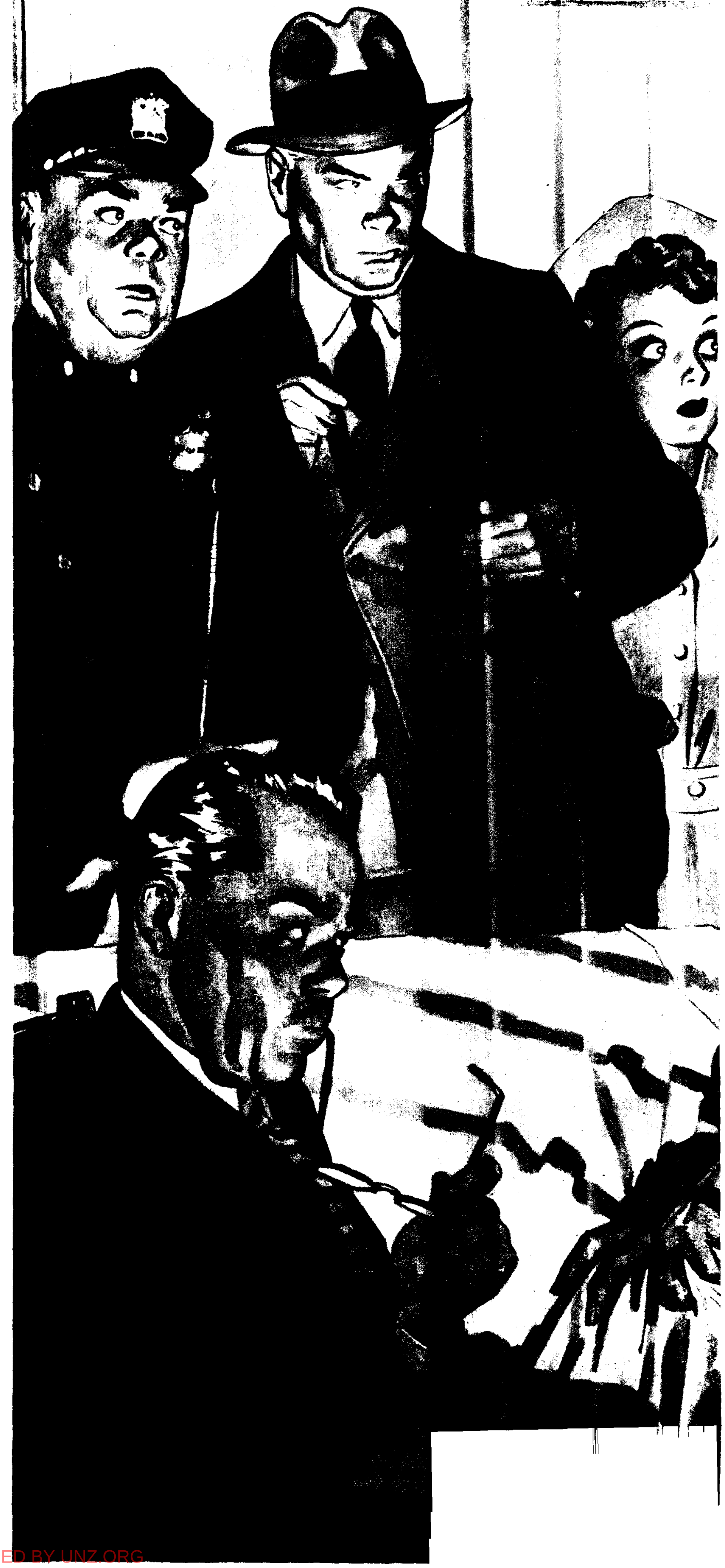
"Johnny," he says, "I will say one thing for you and that is you are plenty game to be able to sing when you are hurt as bad as you are. It is more than I can do."

But Johnny only goes merouw again and keeps on purring and by and by it falls sound asleep under Rudolph's coat and Rudolph is wishing the pain in his side will let up long enough for him to do the same.

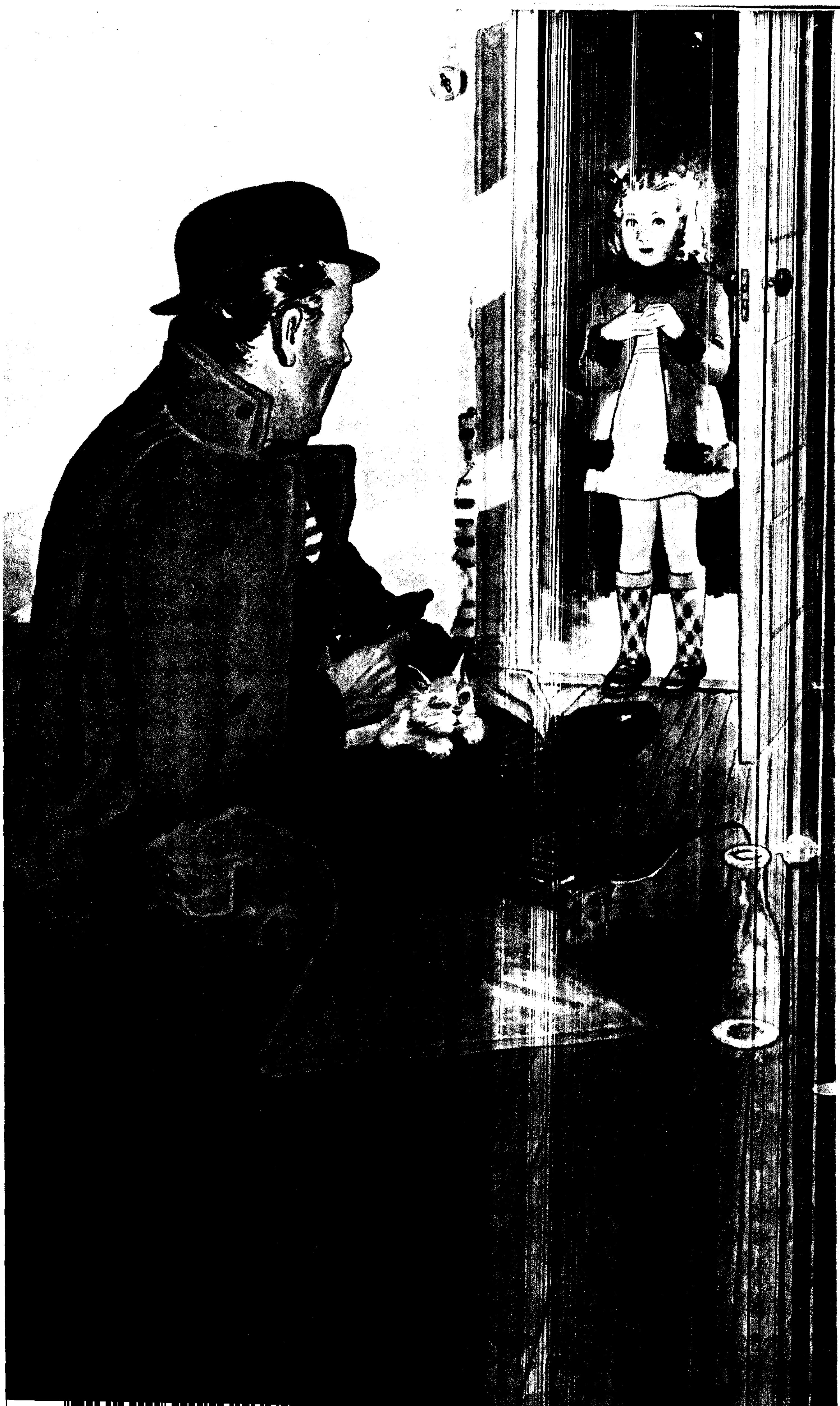
WELL, I suppose you are saying to yourself, what is this Rudolph doing in an old empty house with a slug in his side, so I will explain that the district attorney is responsible for this situation. It seems that the D. A. appears before the grand jury and tells it that Rudolph is an extortion guy and a killer and I do not know what all else, though some of these statements are without doubt a great injustice to Rudolph as, up to the time the D. A. makes them, Rudolph does not kill anybody of any consequence in years.

It is true that at one period of his life he is considered a little wild but this is in the 1920's when everybody else is, too, and for seven or eight years he is all settled down and is engaged in business organization work, which is very respectable work, indeed. He organizes quite a number of businesses on a large scale and is doing very good for himself. He is living quietly in a big hotel all alone, as Rudolph is by no means a family guy, and he is highly spoken of by one and all when the D. A. starts poking his nose into his affairs, claiming that Rudolph has no right to be making money out of the businesses, even though Rudolph gives these businesses plenty of first-class protection.

In fact, the D. A. claims that Rudolph is nothing but a racket guy and a great knock to the community, and all this upsets Rudolph no little when it comes to his ears in a roundabout way. So he calls up his lawbooks and requests legal advice on the subject and lawbooks says the best thing he can think of for Rudolph to do is to become as inconspicuous as possible right away but to please not mention to anyone that he gives this advice.



Then they take Rudolph to a hospital, and this is where I piece out this story of Johnny One-Eye



"Who are you?" Rudolph says to the little pretty, "and," he says, "where do you live and how did you get in?"

Lawbooks says he understands the D. A. is requesting indictments and is likely to get them and furthermore that he is rounding up certain parties that Rudolph is once associated with and trying to get them to remember incidents in Rudolph's early career that may not be entirely to his credit. Lawbooks says he hears that one of these parties is a guy by the name of Cute Freddy and that Freddy makes a deal with the D. A. to lay off of him if he tells everything he knows about Rudolph, so under the circumstances a long journey by Rudolph will be in the interest of everybody concerned.

SO RUDOLPH decides to go on a journey but then he gets to thinking that maybe Freddy will remember a little matter that Rudolph long since dismisses from his mind and does not wish to have recalled again, which is the time he and Freddy do a job on a guy by the name of The Icelander in Troy years ago and he drops around to Freddy's house to remind him to be sure not to remember this.

But it seems that Freddy, who is an important guy in business organization work himself, though in a different part of the city than Rudolph, mistakes the purpose of Rudolph's visit and starts to out with his rooty-toot-toot and in order to protect himself it is necessary for Rudolph to take his Betsy and give Freddy a little tattooing. In fact, Rudolph practically crochets his monogram on Freddy's chest and leaves him exceptionally deceased.

But as Rudolph is departing from the neighborhood, who bobs up but a young guy by the name of Buttsy Fagan, who works for Freddy as a chauffeur and one thing and another, and who is also said to be able to put a slug through a keyhole at forty paces without touching the sides though I suppose it will have to be a pretty good-sized keyhole. Anyway, he takes a long-distance crack at Rudolph as Rudolph is rounding a corner but all Buttsy can see of Rudolph at the moment is a little piece of his left side and this is what Buttsy hits, although no one knows it at the time, except of course Rudolph, who just keeps on departing.

Now this incident causes quite a stir in police circles, and the D. A. is very indignant over losing a valuable witness and when they are unable to locate Rudolph at once, a reward of five thousand dollars is offered for information leading to his capture alive or dead and some think they really mean dead. Indeed, it is publicly stated that it is not a good idea for anyone to take any chances with Rudolph as he is known to be armed and is such a character as will be sure to resent being captured, but they do not explain that this is only because Rudolph knows the D. A. wishes to place him in the old rocking chair at Sing Sing and that Rudolph is quite allergic to the idea.

ANYWAY, the cops go looking for Rudolph in Hot Springs and Miami and every other place except where he is, which is right in New York wandering around town with the slug in his side, knocking at the doors of old friends requesting assistance. But all the old friends do for him is to slam the doors in his face and forget they ever see him, as the D. A. is very tough on parties who assist guys he is looking for, claiming that this is something most illegal called harboring fugitives. Besides Rudolph is never any too popular at best with his old friends as he always plays pretty much of a lone duke and takes the big end of everything for his.

He cannot even consult a doctor about the slug in his side as he knows that nowadays the first thing a doctor will

(Continued on page 45)

The Strenuous

By Kyle Crichton

Bouncing around on the rear s family jaloppy and being in kid since the age of two and a half d thing for Joan Leslie. At fifteen stops her, nothing excites her an seasoned actors think she has som

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES KERLEE

Twelve years of experience behind her at fifteen—that's Joan Leslie

THE offices of publicity departments in Hollywood studios are lined with pictures of lovely ladies and handsome men. By some form of alchemy the publicity men, otherwise sane individuals, become metamorphosed into hero-worshipers. They look upon these fabulous faces with the rapt gaze of devotees.

"See that little girl up there on the left. No, *that* one. Sally Blotz. Can't miss. Be the hottest thing around here in six months."

On all too many occasions, when you come back in six months and ask about Miss Blotz, there are signs of distress. It seems that Miss Blotz's option has been dropped. She looked promising but there was a little something missing. Didn't quite make it.

After years of facing this problem, we have reached the conclusion that only actors have an idea of the worth and possible future of a young actor. Out at Warner Brothers', in Burbank, the actors are excited about a fifteen-year-old girl named Joan Leslie. She started in High Sierra and was so well liked by the studio that they rushed her into everything on the lot and finally gave her the lead opposite Gary Cooper in Sergeant York.

"Um-m-m," say the older actors, lifting a significant eyebrow and making a tiny motion with the thumb and forefinger. They don't mean she's a beauty: they mean she has that something that pops out of a screen and smacks people.

The average fifteen-year-old should be spoken to only by other fifteen-year-olds on the theory that nobody of that age knows anything, has ever done anything or has a right to opinions on anything. The Leslie girl is an exception because she happens to be an actress from away back. She is an old hand, an ancient trouper, a seasoned performer. Since the age of two-and-a-half she has been coursing up and down this land, mostly on the rear seat of a Ford car, accompanied by her papa and mamma and two sisters.

This brings the story to the Brodell sisters, singing, dancing, acrobatics, impersonations and instrumental specialties. Father Brodell was an accountant in Detroit. Mother Brodell was a pianist and had ambitions for her daughters along that line. The dancing was thrown in to give the girls poise. Musical instruments were a cinch for them; they could finger anything handed to them. It ended with Mary playing the saxophone, Betty the banjo, and Joan the accordion. They started with kiddie shows, traipsed around with same during vacations and gradually worked up an act that was good for a week at the Detroit-Fox every six months.

"Could always play Hamtramck and Toledo, too," says Mary, who was the oldest and booked the act.

Joan could play the accordion at three, but school kept her away from the act until later. The real work began when the depression smacked the family and papa lost his job and the family lost its home. They managed to salvage the car and set out to make a living. The older girls would start the act with a duo, a la the Boswell sisters. Joan would then come on, sing a number of her own and go into her impersonations—Garbo, Zasu Pitts, Hepburn, Maurice Chevalier, George Givot. They finished by dancing off while letting forth whams from their instruments.

"Did a Stepin Fetchit finale that killed them," admits Joan.

The Girls Knew Best

For a time they worked with a Southern unit of a kiddie show, traveling by car and living in a tent. Other performers liked them and gave them advice. From the Randall sisters they got the notion that the hard-boiled tap dancing of the early period wasn't the thing for nice girls. They made theirs more feminine. When the manager of the unit objected to their dancing as too esthetic (they had based what they did on their ballet training), they waited until he was out of the way and then began taking the audience into their confidence.

"How'd you like to see us do this one?" they'd ask, and then do it to great applause. From that came the patter that was later a part of the act.

Traveling in the car was a major adventure because in addition to the tents, extra blankets, stove, cooking utensils, suitcases and musical instruments, they always had a dog, and in one instance dragged two mutts around for a season. They had even more serious trouble with the labor laws. Joan was under ten and was passing as sixteen; Mary was fourteen and passing as twenty-one. They were supposed to have a tutor—and had no tutor; they were not supposed to play in theaters—and played in theaters. When they crossed into Canada it was up to the girls to talk the custom officials out of a deposit to guarantee the return of the musical instruments to this country. They managed

(Continued on page 36)

Full Moon Over London

By Quentin Reynolds

Every bomb falling on London during this superblitz spreads germs—germs of hatred for the barbarism of the attackers

ACME

A visit that Englishmen are eager to repay: This is what residents of the Aldermany section of London found after a recent air raid. Below, stretcher bearers bring out what's left of one who didn't make the shelter in time

BRITISH COMBINE

I DON'T like walking," I told Ed Beattie. Beattie is a member of the London Bureau of the United Press. He is all right in every other way but he likes to take long walks in the country. We were having dinner together one Saturday night and discussing plans for Sunday.

"All right, all right," he said. "I know a place in Kent where we can hire bicycles. We'll take a bicycle through the country. Incidentally, the place I have in mind has a fine pub."

The idea seemed more reasonable. Spring in England is all right. You do get a bit tired of London and a day in the country sounded fine. We were dining in the Savoy Hotel and it was mighty pleasant. The dining room was only half crowded and Carroll Gibbons, the orchestra leader, was playing nothing but American tunes. Then, cutting sharply through the music, came the sound of the siren.

"There's the nasty man," Beattie said. "It's full moon tonight. I thought he'd be over."

But no one paid any attention to it. Ten minutes passed and we had forgotten the siren. Gibbons was playing When That Man is Dead and Gone. The guns weren't firing. In the restaurant, which is brick-walled, we could hear the planes if there were any up there. Then came the deep-throated roar of a bomb explosion and the glasses on the table rattled, the floor under our feet shuddered. The echo of the explosion hung in the room. That had been a very big one, very close. We hadn't heard it scream on its way down. The very big ones, for some reason or other, don't scream the way the smaller ones do. A moment later three more explosions came. People began to leave the restaurant. The Savoy restaurant is on the ground floor, which isn't good enough.

Fire Follows the Bombs

And then suddenly Beattie and I realized that this was no ordinary blitz. Not a moment went by without us hearing another one drop. The Savoy is virtually on the banks of the Thames. We walked to the back of the hotel and into the street. The planes were buzzing angrily overhead, very low. The moon was full and bright and the sky was cloudless. The angry buzzing of the planes increased and the bombs rained down; literally rained down. We hugged the side of the building. Now the fires appeared. A large bomb burst in a brilliant orange flame, seemed to die and then spurted high into the air. The fire engines clanged sharply and then the air was filled with a great hissing as the water met the flames.

We went back into the hotel. We have two rooms on the first floor which are kept open all night for the convenience of correspondents who live at the Savoy. One by one they appeared.

Reports began to come in. "I'll have to get to Fleet Street," Beattie said.

"You're crazy," I told him.

"I'm in charge of the office tonight," Beattie said simply. "We have records there and I want to get them."

"You're a fool," I said.

"Anybody got a tin hat?" Beattie asked. No one had. We never have our tin hats handy when we need them. They're no good anyhow. I dropped mine once and it cracked in three places.

Claire Luce, the American actress, had come into our shelter. We call it a shelter but it's one flight up. She was playing chess with Larry Rue of the Chicago Tribune. She looked up when Beattie asked for a tin hat.

"Can I go along with you?" she asked.

London's Worst Night

Beattie said she could if she wanted to be a fool, and they both went out to face a mile walk in the midst of the worst blitz London or any other city ever had. The noise had increased and we could hear the terrifying roar of the flames. I went up to the roof to catch a quick look of the general scene. We are no longer allowed on the roofs during heavy raids.

"I'm from the Air Ministry—Intelligence Department," I told the roof spotter.

"You're from Room 554," he said, and I recognized him as the man in charge of the Savoy bar. He let me stay a few minutes. A German plane dropped a flare. Then the inevitable stick of bombs followed and the Savoy trembled. I looked and winced. Two large fires were reaching up into the night.

This dwarfed any blitz I have ever seen. Still both incendiaries and high-explosive screamed down. The night was filled with noise—all of it frightening noise. And above the planes still roared. It was so light that the balloons could be seen clearly. Now and then there would come the rattle of machine-gun fire, hardly heard over the crackling of fires and the noise of the bombs. But it told us that the night fighters were up there.

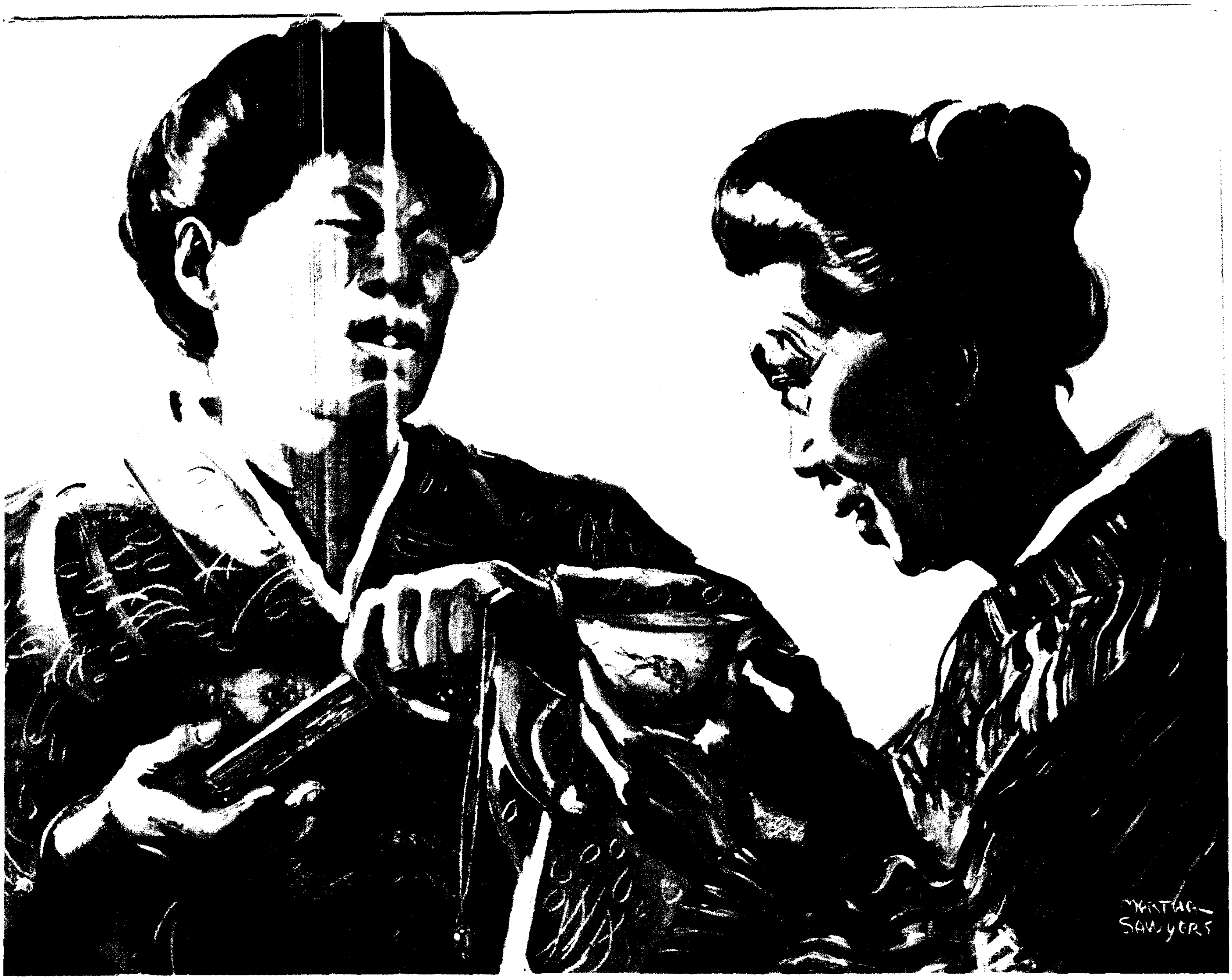
I went down to our "shelter." While I was away a bomb had knocked two dozen glasses off the bar. Titich, our all-night bartender, was sweeping up the broken glass. Earl Reeves, in charge of the International News Service, came in.

"My phone has gone," he said.

"You can share my office," Bob Post, acting chief of the New York Times, said. "It's only upstairs and we have plenty of room. Use my wire."

It's like that during a bad blitz. Tomorrow the boys would be "opposition" again, doing everything to beat one another. But this was an emergency. The night had leaden feet. It seemed as though it would never end. There was nothing we could do. We'd gotten the story of the night merely by being where we were. Details such as targets hit, casualties, etc., wouldn't be available until the morning. We sat there. Ben

(Continued on page 73)



"The Ito girl, then, is of an age for marriage?" the wine dealer's wife asked placidly

Love Pact

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

No matter what happened at the shrine on the hilltop, their decision was made. The prospect of their dying together troubled them far less than did the fear of living apart

THE path to the shrine was narrow. Once it had been level with the moss and wisteria creepers which crowded thick under the big trees, but the sandals of the faithful had worn it down; and wind and rain and snow had carried away still more of the red earth until now, in some places, the banks were shoulder-high.

The storekeeper's fat wife chanted a cheerful, "Eh-nah! Eh-nah!" at each step. She had forgotten this part was so steep. Her dripping underkimono clung like an extra skin. Surely the day hadn't been meant for the best kimono and formal talk. She wondered if it were a bad omen, such heat on an appointed day. Would she be a successful go-between? Would she ever be able to get forty pieces of silver for the bride? Not for a copper less would he settle, the father had said. But on such a hot day it was beyond belief that anyone would promise so much!

She stooped to wedge two mushrooms out of the moss. They were the humped white ones that didn't always grow so near the sea. She smiled as she wrapped them in a corner of her handkerchief. They'd do to give the soup extra taste tonight, and her husband would be pleased.

Three more paces up where the roots made steps, then the path turned abruptly about a knob of the hill and there was the spread of wide sea and wide sky beyond the cliff. The blue was as cool as the sound of glass hitting glass. The storekeeper's wife looked at the blue and felt it. Not long, no more than a moment, then she turned to the purification well, pouring water over her hands, scooping more in her two palms and burying her face in it.

Purified this way, she hurried on up the steps of the shrine. Modestly she tugged at the long handle of the clapper to summon the Spirit, and modestly she whispered her prayers. This was no time to arouse the Spirit's displeasure by a demanding or too confident summons.

She was afraid to use many words in her prayer. She had such need of words later. So she struck the gong three times, backed down the steps and was across the courtyard in the cool and shady resthouse before the gong's deep-throated call had quieted on the air.

Her cloth-wrapped bundles she set on the yellowed mats, once she had found the spot where the view to the sea was good. Quickly she unhooked the fat-bellied kettle from the long ceiling hook, filled it at the well and hung it back over the brazier pit. From the wrapping cloth she took tea leaves, and the little elegant cakes the hire-boatman had brought back from town for her—two apiece there were, and one for refusing so the plate would not be empty. She sat back, pleased. Maybe the omens were good, after all.

She was sitting thus at ease when the wine dealer's wife came hurrying to the purification well and began her cleansing; and from her place on the mats she watched this second woman curiously—not as a neighbor now, but as an adversary.

Pinched and narrow-chested she was like most of the women in their village, with little bone in her body and little flesh spread over that scant frame. Not a forceful woman: not a vigorous one. Yet she knew her way with words. Even four villages away she was called a skillful go-between. She could insinuate, and temporize, and humor, and persuade as easily as another woman pulled weeds.

The storekeeper's wife gripped one red hand over the other to keep them from trembling. She wished her heart wouldn't thud like the surf.

"I am impolite! I have kept you waiting!" the wine dealer's wife bowed before the resthouse.

"No, no!" the storekeeper's wife touched the mat with her forehead. This was as she wanted it. To have the other apologetic and out of breath at the beginning of the talk was to weaken her with a sense of blame. The forty pieces of silver seemed more sure . . . or anyway, thirty-five.

The two women took their places sedately across the mat from each other. They murmured formalities about the day and its heat, about the shrine and its hallowed shade, about the sea, about

(Continued on page 78)

These, Our Mountains

By Martha Gellhorn

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Five days out of Hong Kong by plane, car, saddle and river boat, under appalling difficulties, Martha Gellhorn made her way to the Canton fighting front and she there saw the grim spirit with which the Chinese are confronting their invaders. From this brilliant account, by transpacific radio, one fact stands clear: Japan will never conquer China by force alone

Fourth day out: A rest period on a hillside behind the mountain front held by the Chinese army behind Canton. Left to right, Miss Gellhorn, Mr. Ma the interpreter, Ernest Hemingway and two of the Chinese soldiers who accompanied them. Note straw hat-umbrella on coolie in the background

Coolies mix concrete by foot as 100,000 laborers, with one steam shovel, set out to build a thousand-acre airfield in 100 days so that the seventh zone army may have a base for the heavy bombers it hopes to get from the United States. Below, soldiers bring guns and ammunition to the front

WE CLIMBED up the riverbank, slipping in the mud. A platoon of Chinese soldiers stood in the rain alongside a bamboo shelter. Eight men were lined up facing the platoon. They wore large, conical straw hats which served as umbrellas, yellow oilcloth jackets and shorts and straw sandals. These were the stable coolies. They held the bridles of seven horses, all slightly larger than Shetland ponies. The eighth, formerly a Hong Kong race horse, had been captured from the Japanese. It was horse size. The soldiers, the coolies and the horses shivered with cold, and water dripped from them onto the mushy field.

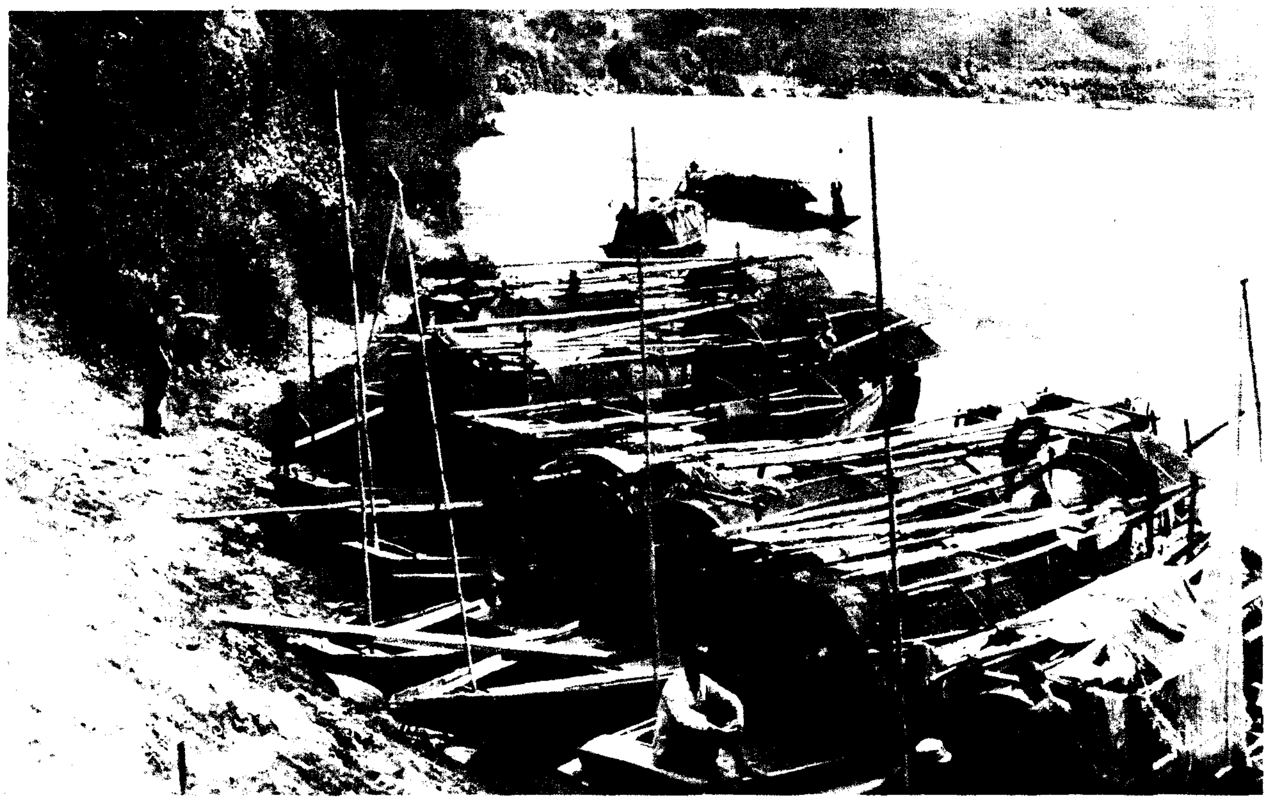
We took the salute of the waterlogged platoon and mounted our horses. My horse kicked like a baby with a tantrum and knocked down our interpreter, who landed in the mud. Whenever these miniature horses misbehave, the coolies hit them on the nose and scream at them. The horses squeal and try to bite the coolies. In the midst of this a bugle brassed out something unrecognizable. We set off in single file on a path seemingly made of a mixture of grease and glue. Each coolie ran ahead of the horse he had been holding. The gait of the horses was like the bucking, jerking movement of an electrical-horse machine in a gymnasium. The rain came in sheets, soaking through our clothes. It swelled the mountain creeks, which looked as if they had been used to rinse out all the dirty laundry in that part of China. We followed the path around the side of a hill, leaning away from the wet bushes, ducking under low branches and hauling up our legs so they would not hang in the water when we forded streams. The procession jolted forward in sodden silence.

We were starting for the Canton front. Five days earlier, in the dark, we went to the airfield at Hong Kong. We waited there three hours listening to the wind. The flight was canceled when the final weather report came in, saying that at Namyung the ceiling was zero and the visibility nil. The next day we took off into a low, cloud-covered sky, flew an hour and a half over the mountains and the Japanese lines and landed blind on a mud field inside China. There we got into a very old small car, ourselves and five Chinese, and jolted over a yellow mud road until we reached Shaokwan at dark.

Our hotel was called "The Light of Shaokwan." We had a small sitting room, furnished with bamboo chairs and a table, two weak kerosene lamps and a spittoon. Behind this was a windowless cubbyhole with two board beds. Behind it was a slit in the wall, our bathroom, holding one washbowl, one spittoon and one mirror. We unpacked blankets and mosquito nets (it was very cold but there were plenty of mosquitoes, that frail, slow-moving kind, with the two curled up hind legs—the malarial mosquito) and settled down happily in this palace.

The next day, the general in command of this war zone invited us to lunch. He looked like a gentle, cheerful Buddha. Sitting around a table in a dim stone-walled room, we drank the inevitable tea, exchanged the usual compliments and made a few sad, polite jokes. This formality finished, we joined the general staff in a marvelous meal, composed of twelve different dishes ranging from shark's fin soup to

The launch and its accompanying sampan, the only motorized transport on the North River, takes over the job of getting the party to the front after the roads played out 35 miles north of Shaokwan. Below, the sampan village where an overnight stop was made despite the danger of cholera



Below, construction work on the great new airport at Chengtu illustrates the fantastic difficulties Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek must overcome. Wheelbarrows, carts, baskets and hand hammers are the chief tools of the 100,000 laborers, but the field will be one of the world's biggest

ancient black eggs, bamboo shoots and bread made of steamed dough.

It is an old Chinese custom to drink guests under the table. The host had the right to stop a drinking contest by announcing regretfully that he had run out of liquor. Even in a prohibition army there is always some rice wine for visitors. So now the general and the officers proposed one *gambai* (bottoms up) toast after another. We drank to China and America, the generalissimo and the President, to health and happiness, the success of our trip and finally a simple nod would pass for a toast.

The general began to sweat profusely and two staff officers turned a beautiful mulberry color and the interpreter stammered and swayed and found it hard to translate a toast about glorious armies and final victory, which Ernest had happily invented. I cheated, due to the violent taste of the rice wine, and only drank half a cup when I should have emptied it. Ernest drank on undismayed until the general said in Chinese that they were plumb out of liquor. Ernest had acquired enough face for us both, and the contest was over.

By this time people were laughing heartily at any remark whatever. The luncheon drew to a brilliant close, and still no business had been transacted.

We wanted to visit the Canton front, which is the back door to Hong Kong. Potentially it is one of the most important fronts in China. If the Japanese ever succeeded, having already made two big offensives, in driving north from Canton, they could cut China in two. If the Chinese ever recaptured and held Canton they could open up a direct practicable line of communications with the outside. There would then be an adequate route into China for all the aid America has promised. But many seventh zone staff officers have never traveled down the North River from Shaokwan to the front, and no foreigners of any description have been through this roadless portion of Kwantung province. The general agreed to let us go, as soon as our transport could be arranged.

Three Hours—35 Miles

It took one and one half hours by air to get from Hong Kong to Namyung in free China, and it took four days' travel to go straight back from Namyung to within seventy-five miles of Hong Kong. The army transport sent a truck to call for us at "The Light of Shaokwan." In China two men are necessary to handle a car—the driver and the mechanic. The mechanic is the one who raises the hood to start the motor, who springs out to put a block of wood behind the rear wheels when you start to roll downhill backward and who argues with anyone blocking the road. There were four of us in the front seat of a not large truck and the battery was on the floor alongside the gearshift. The mechanic had T.B. and his cough mingled rhythmically with the catarrhal bark of the driver. In the rear end of the truck they stowed the luggage, three officers who were accompanying us and our bodyguard of four slim, silent soldiers in faded cotton uniforms.

Our bodyguard carried rifles, hand grenades and Mauser pistols in wooden holsters. They all looked about twelve years old and were probably nineteen. They proved to be very nice and self-effacing and twice they loaned me a vacuum bottle full of boiled drinking water.

The road was bright brown mud, under the misty rain. We passed villages with square stone towers where the peasants had formerly taken refuge from bandits, but which would now be no shelter from bombs. We passed the gray mud water of the rice fields, where barelegged men plow behind the gray, almost hairless water buffalo. There were beautiful trees and sharp mountains and a flowering bush that looked like honeysuckle. After two hours of average bumping we hit the section of the road that was, as they said, not so good. The driver clung to the wheel and was racked by his cough. We braced ourselves with one hand against the windshield and one against the roof. The truck ground through mud or leaped in great, shaking jumps from hole to hole. The driver and the mechanic hawked and spat and muttered together. We had by now rubbed raw places on the small of our backs and were a little winded.

Then we jolted down a hill and stopped at the edge of a village. We had come thirty-five miles in three hours and after this there was no road at all. We followed the baggage coolies down the mudbank to the river. Sitting on boat hooks and coiled ropes, we made ourselves comfortable on the deck of the motorboat. This was a venerable 24-foot job which had to be pumped out every two hours to keep it from sinking. The hull was so rotten that you could poke into it with your hand, and the cabin *(Continued on page 38)*

Dina Cashman

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

LIVING with her mother and her father and her six brothers and sisters in "Railway Flats," a group of shanties some fifty miles south of San Francisco, Geraldine ("Dina") Cashman—whose father is frequently unemployed—works in a grocery store. Most of her evenings are spent either at a movie or at Cotta's, a cheap restaurant and dance hall, where, surrounded by her friends—Frances Tack, who works beside her at the store; Betty and Charlie Lomax; Ward Binn, Dunk Beatty, Willie Mulligan and a few others—she can forget, for a time, the disagreeable realities with which she is daily confronted.

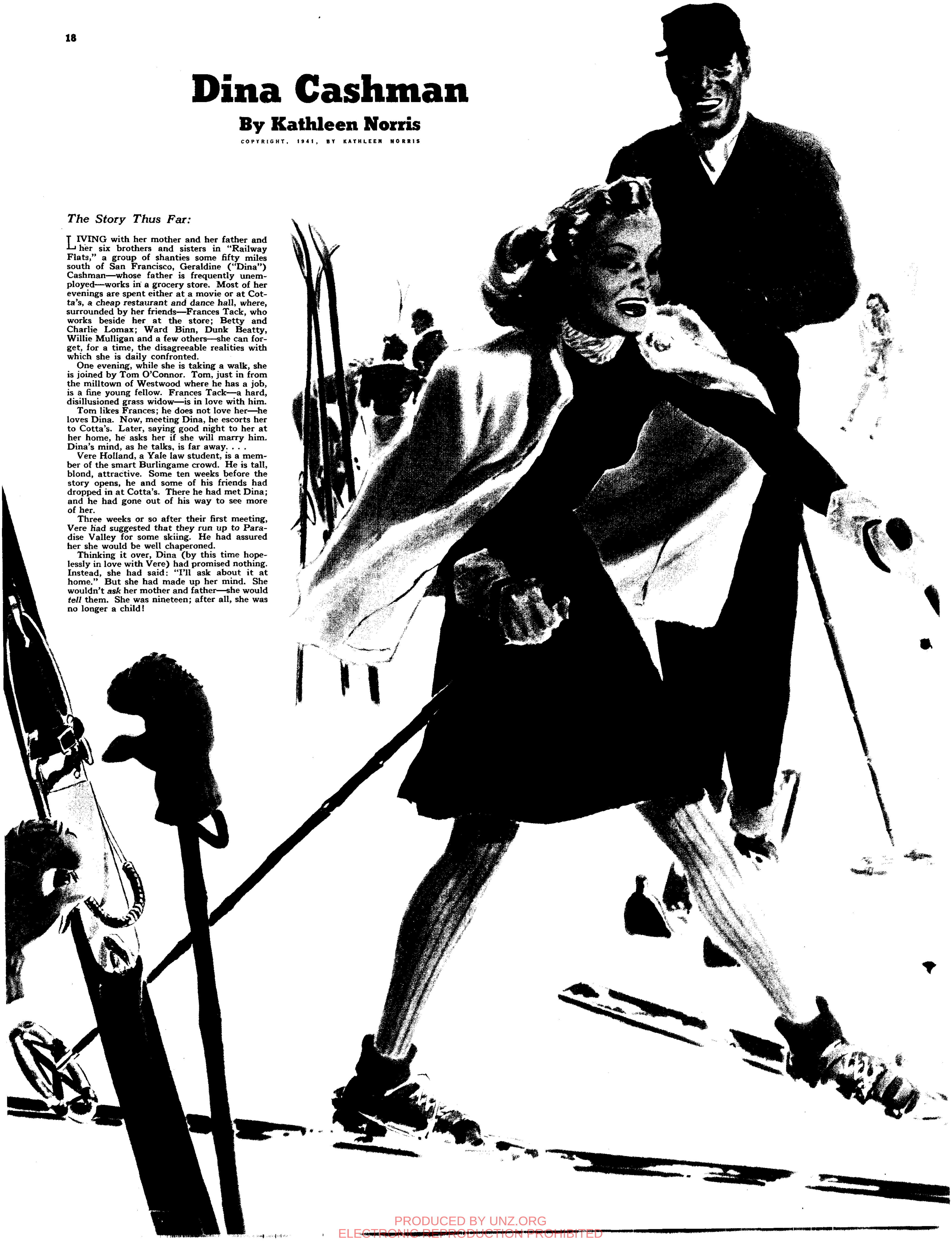
One evening, while she is taking a walk, she is joined by Tom O'Connor. Tom, just in from the milltown of Westwood where he has a job, is a fine young fellow. Frances Tack—a hard, disillusioned grass widow—is in love with him.

Tom likes Frances; he does not love her—he loves Dina. Now, meeting Dina, he escorts her to Cotta's. Later, saying good night to her at her home, he asks her if she will marry him. Dina's mind, as he talks, is far away. . . .

Vere Holland, a Yale law student, is a member of the smart Burlingame crowd. He is tall, blond, attractive. Some ten weeks before the story opens, he and some of his friends had dropped in at Cotta's. There he had met Dina; and he had gone out of his way to see more of her.

Three weeks or so after their first meeting, Vere had suggested that they run up to Paradise Valley for some skiing. He had assured her she would be well chaperoned.

Thinking it over, Dina (by this time hopelessly in love with Vere) had promised nothing. Instead, she had said: "I'll ask about it at home." But she had made up her mind. She wouldn't *ask* her mother and father—she would *tell* them. She was nineteen; after all, she was no longer a child!



ROLLED in luxurious rugs, Dina had sat beside Vere on the long drive, and to them it had been far too short. Then had come the bewilderingly joyful experience of taking possession, with one Martha Wilson, of a room in a beautiful little brown cabin—the most luxurious room and the most comfortable cabin Dina had ever seen, even if they were high up in the snowy Sierras. Soft lights, soft Indian rugs, a fireplace in which logs were burning, a bathroom whose towels were downy and warm and of the size of small sheets, perfumed soaps, fat white pillows, hot water; nothing imaginable was lacking. It was ecstasy, after the long, cold, cramping drive, to stretch and relax, to waste a lazy, sleepy half-hour about the fire before separating for baths, to rejoin each other in time for the eight-o'clock dinner, fresh and rested and completely in love with the adventure.

Vere was, of course, next to her at dinner; they were late in finding their places at a great round table at which several of the pretty young women, Dina was relieved to discover, were indeed married, and so might well be counted as chaperons. She was casually introduced, no questions were asked, and although an evident state of intimacy existed between most of the other members of the party, no special attempt was made to draw her into it, or evince the slightest responsibility for her.

But as the atmosphere was one of great freedom Dina was not made uneasy, and when the long meal, interspersed by dances accompanied by the radio, was over, she was quite willing to end the day at quarter to ten.

"Where are you?" asked a handsome woman of perhaps thirty, who had been mentioned as Lollie Reynolds.

"We're in the cottage at the end of the row," Martha Wilson answered as she lighted a cigarette. Everything seemed quite regular to Dina; she had never been here before and she did not know many of the persons about her, but everyone seemed to be taking the situation comfortably and for granted.

She had on a blue lace dress borrowed from Frances Tack. It was not new, but being lace it fell into soft lines and was conspicuous neither for smartness nor shabbiness. And with it she wore a white woolly coat which Vere had brought along today; the coat was not new either; it was comfortably inconspicuous among a score of woolly coats, and Dina felt it deliciously warm and protective.

"Your sister Mimi had a coat almost identically like that, Vere," a girl said at dinner.

"Seems to me she did," Vere agreed, undisturbed.

"Only hers hadn't any pockets," the girl added, after a scrutiny.

"Don't remember," Vere said.

DINA knew that she should not yawn, and she patted a yawn back with her hand. She saw Mrs. Reynolds look at her sharply, and as Martha Wilson had disappeared a few minutes previously with the clear statement that she was dead on her feet and making for bed, Dina smiled at Vere, and to cover a sudden uncomfortable rush of embarrassment, proposed she follow Martha. She had done something wrong, she knew, something that made Mrs. Reynolds look at her with that sudden keenness and that insufferable hint of a smile, and she wanted to get away before any further cloud could mar this thrilling evening.

She and Vere walked out under the cold, clear November sky, and Vere looked up at the mountain peaks all about them and predicted that there would be swell skiing tomorrow.

"I wish I could ski!" Dina lamented.

"Well, you try it. And after you've tried it a while we'll go up to the toboggans. That's swell. All you do is sit down and have me hang onto you."

They reached their own small cabin; Dina had gathered from the general conversation at dinner that in most of the cottages either girls or men had been quartered. In this one, which possessed four bedrooms, however, two quite young married couples had been placed, Vere and Martha Wilson's young man whose name was Travers Porter, Martha and herself. The place was quite dark.

They went in, and Vere piled wood on the fire in the sitting room and it blazed up gloriously. He and Dina sat down before it, Vere pushing two low armchairs together, so that with his left hand he could hold Dina's right. It was an exquisite hour, so perfect she wished it might have gone on forever. Vere was serious now; she had seldom seen him so; he turned to smile at her now and then, stared into the fire.

Sleepiness was overcoming her; the warmth of the room, the comfort of her deep chair, the fatigue of the long trip in cold, fresh, mountain air were too much. When the honeymooning little Peatties came in, complaining over the luck that had given the Wendells a grand slam on that last rubber, Dina was ready to rise, and to escape into her unbelievably comfortable bedroom. Bill and Laura Peattie dropped down to chat with Vere and have a last drink; Dina could hear the waiter's voice and the clink of glasses as she got into bed.

She was still awake, watching the angles of white moonlight on the floor, awed by the unearthly quiet of the great snowy mountains outside, when her door quietly opened. Her eyes went to it in quick panic; it did not sound like Martha, who always carried a great rush and noise and scent of cigarettes wherever she went.

It was Vere, in wrapper and slippers. He came quietly in, and sat on the bed and covered her hand with his hand. Travers Porter had come in after Vere had gone to bed, he reported, to say that Martha Wilson was staying with the Hochheimer girls at the hotel.

"You won't be scared, Dina, staying here alone?"

"Oh, no! Not with all these other people in the house!"

"I'm right next door here."

"I know." Her voice was almost inaudible.

HE SLID to his knees beside the bed and put his face against her neck.

"Gee, you smell sweet!" he said. "I've never loved anyone in my life the way I love you, Dina. My mother never loved me much, and I hardly knew my dad! It's changed my whole life, knowing you and loving you and our talking together. It seems to me you're the first thing in my life I ever found for myself. Not school nor teachers nor being told what to do—but myself. 'Member I told you that that first night at Cotta's? 'Member the red dress?"

"And Frances thinking you were Freddy Lippincott and Freddy was you."

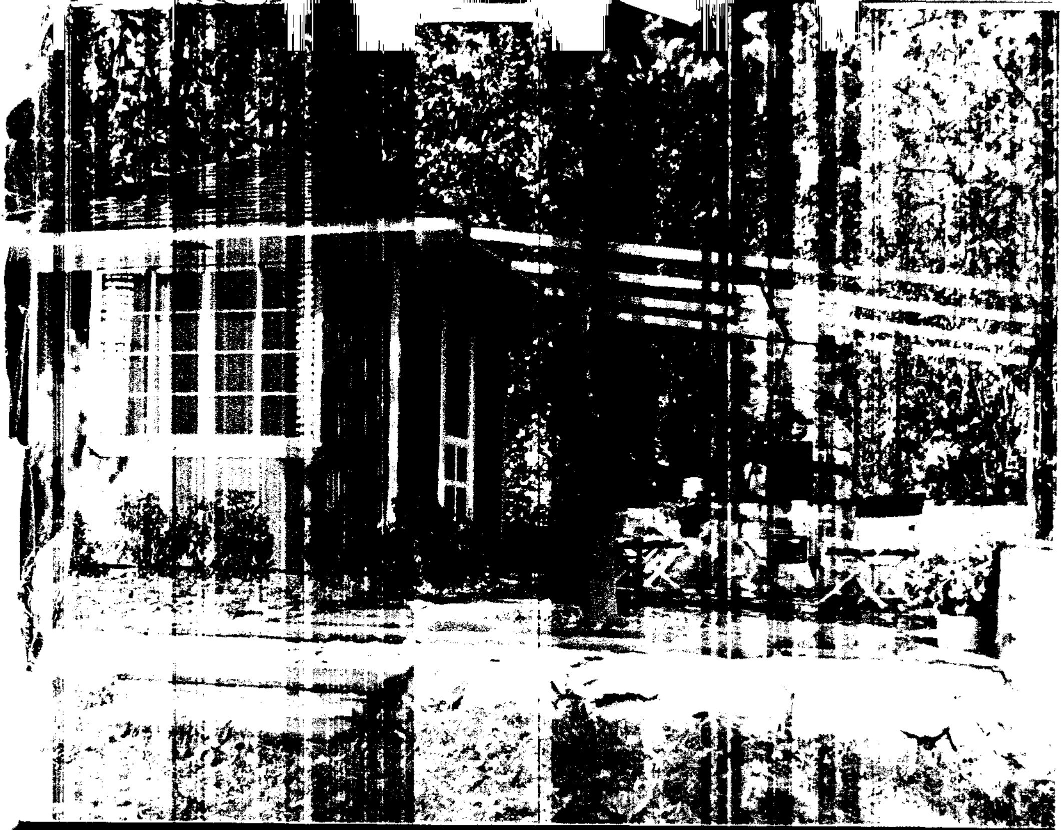
"And that first time we went out and we were going to a movie, and didn't ever get to it?"

"Because we sat and talked until nearly eleven!"

(Continued on page 49)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

Vere never left her side; there might have been no one else on the broad white hillside but themselves



The bunkhouse—now the guest house—where architect-owner Burton Ashford Bugbee camped while planning house on next page. Terrace protected from north by hill and woods, open to prevailing southwest summer breeze. Fireplace is metal unit built into wall, storage cupboard to right. Framework is for awning

House by Easy Stages

By Ruth Carson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOUIS CHECKMAN AND GEORGE VAN ANDA—MODEL BY THEODORE CONRAD

An architect's two-in-one answer to the yen for living in the country. Start with a simple, inexpensive unit and work up to your house gradually. It's easy on the purse, too

TWO houses. The first, a miniature one-roomer, for camping out in comfort. Built in no time. The second, built part at a time in low-cost stages, for more extensive use. It was figured out by an architect, designing for himself.

It has worked so well, and met so many of the problems involved when country life has to be part-time, confined to week ends and vacations, while everyday life goes on to the tune of rent or taxes, that Collier's is picturing it for you on these pages. Whether you're aiming to toss up a shack in the woods, or build a small house for the family instead of paying summer rentals at the lake; even if you're just at the wishing stage, thumbing through the ads of land for sale, this combination of camp and house will have pointers for you. Pointers, too, for a year-round, everyday house.

The scene is the hill country of Connecticut, part woods and part open pastureland. The first house to appear on it is the bunkhouse, set into the edge of the woods. It's a minimum house for two, an immediate place to live while planning and doing more building.

It measures ten feet by ten feet outside dimensions, nine foot three by nine foot three inside. But it finds room for two people to sleep, cook, eat, read, stow their clothes, books and supplies, and look very neat and tidy besides. All the comforts: built-in icebox, kerosene stove for cooking and winter heat, kerosene lamp for perfect reading light, which hoists to the ceiling out of the way. And such appealing charm that everyone who sees it wants one, too.

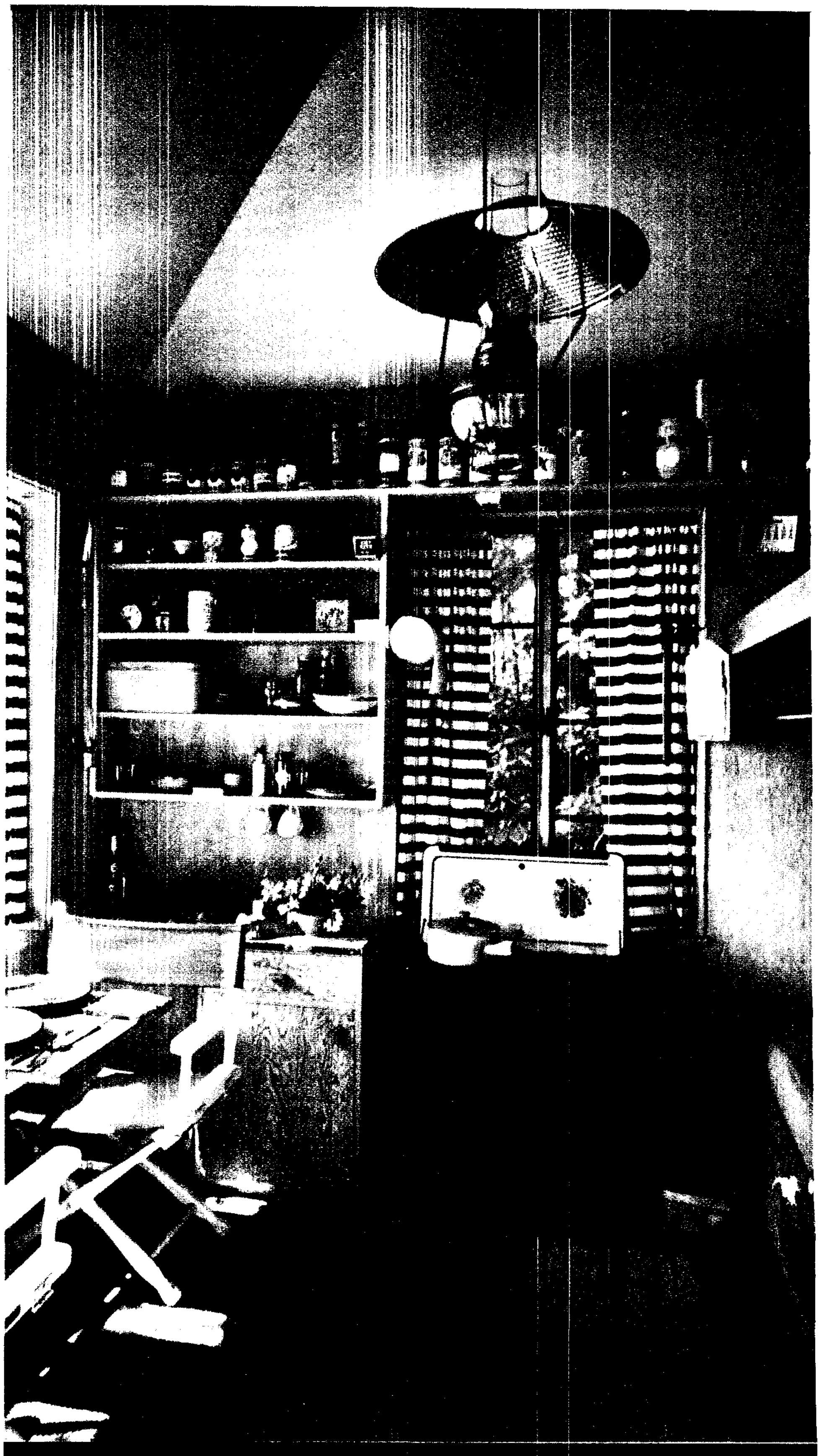
It took one carpenter ten days to build, and it cost, including furnishings and de luxe privy in the woods, about five hundred dollars. Fifty dollars developed a spring over the hill and put a hand pump on it.

Another two hundred dollars laid a flagstone terrace around two sides of the house, built a stone wall along one side of it low enough for sitting, and a stone wall along the back high enough for a work counter, with a fireplace in it for cooking.

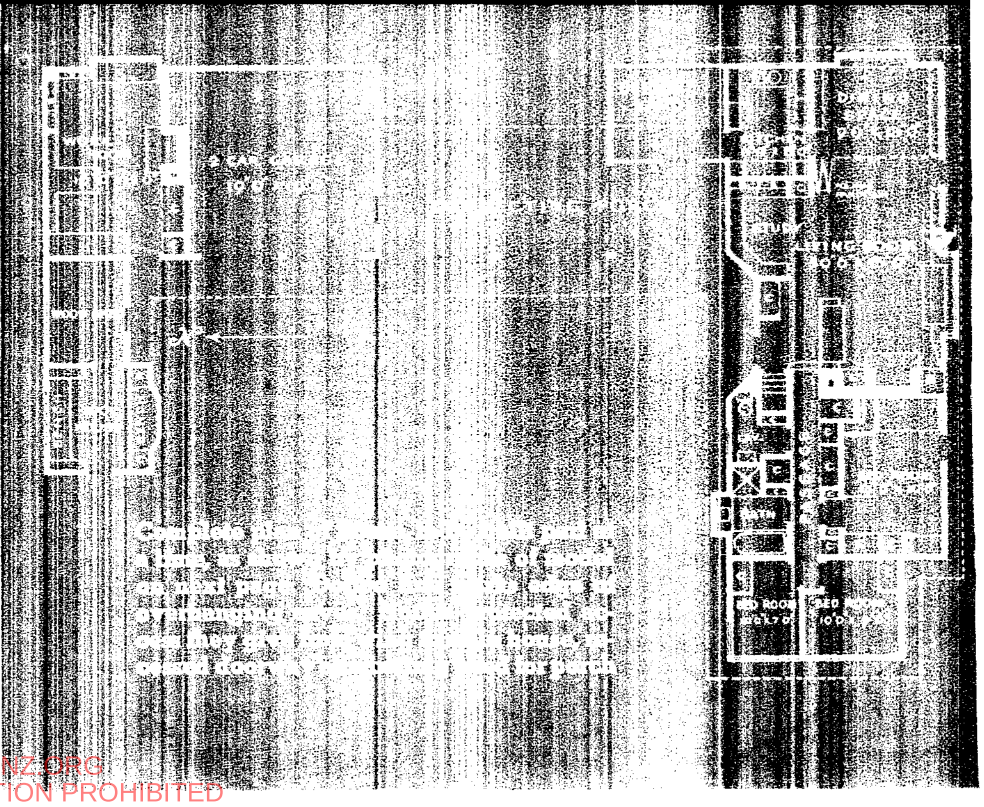
Study the illustrations here, and you'll be taking a lesson in space economy. The interior of the house is like that of a ship, everything in its place and no extras. The upper berth is, in fact, a ship's berth, supported from the wall by chains and pivoted at the wall so that it can be let down to form a couch back to the lower berth. You can see why this is called the bunkhouse.

Camping out for a year of week ends and vacations in these comfortable quarters, which are intended later to be guest house and picnic center, the architect-owner had an opportunity to figure out on the spot the next steps in his building program. The final goal is a three-bedroom house with two-car garage, workroom, central heat and plumbing. But this being a pay-as-you-go, week-end proposition for the present, with no hurry necessary, he broke it down into stages that would be easier on the bank account.

First, a one-bedroom house with car shelter and complete kitchen and bathroom; almost finished at this date. Next, turning the car shelter into two bedrooms and installing a central heating plant. Finally, adding a wing that would contain two-car garage, work-



Interior of bunkhouse, 9'3" by 9'3". Kitchen department straight ahead. Lower left cupboard is icebox, drip connection to outdoors. Similar cupboards and shelves to left of entrance for clothes and books. Bedding storage under bunk, curtained hanging closet this end of bunks, storage space above. Drop-leaf table



Complete plan [illegible]

Above, first section of house to be built. At present extreme right end of front wall is open, car drives into that end of house for shelter. When wall is closed, as shown, to finish bedrooms, car goes into garage of wing, corner of which you see in model of completed house below

room, tool, storage and potting sheds. A process that could be spread out over a period of years and still mean a comfortable place to live at each stage.

But before you build, or even plan, a house, you decide where you are going to put it. That depends on the shape of your land, and it depends on the way the sun shines and the winds blow. For you can turn your living quarters to catch the prevailing summer breeze and spare yourself a lot of brow-mopping when the heat waves begin to simmer. You can see that they trap the winter sun and are protected from winter winds, and you'll be warm, with an extra glow, when you find how low your fuel bills can be.

You can start giving yourself and your house a break when you pick out your land. In Connecticut, for instance, the prevailing summer breeze is from the southwest, and the winter north wind is plenty cold. So the long-time planning on this project began with a search for land with southwest exposure and protection to the north. It took hunting, but they found it. Hill and woods rising north, summer breeze up the valley. Of the two most likely building sites on the land one, farther up the hill, has the more extensive view. But it catches the sweep of the northwest wind. So, after a year of all weathers to look it over, the protected site lower down the hill was elected.

Now see how the house is planned to take advantage of this situation. Living quarters turned to get full benefit of that cooling southwest breeze, and windows banked along that side to let it—and the view—in. Enough windows north, east and west to keep you well cross-ventilated. You needn't worry about the hot summer sun coming in all those windows, either. The overhanging eaves take care of that, cutting off the high rays of the sun. They cut off all but driving rains, too, so that showers needn't mean a stuffy, shut-up house.

But in the winter, when the sun's rays are slanting and their warmth is welcome, the eaves interfere in no way, and the sun fills the house all day. Does such a thorough heating job, in fact, that last winter the house was very comfortable many a sunny day, without any other heat in it at all. And the bunkhouse, which operates on the same solar system, regularly keeps its stove off from ten in the morning to four in the afternoon of sunny winter days. Storm windows prevent heat moving the other way nights and cloudy days. The north side of the house has the fewest windows, to add to the winter protection gained by hill and woods.

More advantage is taken of the points of the compass, in the way the rooms are arranged. Sun for breakfast in kitchen and dining space. The bedrooms, present and future, put where they escape this same morning sun, leaving it up to the birds to see that you wake with the dawn. North light for the workroom in the future wing. The potting shed turning up southern exposure again, and a good protected spot for a cold frame. Morning sun on the connecting porch, afternoon shade there when you want more than the shade of trees on the terrace.

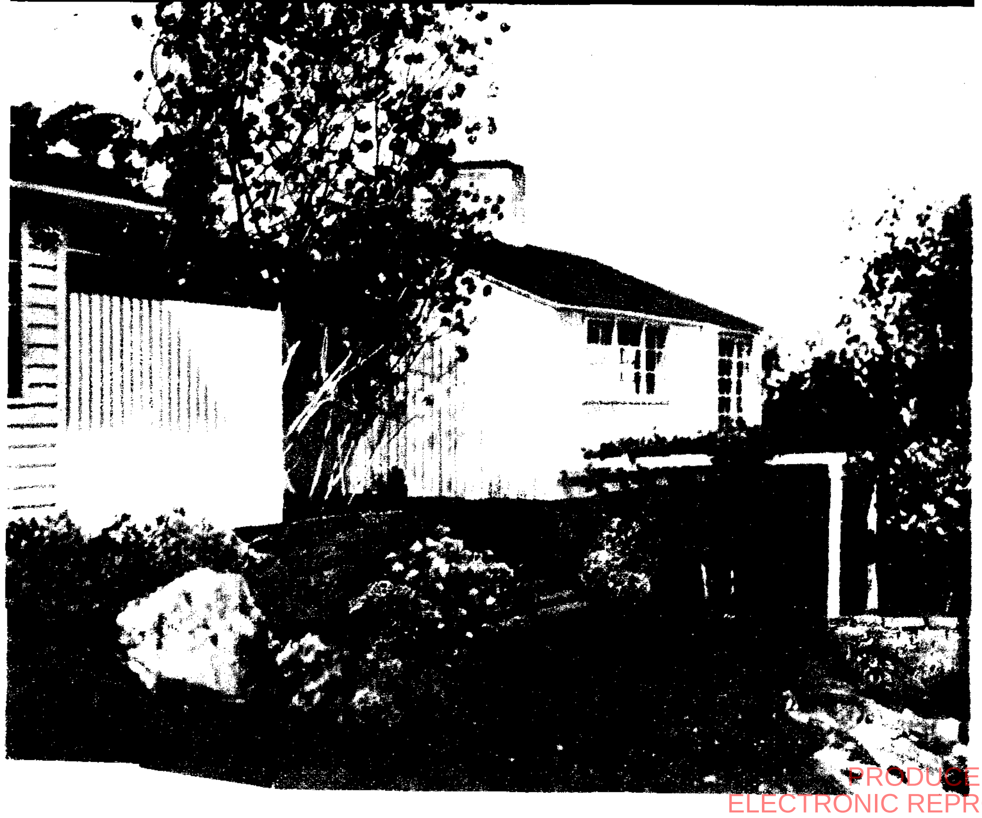
It's a temptation, especially in a part-time country house, to economize with makeshifts. The trouble is they never get changed. And even makeshifts cost money.

The architect of this step-by-step building economized instead—for one thing—on effort. Nothing done that would have to be undone or changed when the second and third stages of the building came along. When the cellar was dug, a restraining wall was first built and then the excavation soil thrown against it, to level the place where the future wing will go. The car shelter, due later on to become two bedrooms, is lighted by plenty of windows because the frame of the house is finished, ready for the change-over. No temporary shack, tacked on. (Another set of windows, to go into the fourth wall when that closes the car entrance, is bought and in storage at the contractor's.) As the interior of the house is finished, warm air risers are being built into the walls so that when the furnace is put in they'll be ready without disturbing the finished house.

Another economy—materials. The house was designed to take standard lengths of framing timber to save waste of material and labor on the job. Framing timber comes in multiples of two feet. Why buy a fourteen-foot joist and pay a carpenter to saw off one foot ten inches of it to be thrown away, when with a little planning you could use a twelve-foot joist, complete, instead? A pretty obvious economy, but so seldom practiced that the carpenters remarked about it on this job. And a workman

(Continued on page 37)

Below, wing from opposite side. Left to right, corner of kitchen window, service yard fenced, connecting porch, garage, workroom. Retaining walls were built when first section of house was built. Maid's room and bath could be added later in place of present service yard



View from south, showing picture window in living room and more windows to let in view, prevailing summer breeze, winter sun. Overhanging eaves cut off high summer sun. Door from bedroom into garden, another from living room onto terrace. Tool and potting shed at end of wing, woodshed next, then door into workroom

OUR NEW ARMY

GEORGIA

4TH ARMY CORPS

FORT BENNING. There was no chair under Pvt. Lewis Aultman, of the 501st Parachute Battalion, and no friendly guide lines were going to return him to earth. He hung in the harness of a parachute that was being hauled 250 feet up to the wing of one of the new training towers, twice as far from the ground as the top of the parachutes at the New York World's Fair. It was to be Pvt. Aultman's first jump in a free 'chute; as soon as they released the trigger, Pvt. Aultman would plummet downward, his parachute would billow out and the wind would take him where it would.

"Release one," Capt. W. T. Ryder ordered. Pvt. Aultman and his parachute zipped away from the supporting ring. On the ground, Instructor Sgt. M. W. Higgins ran to keep pace with the drifting parachute and coached Pvt. Aultman as he descended. The 'chute was swaying the jumper like a pendulum. "Check your oscillation," the sergeant called out. Pvt. Aultman pulled hard, in alternating jerks, on the risers, or control lines, and the oscillation stopped; but by that time the parachute was only a few feet from terra firma and Pvt. Aultman had concentrated so much on checking his swing that he had forgotten the rules for landing. He was coming down with his back to the direction of drift. Instinct told him to stiffen his legs. He forgot to roll as he hit. The pull of the 'chute yanked his stiffened body backward, his head banged on the ground and Pvt. Aultman went out like a light. A minute later he came to, shaking his head like a football player coming back after a hard tackle. There was a long strawberry burn above one ear and a few spots danced in front of his eyes, but Pvt. Aultman was ready for another try. This time he'd remember to land relaxed.

Formally dedicated less than a month ago the new towers will train members of the 501st twice as quickly as before, and much more efficiently. A trooper begins by learning to tumble like an acrobat, then is taught to handle his harness. After practicing jumps from a dummy plane, he takes to the parachute tower and makes controlled descents sitting in a chair. There follows a series of jumps in harness, landings being made on an inflated mat. The free jumps come next; and by the time the student is ready to hurl himself out of the door on his first plane jump he is comparatively calm and confident.

Word has been getting around that the parachute troops are a cocky bunch who

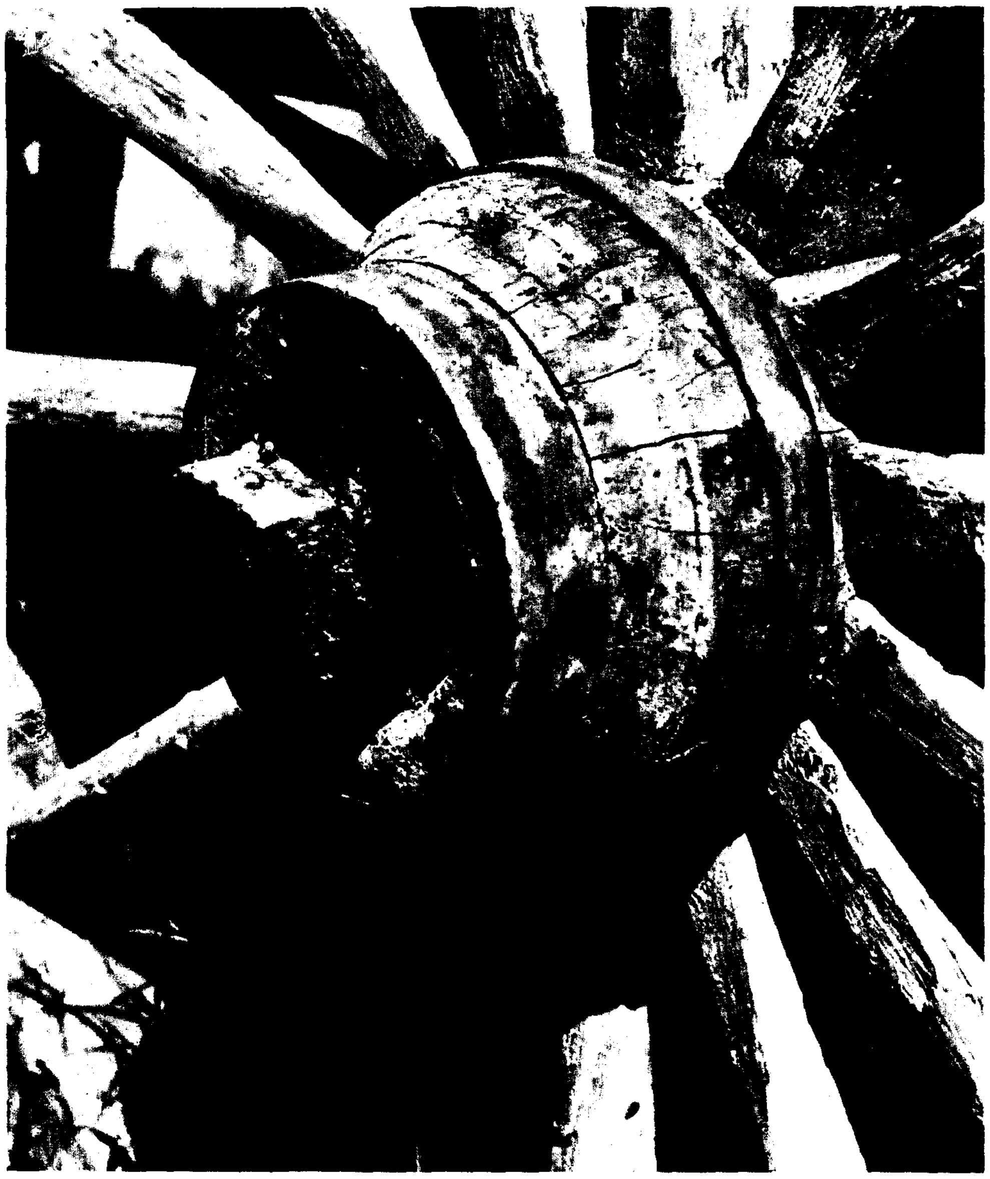
"Camouflage" was taken by Pfc. Bill Glei, of the 7th Signal Company, in bright sun on fast film. 1/100 sec., f:16

Taken at 6:30 P. M. in mid-February, "Sunset" is by Pfc. Chester Burns, Co. H, 53d Inf. Exposure 1¼ min. at f:5.6

WINNERS. Now on an exhibition tour of other posts is a collection of prize photographs, four of which are shown on these two pages, taken by members of the Fort Ord (California) Camera Club, with a membership of more than 100 soldier-shutterbugs. First prize was a gold cup; numerous five-dollar merchandise orders were presented to the runners-up

Pvt. Jess E. Green, Co. C, 53d Inf., calls this "The Leap." 1/200 at f:5.6

"Service," snapped by Pvt. Arthur Neuman. Shutter set at 1/50th sec., at f:11



think they're the elite of the Army. Maybe they are. At least, they have plenty on the ball. After a man has packed his own 'chute, tossed himself out into space and landed without cracking his skull or breaking a leg, he feels he has a little something over the other guy. They're doing something new, something that requires extraordinary co-ordination. The battalions can't take care of all the applicants, but there are plenty of recruits in other branches of the service who are perfectly satisfied with their lot. "They can have it," is the reaction of the average man on the company street. "Me, I'm gonna stay put."

A COUPLE of privates recently wandered into a Savannah night club and began to enjoy the air conditioning with the added stimulus of imported champagne. When the bill reached sixty bucks the waiter, with some justification, got a little jittery and summoned the manager, who rustled up a check for the wet goods and haughtily stuck it under the noses of the celebrants. One of them languidly reached into his wallet and extracted a $1,000 bill, the sight of which set the manager to teetering on his heels. "I'm—uh—afraid," he stammered, "that we can't change this." Whereupon the other soldier opened an eye, reached into his pocket and pulled out ten $100 notes. "Here," he said, "I'll change it." The dough wasn't counterfeit, either.

FLORIDA

CAMP BLANDING, Starke. There's a growing suspicion among selectees generally that the Army questionnaire, on which personal attainments are listed, is for statistical purposes and not to determine where the man will best fit. Your new soldier may be a specialist in a line vital to the military machine, but the Blanding boys say from experience that the chances are he'll be put to doing something about which he hasn't the faintest glimmer. As an example, 136 Brooklyn draftees were shipped down recently to form Co. A, 99th Quartermaster Battalion, a Corps unit which will be trained to turn out bread, cakes and pies for some 60,000 men daily. Only four out of the 136 have ever baked even a mud pie, and those four are German-Americans who learned their trade on the other side. Company A personnel represents about twenty-five nationalities speaking practically every language from Arabic to Zulu. The most disgusted man in the outfit at the moment is Pvt. Henry W. Seipelt, who just this year finished a hitch in the Navy, which rated him as gunner. Pvt. Seipelt hadn't even flattened the creases in his new civilian pants before the draft got him, and now he's learning to bake. Him with a gunner's experience. Sounds silly. It is silly.

31ST DIV.

PRIVATE JOE WHITE, Service Co., 156th Inf., is a problem in more ways than one. To his buddies the fly in the ointment is that, in addition to his $50 a month pay as Third Class Specialist, he has a job at the division movie theater every night and hauls down another $20. To the brass hats Pvt. White is a monkey wrench in the military machinery because the little devil is only fifteen years old and they don't know whether to send him home, or what.

POST Exchange Officer Maj. H. E. McGaffey, called from retirement after twenty-four years in the Army and ordered to set up Blanding's canteens, launched the business last November 9th in a one-room building with an operating force consisting of himself, four noncoms, one private, one light truck and of capital not a red cent except $60 of his own which he converted into change. Today the P-X employs 440 civilians and 198 soldiers, has an $18,500 pay roll every fifteen days, sells around $350,000 worth of merchandise every month and turns over its entire stock every twenty days. It's an enterprise for which almost any businessman would sell his soul. The P-X operates the Central Exchange, which serves as headquarters; thirty-five canteens (one for each regiment), three warehouses, eight trucks, three bus terminals, seven taxis, eight public filling stations, a garage, a restaurant, four cafeterias and a privately operated shoe repair shop.

Like all camp exchanges, it's a co-operative business, the stock (bought on credit) being held by the Blanding units. Dividends comprise a cash return, which goes into company funds, and a progressive reduction in prices. The canteens stock nearly everything but liquor. Cigarettes are two packs for a quarter. A Jacksonville outfitting house with a branch at Blanding was offering a cap at $1.50 and some special shoes at ten bucks. The canteens stocked the identical cap and shoes for seventy-five cents and $7.50, respectively, and the Jacksonville concern discreetly withdrew. Major McGaffey thinks they'll dispose of 38,000 tons of merchandise a year, mostly bottled drinks and periodicals. Relaxation by the ton.

MISSISSIPPI

37TH DIV.

CAMP SHELBY, Hattiesburg. When the 148th Infantry of the 37th Division got caught in a heavy rain on bivouac in De Soto National Forest, the pup tent in which slept Co. I's Staff Sergeant Wallace Marstellar collapsed. Sgt. Marstellar resignedly and groggily crawled out of the wet folds and into another tent, where he slept very well. When he opened his eyes the next morning he looked straight into the face of his bedfellow—Capt. Carl Hoeffle, the company's skipper. Sgt. Marstellar smiled weakly. "Good morning, sir," he said, and hustled himself ungroggily away.

COMPANY G members had the privilege, not long ago, of witnessing what is indubitably a rare sight: That of a selectee kicking two sergeants around the company street. Seems that Pvt. William Carpenter took on Sergeants S. S. Goodkin and Thomas Brusckotter at checkers and the sergeants were unfortunate enough to make the wrong jumps. Pvt. Carpenter collected his bet; he booted the sergeants forty times each. If he had any Army complexes, they ought to be gone now.

"I'M SORRY I can't get home for the week end," a selectee in Battery E, 141st F.A., wrote his mother, "but I've been put on extra duty in the kitchen." His dear mother sent him a comforting reply. "That's all right, Son," she wrote. "Keep up the good work. You can always use the extra money."

TEXAS

2D DIV.

FORT SAM HOUSTON, San Antonio. With the male outnumbering the female population around most cantonments, the boys at this fort are in a soldier paradise. San Antonio is full of girls. The only problem is to get to know them, and a few of the out-of-state recruits have solved it. They don't use the crude "Hi'ya, Babe?" stuff or the bewhiskered "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" approach, either. But it's simple. Soldier No. 1, going into town for the afternoon, takes along a buddy—and a camera. They stroll along

(Continued on page 26)

Brown Danger

By Frank Dufresne

EXECUTIVE OFFICER, ALASKA GAME COMMISSION

"There ain't no sense in arguing with a brown bear," says the wise old-timer. "He owns the woods, and there's no animal in all the world that can stand up to him"

THIRTY-EIGHT JOE—he got his name when he dispatched a charging bull moose at forty paces with a single revolver shot from the hip—is not afraid of many things in Alaska. He will run a folding boat through white water, or face an Arctic blizzard at seventy below, or leap without hesitation into a tangled mass of fighting sled dogs. It was none of these that gave Joe the greatest scare of his life. "It was a fish," he will tell you solemnly.

A live salmon, unmarked save for a raw hunk bitten out of one side, still flopping when he stumbled upon it in the center of a forest trail, a mile from the stream; but Joe knew what that meant. He knew that that salmon had just been dropped by a feeding brown bear; and you do not face an angry brownie without a rifle and live to tell the tale. And *the blood-curdling roar that echoed in* Joe's ears as he plunged headfirst over the side of a cliff, his sleeve and part of his shoulder ripped by the mighty sweep of a paw that barely missed him as he leaped to safety below, was enough to make his hand shake even today as he pours himself a soothing slug from a bottle.

"There ain't no sense in arguing with a brown bear," says Joe, gulping his drink and shivering reminiscently. "He owns the woods, and there's no animal in all the world that can stand up to him." He muses for a moment. "And yet—it's a funny thing—there's no animal in the world I got more respect for, either. You take a brownie, now, he's a gent. He's proud. He'll leave you alone if you give him a chance—but you better leave him alone, too."

If You Shoot, Shoot True

There is no more terrifying sound in all the world than the roar of a charging bear. *You will never forget it, if you* have been wandering across one of the brown-bear islands of southeastern Alaska, or on Kodiak Island or the Alaskan Peninsula where the greatest browns and grizzlies roam, and have seen the bushes part suddenly and a thousand pounds of fur and muscle burst upon you, ears laid flat along its head, fangs clicking, white foam slobbering from its jaws. If you shoot, you must shoot true: it takes a direct hit between the eyes to drop a bear charging head on, and even then it may not stop him. Thirty-Eight Joe can tell you that, too. He fired once at an onrushing bear at fifty yards, cleaning its entire brainpan with one shot, but the bear kept on coming and dropped at his feet beside the ejected cartridge shell.

He's boss; and he can back it up—for the Alaska brown bear is the largest carnivorous animal on earth today. A heavyweight may tip the scales at from twelve to fifteen hundred pounds—there have been unauthenticated reports of brownies weighing close to a ton—and his hind foot will leave a track fourteen inches long by ten or twelve wide. His reach is prodigious. Let's say that the ceiling of the room where you are sitting now is nine feet high. Imagine, then, if you can, an animal rearing suddenly on his hind legs before you, a third again as high as this room, with a head like a wheelbarrow, claws like meat-hooks and a punch in his fist that would literally tear the head of an ox loose from its neck. Actually the bear has not changed since prehistoric times: the same gigantic creature roamed Alaska with the mastodons and mammoths. When he reaches to his full height, there is no creature living today to dispute his claim of being Monarch of the North.

North Woods Track Star

The largest animal, and probably the most dangerous, he is one of three wild animals who will deliberately stalk a man—the others are the rhinoceros and the water buffalo—and he can move through the woods without a sound, bouncing as lightly on the balls of his feet as a Persian kitten. When he charges, his acceleration and speed are beyond belief. Once I clocked a thousand-pound bear—I measured the width of his track later and estimated a hundred pounds for every inch—that was running down the highway ahead of my automobile. According to my speedometer, that bear was doing thirty-four miles an hour—better than the speed of a wild duck taking off the water. No man can outrun him; as Roy Deering found out down in southeastern Alaska not so long ago.

"I'd killed a moose the day before," said the bandage-shrouded Deering from his hospital bed. "It was a mile or more from camp on the Taku River, so I had to leave it for the night. Next morning I started back with a hand ax and pack-board to cut it up and pack it out to the boat. Just as I was crossing a swamp near the carcass I heard a series of deep-throated growls, the leaves parted and a big bear came straight for me. I never knew how far that bear had stalked me. The first intimation I had was when he charged.

"I was ten feet away from a tree which I could have climbed. The bear had more than thirty feet to go to head me off. Midway of my second jump, that bear nailed me.

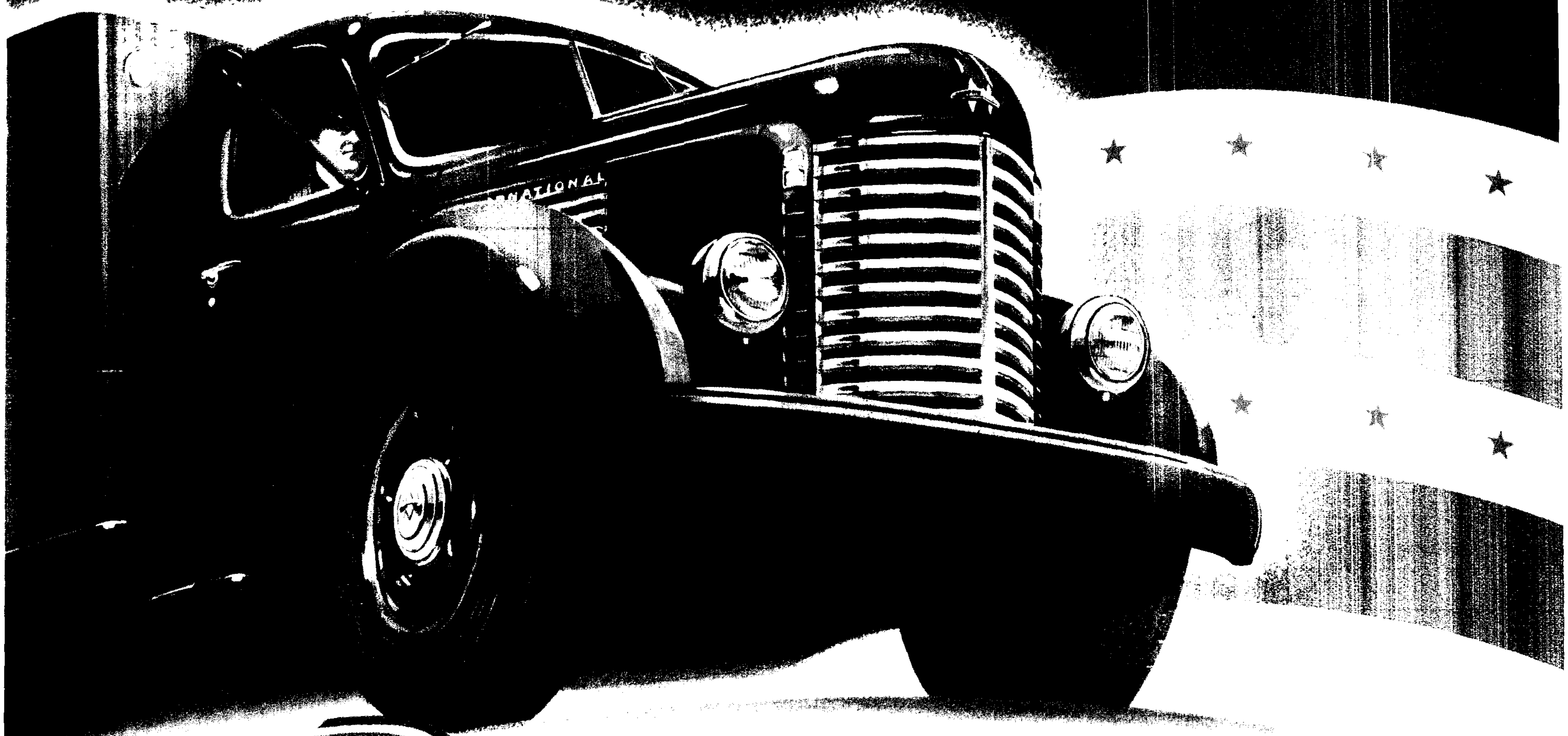
"What happened then, you can see for yourself. My right arm looks as if it had run afoul of a circular saw, and I've got bites and claw marks from head to foot. Wouldn't be here at all, I guess, if I hadn't played possum and laid on my face in the swamp, letting the bear claw and chew me until he was convinced I was dead. When I thought he was gone, I managed to hoist myself up on one arm, lifted part of my scalp up from in front of my eyes and patted it back into place. I even remember picking up a loose piece of scalp about the size of my

(Continued on page 59)

The Alaskan brown bear—1,200 pounds and twelve feet of savage fury—is the undisputed boss of American wild life

CHARLES KERLEE

Talking of "Bases" THESE TRUCKS HAVE 'EM!



The NAVY needs bases, the ARMY needs bases, the AIR FORCE needs bases—and TRUCKS *need bases, too.*

★ ★ ★

And that goes whether the trucks are military trucks or commercial trucks. Whether the trucks are working for Uncle Sam or working directly for you.

Truck service is a very important factor in truck operation—a most important factor in trucking costs no matter what work the trucks are doing or who they're doing it for.

International Harvester has always realized its responsibility to International Trucks, wherever these trucks may be.

Truck Service is built into Internationals at the factory and factory service is always available to owners, wherever they may be, through the *largest Company-owned truck service organization.*

There are 250 Company-owned truck branches in the U. S. and Canada. And at every one of these branches, International Trucks get factory-standard service, with factory-standard parts. No lost time, no lost motion. No tinkering, no guesswork. Swift. Sure. Economical.

And International dealers everywhere, as well as the branches, always stand ready "at Your Service!"

These quality trucks are built right in the first place. Always built as trucks—*All-truck* trucks—to do a truck's job! And International Harvester makes sure that every International will give you all the service that was originally built into it.

It is easy to understand why more Heavy-Duty Internationals have been bought in the last ten years than any other make.

Whatever your business, there's an International built to fit your job exactly—and to do it at lower cost. All sizes, from ½-ton to powerful six-wheelers. Write for catalog.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
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INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

FOR A GLORIOUS TAN USE SKOL
SKOL

Here's a marvelous scientific product, SKOL, that filters out those rays of the sun that cause blisters and painful redness, while it lets the tanning rays pass through.*

● SKOL lets you get a glorious tan without burning, even if you are blond. Made after a formula first developed in Sweden for snowburn, SKOL is a quick-drying liquid. Doesn't pick up sand! Doesn't make you messy! Doesn't show!

SKOL is not greasy, not oily. Be sure to apply SKOL before going into the sun. Use after each swim.

SKOL also helps *relieve* painful sunburn and dry, chapped skin. Skol Company, Inc., New York.

***Scientific tests prove that SKOL blocks out harmful rays below 3130 A.U., but admits beneficial tanning rays above 3130 A.U.**

PREVENTS PAINFUL SUNBURN
Not Oily

SKOL
PREVENTS PAINFUL SUNBURN
ALLOWS A BENEFICIAL TAN
CONTAINS NO OIL OR GREASE

SKOL IS THE LARGEST SELLING NON-OILY SUNTAN LOTION IN THE WORLD

Our New Army

Continued from page 23

San Antonio's winding and recently beautified river, or near some other scenic or historic spot, until an acceptable mouse floats into view. Soldier No. 1 then politely asks the gal if she will take his camera and snap a picture of him and his buddy together. Want to send it home, etc. Chances are the gal will say Yes, certainly, etc. Etc.

ARKANSAS

35TH DIV.

CAMP JOS. T. ROBINSON, Little Rock. Some of the lads here are pretty smooth, too. The 134th Infantry was giving a dance but there was a lamentable lack of girls. Pvt. Robert Skinner didn't just sit around and cry about it; he hied himself over to the near-by recreation hall where the 110th Quartermaster Regiment was throwing a shindig, found a multitude of gals in attendance, crashed the party and went to work on the waxed floor. Few minutes later he had talked twelve girls into riding over to his own regimental dance in the truck he had thoughtfully provided for the purpose. Joyous pals acclaimed the feat in no uncertain terms and demanded to know something about Pvt. Skinner's technique. "I just told them," the hero said, "that all you guys in the 134th are fancy dancers like myself. Some women will believe anything."

MISSOURI

6TH DIV.

FORT LEONARD WOOD, Rolla. Before we get off the girl question, be advised that if you're (a) a jitterbug, (b) about to be drafted and (c) a resident in any of the ten states in the 7th Corps area, try to get sent to some camp other than this one. Unless something unexpected happens, the situation is going to be something like 40,000 men and no girl. Before long there will be sixteen hostesses at the fort but they haven't yet figured out where dancing partners will come from, because the only towns of any size are more than 100 miles away. That lets out dancing as a mainstay of the recreational program. A soldier's life is a very tough one indeed. Lieut. Col. Leo B. Crabbs, chief of the morale and recreation section, has been doing very well with other aspects of the problem. First, he got a professional circus to make a one-night stand on the reservation, then announced that he was going to open a big beer garden right in camp. The cheers should have been audible in Iowa. Now the colonel has come up with a scheme to take the men to St. Louis, Kansas City and Springfield in trainload lots and provide places for them to sleep in town on week-end excursions. Vacant warehouses or factories will be converted into dormitories. In St. Louis, 600 tents will be pitched on the Riverfront Memorial, an $8,000,000 ruin of uncovered basements and busted bricks for which nobody else has suggested a good use. The lads left in camp aren't left high and dry, though. There is $750,000 worth of athletic equipment at hand.

THIS fort, by the way, is located miles from nowhere in Missouri instead of in South Central Iowa, as originally planned, because someone suddenly remembered that the annual rainfall in the latter region isn't enough to wet a frog's whistle. The Ozarks would be better, it was thought, because there the troops could be trained to fight on skis, just like the Finns. The construction story was typical. The original estimate was $8,300,000; the actual cost came to $35,000,000. A projected seventeen-mile railroad spur is actually thirty miles long and cost $3,500,000 (Collier's, June 7th). Up to a month ago the project had required 3,334,519 man-hours of overtime, and three months and six miles of road-making were wasted because an attempt was made at first to lay a twenty-seven-mile gravel truck road over the liquid topsoil. The place is about finished now and will soon house 40,000 men. But no ski troops. Somebody remembered, finally, that only twenty-four days in the last five years had seen enough snow for skiing on the hilly slopes of the 95,000-acre reservation.

UTAH

40TH DIV.

FORT DOUGLAS. There's a first lieutenant here who is playing second fiddle to a buck private. What's more, a colonel tags along in the background. The trio forms one of the hottest musical combinations in the new Army. Lieut. Col. H. P. Kayser, commanding officer, wields the bow; Lieut. Espey F. Cannon, of the Medical Corps, teases the ivories; and Pvt. Philip H. Crosbie gives out with a professional baritone. Pvt. Crosbie was supposed to have spent just forty-eight hours at the Reception Center en route to duty at Hamilton Field, but after the trio had made one appearance the boys demanded more, and Crosbie was held over for a couple of weeks for radio and other engagements.

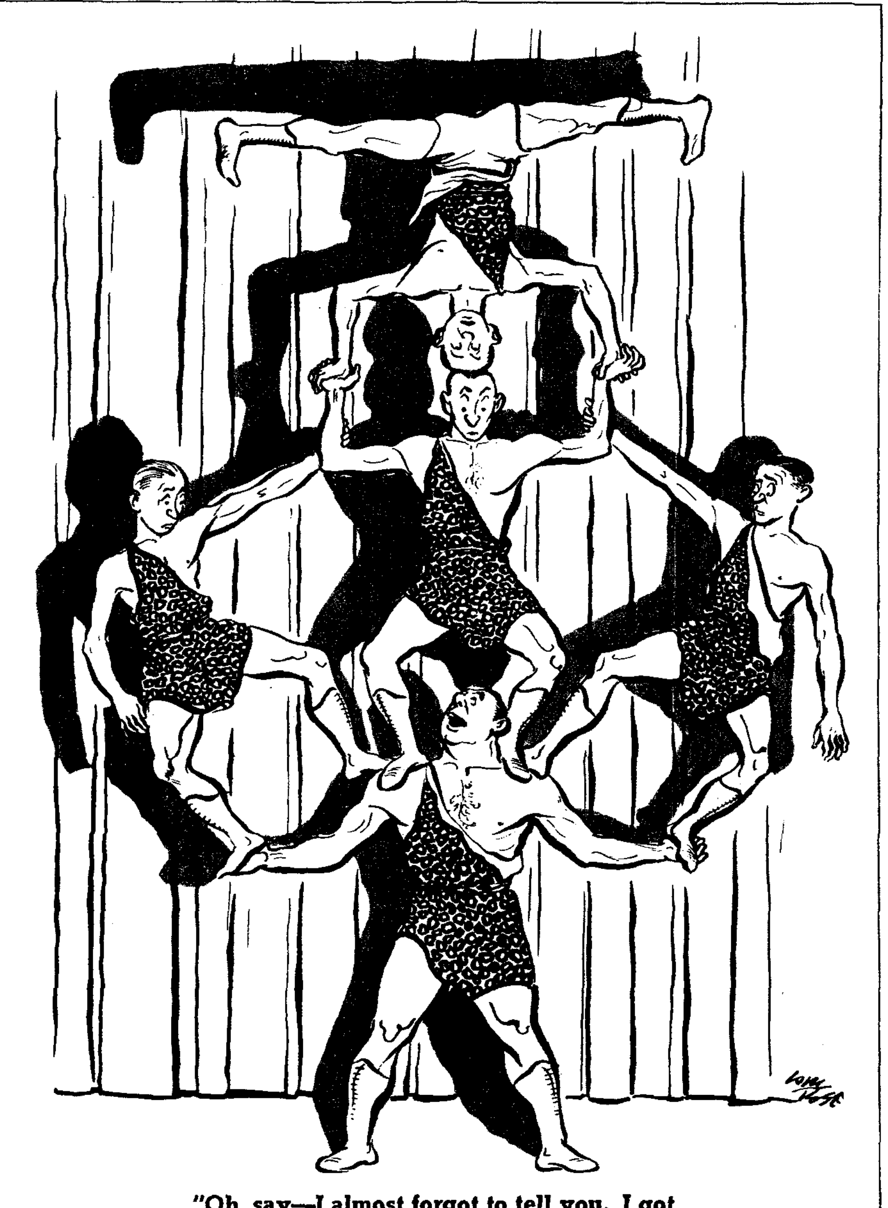
WHEN the 42d Bombardment and 16th Reconnaissance squadrons were transferred to Boise, and the 39th Bombardment and 12th Reconnaissance squadrons to Fort Wright, Spokane, the thing that concerned the men most was not the change of climate or the prospect of new girl friends. No. It was beer. Utah's brew is just 3.2; Idaho and Washington dispense a stronger product. Since nothing more potent is sold at canteens, the stamina of the beer in each state is really something for the boys to consider.

GENERAL

IF YOUR Army slang notebook is still at hand, jot down these new terms Albuquerque Air Corpsmen use to describe some of the distaff side of the population. *Queen:* A beauteous babe with a car. *Princess:* A b.b. without a car. *Spook:* A lass difficult to look at; your roommate's sister, perhaps. *Trainer:* A temporary girl friend. *Barmaid:* The anathema of Flying Cadets and enlisted men but the Pilot's Officer's blessing—a gal who will date only men with bars and things on their shoulders (2d lieutenants and up).

FOR further details consult your local cadet.

G. W.



"Oh, say—I almost forgot to tell you. I got my notification from the draft board"

CARL ROSE

"Follow your nose—you're on the track to Half and Half!" *directed the briar*

This delicately carved meerschaum is part of Half and Half's famous $25,000 pipe collection. Famous itself for tempting aroma, Half and Half smokes as good as it smells. It wouldn't bite the meanest man on earth. And the patented telescope tin gets smaller as you use the tobacco, making it easier to fill your pipe—a cargo of contentment in the bowl of any pipe.

"Just head for that tempting aroma," the briar continued, "and you'll find a man with a smile on his face. He'll be smoking Half and Half tobacco."

"What makes you so sure of that?" asked the meerschaum cyclists.

"There's only one tobacco that has such a wonderful fragrance," the briar replied. "And when you find Half and Half, it's clear coasting all the way because there's never a trace of tongue bite to make you put on the brakes."

IT WOULDN'T BITE THE MEANEST MAN ON EARTH

Next time you settle down with your pipe, load up with Half and Half. No other tobacco at any price brings you all three of these advantages:

1. Aroma: Half and Half makes you and your pipe welcome anywhere. Even your "better half" will enjoy the fragrance of Half and Half.

2. Smoothness: Half and Half is such a friendly smoke that it wouldn't bite the meanest man on earth—or even nip the tip of *your* tongue.

3. Telescope Tin: It's patented, gets smaller and smaller as you use up the tobacco. Easy on your fingers when you load up. Easy on your pocket when you carry Half and Half.

HALF AND HALF
A CARGO
BOWL OF ANY PIPE

HALF AND HALF

A Cargo of Contentment in the Bowl of Any Pipe

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company

A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

One of the biggest reasons that more than 25 million people in America own automobiles is this:

Practically every automobile dealer handles both new and used cars.

So his prices for automobiles range from under $100 up to $1,500 and sometimes more—literally "a car for every purse and purpose."

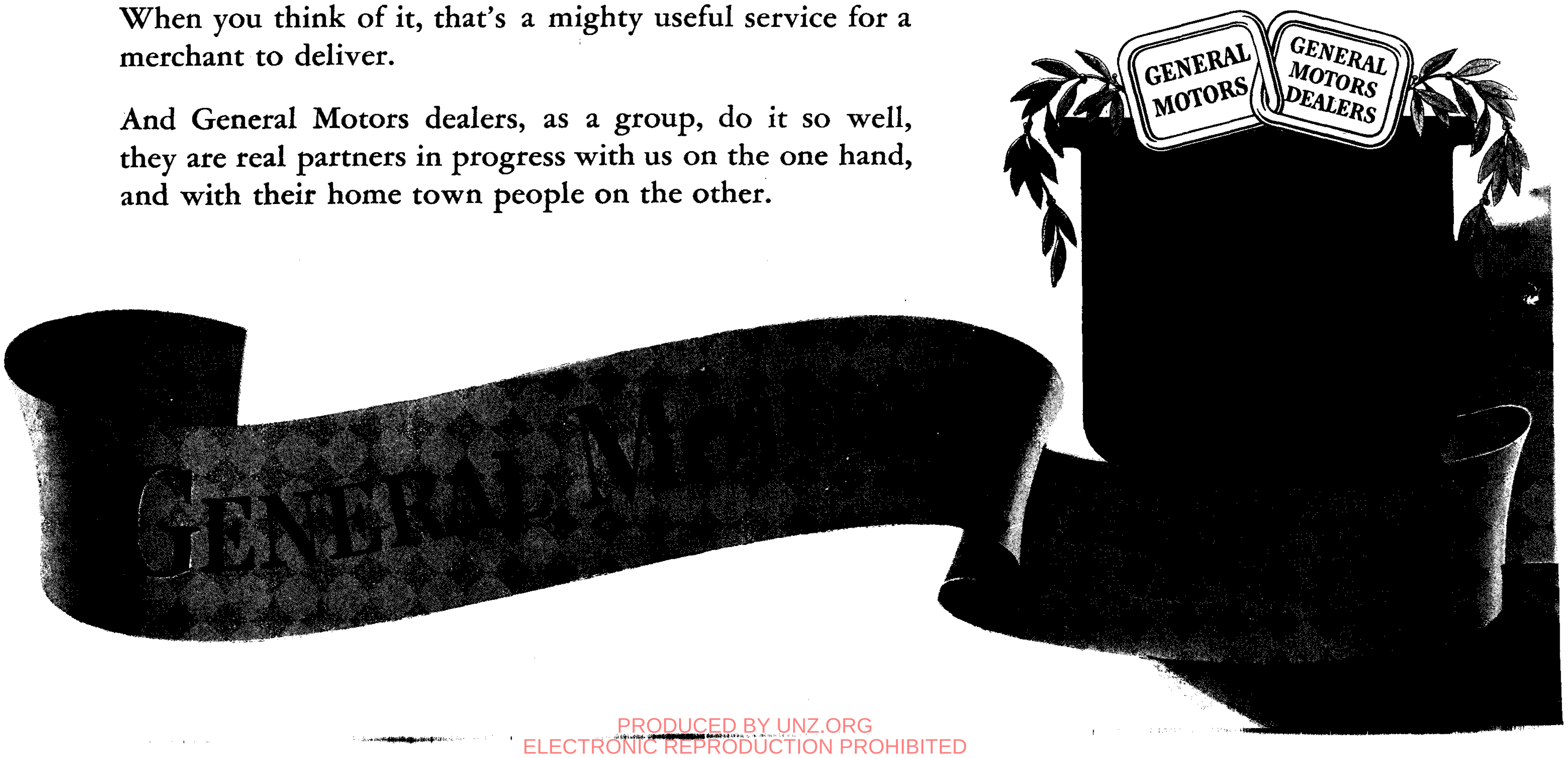
Dealers do this, of course, because it's good business to help the man who wants a new car to find a market for his old one.

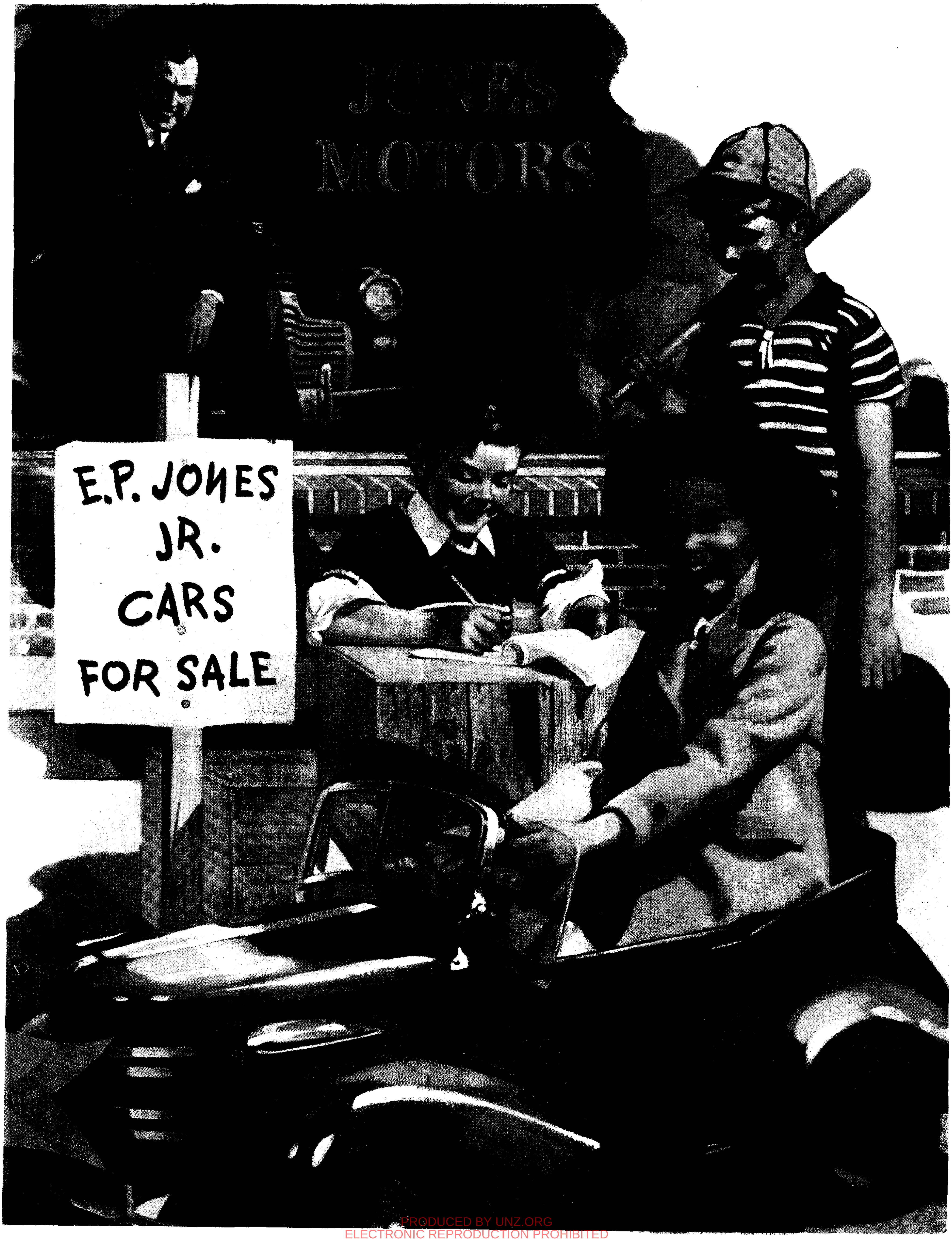
But in the process, they provide a reliable place for the young fellow just starting on his first job to get a lot of transportation for his money.

And they provide a place, too, for the man on his way up in the world to trade his old car for a better used one, even though he cannot quite reach up to what a new car costs.

When you think of it, that's a mighty useful service for a merchant to deliver.

And General Motors dealers, as a group, do it so well, they are real partners in progress with us on the one hand, and with their home town people on the other.




JONES
MOTORS
E.P. JONES
JR.
CARS
FOR SALE

Dextrose definitely improves Ice Cream and Ices

Ice cream is a genuine food. It is in reality "Frozen
, for its high carbohydrate content yields fuel for
and energy. As a refined concentrate of milk
cream also provides most of the nutrients
though commercial ice cream varies
, an average product contains
carbohydrate and is a source

together with the
pasteur-

sweetening propensities, Dextrose has the unique power to carry flavors without distortion. Dextrose sugar causes the delicate flavors present in the mix to permeate completely and uniformly throughout the ice cream, thus developing the natural flavors present.

One of the most desirable characteristics of ice cream is a rich, creamy texture. The inclusion of Dextrose in ice cream formulas noticeably improves texture. In ices and sherbets, Dextrose also prevents granulation and promotes smooth, even texture.

Rapid melting when eaten is anoth
should have for the

ucts have adroitly capitalized its nutritional value in sales and advertising. In other words, Dextrose serves a dual purpose in the ice cream.

To a health-minded public the established facts about Dextrose are appealing. Ethically presented
facts provide manufacturers
an advertising

The Story a Boy Read Aloud to his Parents

...facts of interest to ice cream lovers

IN 1809, ice cream was first introduced to Washington Society as an exclusive luxury. Its sponsor was Mrs. Alexander Hamilton (*not* Dolly Madison, as most people believe).

Today, rich, nutritious ice cream is far superior to the product of Colonial days. It is neither exclusive nor a "luxury". Seven out of ten restaurant patrons eat ice cream daily. Our soldiers and sailors-at-sea enjoy ice cream regularly. Youngsters of seven and oldsters of seventy rub elbows at soda fountains everywhere. To millions of people, family dinners are incomplete without an ice cream dessert. The appeal of its cool refreshment is universal.

The average consumption of ice cream and kindred products is almost nine quarts a year for every man, woman and child in America.

Ice cream is a genuine *food*. It yields fuel for body heat and muscular energy. As a concentrate of milk and cream, it also provides many nutrients essential to life. It contains carbohydrates, proteins and butter fats and is a source of Vitamins A, B_1 and G.

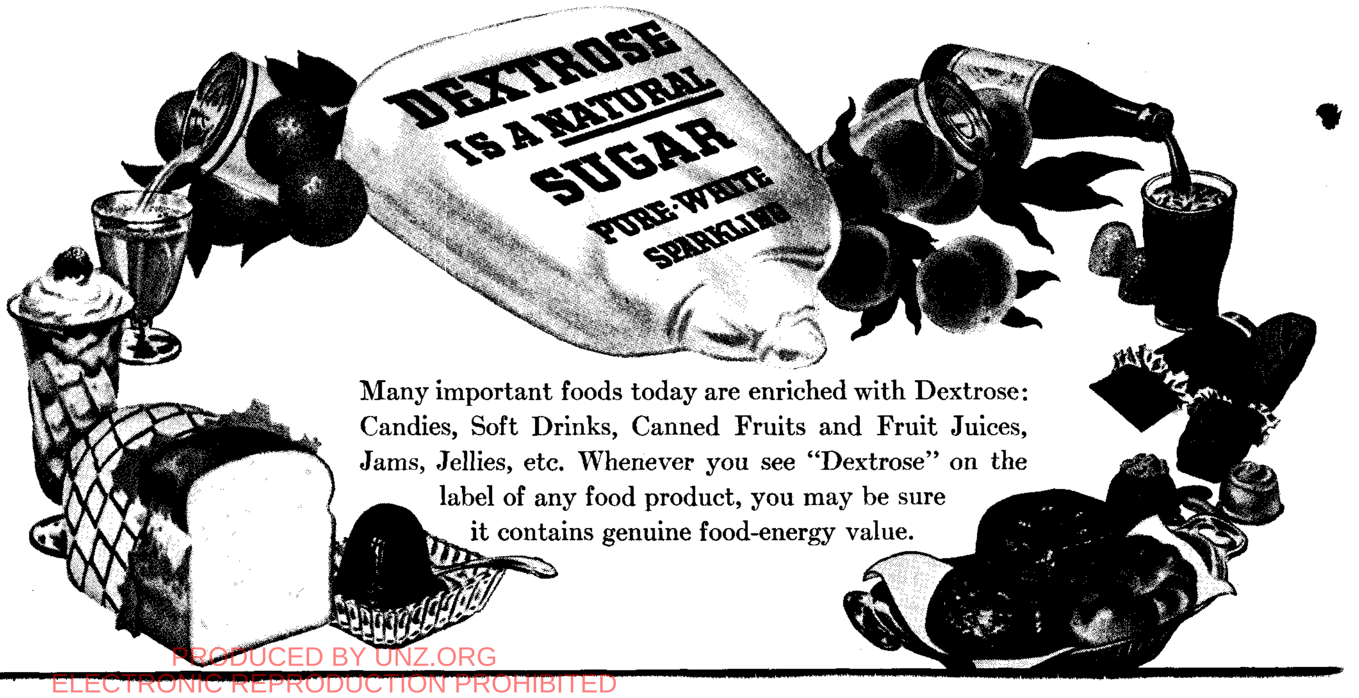
Good ice cream is improved by Dextrose sugar

Formulas for making better ice creams now include Dextrose. This pure white, sparkling, mildly sweet sugar, which is the chief "fuel" of the human body, does *more* than add quick food-energy value to ice cream. Dextrose enhances delicate flavors and noticeably improves fine texture. Dextrose-made ice creams have rich substance and smooth body.

Intelligent parents who realize the true food value of ice cream encourage children in their enjoyment of this delightful food treat. And the additional food-energy value of Dextrose is still another reason for the frequent serving of ice cream to young and old alike. Insist on Ice Creams *made with Dextrose*—they are noticeably superior in quality, texture and flavor.

America can supply every pound of Dextrose Sugar needed for American consumption. Dextrose, derived from America's greatest grain—golden Corn, is wholly, completely American. It is refined in American factories by American workers and distributed by American companies.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY • 17 BATTERY PLACE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
ONE OF THE PRODUCERS OF PURE DEXTROSE

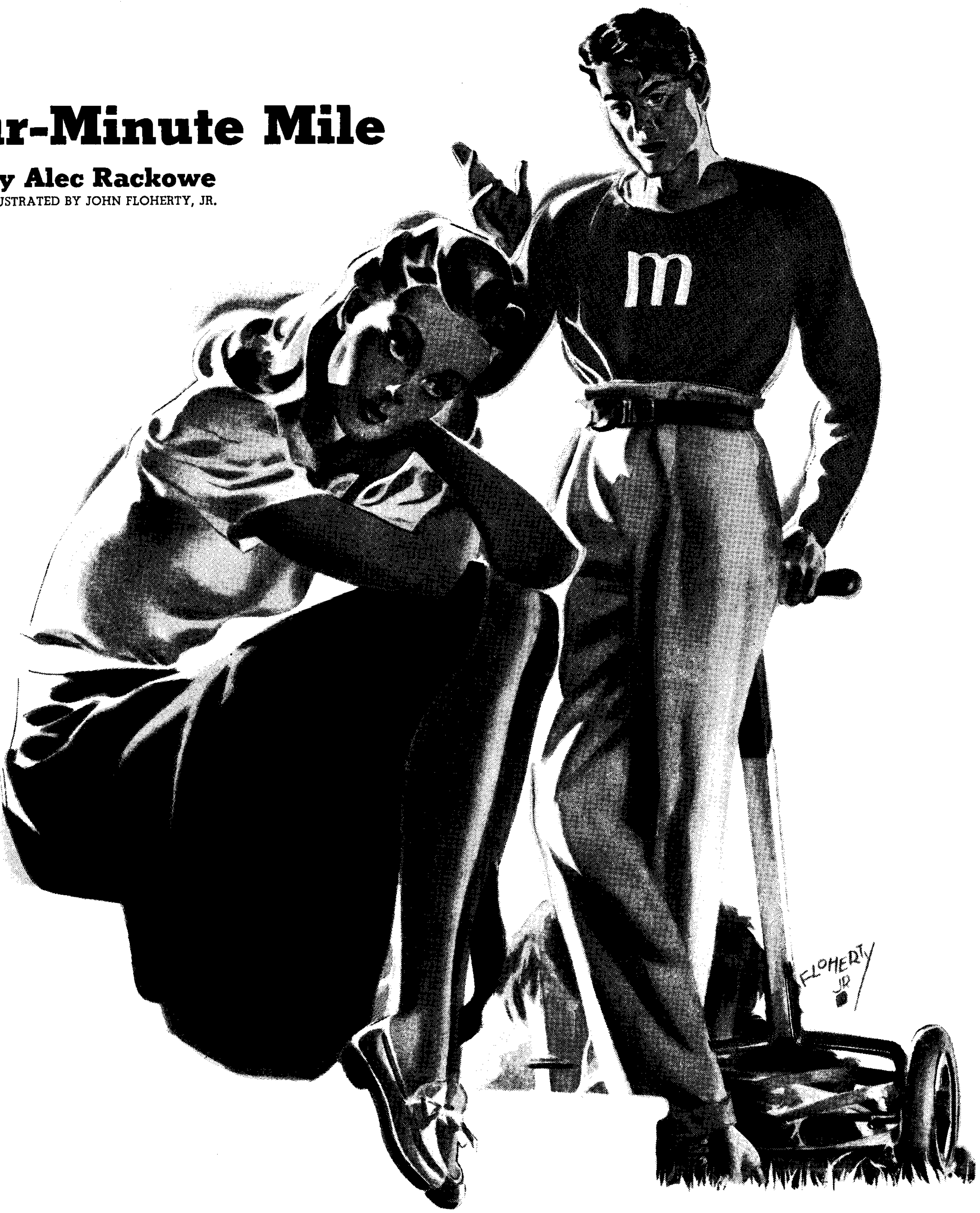


Many important foods today are enriched with Dextrose: Candies, Soft Drinks, Canned Fruits and Fruit Juices, Jams, Jellies, etc. Whenever you see "Dextrose" on the label of any food product, you may be sure it contains genuine food-energy value.

The Four-Minute Mile

By Alec Rackowe

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.



He said, "I don't care what other people think; what the college thinks. They wouldn't understand anyway"

What's the good of a world's record when the girl expects you to do a whole lot better?

STEVE MILLER was aware of the little knot of people on the flagstones fronting the low grandstand. The bright sun whitened the empty, weather-stained benches, emphasized the green turf enclosed by the hard-packed cinders of the track.

Striding easily, he clicked off the three quarters without effort, bending into the turns of the furlong track with an ease and knowledge born of experience. He ran as he had always run, ever since as a boy he had raced from the pasture to the house on those nippy mornings—those cool, dewy mornings when breakfast was waiting for him with chores to be done afterward and himself the only one old enough to give his harassed father a hand.

Coming into the stretch, the group danced nearer and he was conscious of the flash of color that was Kay Folling's yellow skirt. Dean Folling was there, sweat-shirted, pipe in mouth; Paul Maye, the track captain, and the notable visitor from the Associated Press. But Steve saw only Kay as he neared the post that marked the start and finish line. He didn't look at her. He didn't need to. He knew the shortness of her upper lip, the swirl of her honey-colored hair and the way her blue eyes looked at him—coolly, almost indifferently.

There was little he cared about at Midwestern, but the way Kay Folling looked at him was one of the things he would have changed, except that he knew it couldn't be different. It was dumb to be in love with a girl who didn't know you existed. But, since there was nothing you could do about feeling like that, you went on with the things you'd planned years ago and made the best of it. And that was by keeping out of her way—seeing as little of her as possible.

The stop watch was clamped to the palm of his left hand by a broad rubber band. As the pole flashed by he pressed with his finger. His stride lengthened, spikes biting into the thin cinders and into the harder spots where the cinders were gone and the clay sent hard shudders up the calves of his slim legs.

He leaned into it, keeping his form, striding. The turns floated to him as he eased the drive slightly until the stretch loomed again, straightening, and the blob of color that was Kay fled past. At the far turn he gave it everything, pouring it on, trying not to tighten. The turn fled and the finish came at him. His fingers slid from the damp glass of the stop watch to the plunger.

He was almost at the far turn before he slowed and jogged back to where his long woolen pants and hooded zipper shirt lay on the grass. He glanced at the face of the watch as he picked up his pants. The perspiration glistened on his forehead but his expression did not change. He was slim, black-haired, gray-eyed. He threw the towel about his neck, zippered the shirt and, carrying his spiked shoes, walked in his wool-socked feet toward the grandstand.

Dean Folling beamed at him. Paul Maye walked out onto the track and Red Carr, Don Fletcher and Frank Dolan, lying beside the jump pit, got to their feet. Steve heard Paul say, "Okay. Baton passing . . . and don't pull any ligaments."

Steve was aware of Kay's eyes on him. Dean Folling said, "This is Mr. Boorum, Miller. He tells me they're worrying about what you'll do to them at Cambridge."

The big man in the battered fedora grinned. "That's was a nice last quarter. Fifty-seven about?"

"About," Steve said.

Boorum shifted his cigar. "Do you think you can take the mile at the Intercollegiates?"

"I'll take it," Steve said. His lips firmed as he felt Kay's eyes on his face.

"You wouldn't care to guess at your time? It would make my story better."

Steve looked down at the flagstones, then glanced up. His voice was even. "I'll do four."

He looked at Kay even as he heard Boorum's gasp. But her blue eyes met his with an expression he could not identify. Boorum said, "You're not serious, are you?"

STEVE turned his head. "Don't you think it can be done?"

"Some day," Boorum said. "Some day someone is going to run the four-minute mile—but—well, it'll just happen."

"It will be planned," Steve said. "If that track at Harvard isn't too slow I'll do four minutes next week."

Boorum took his cigar from his mouth. "Sixty-second quarters?"

"No. I've read that's how they dope it in the East—but I've set it differently."

"How?" Boorum asked. "Would you care to name your fractionals?"

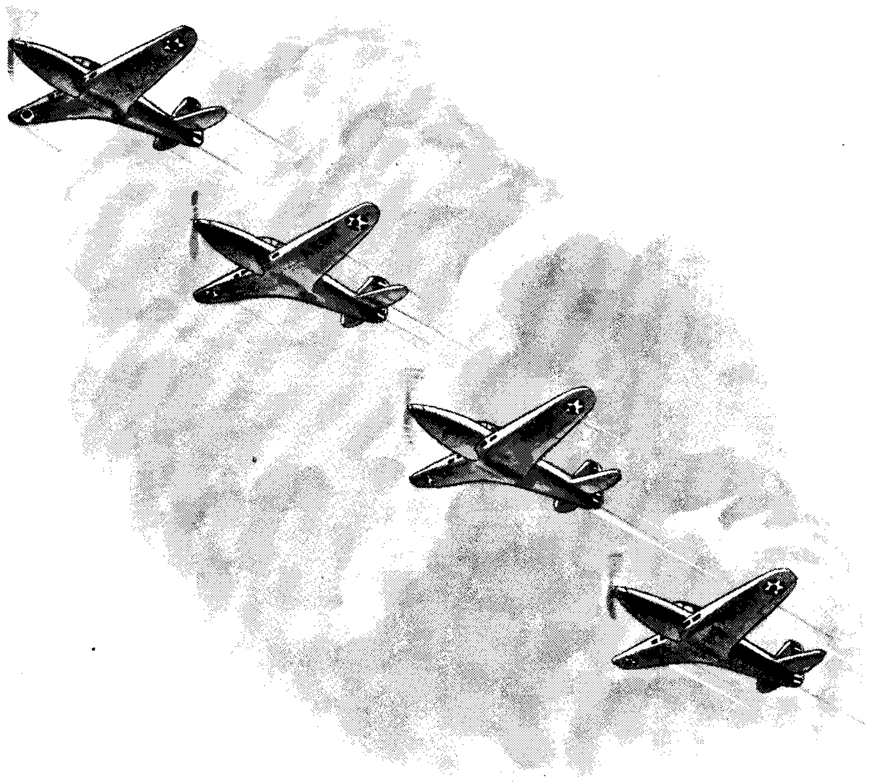
"I don't mind," Steve said. "Sixty, sixty-two, sixty-three and a final quarter in fifty-five seconds."

Boorum swallowed, blinking. "You're going 'way out on a limb, feller. I'm going to write this and file it. You'll be on a spot when you hit Boston."

"That's all right," Steve said. "I'll do four—or so close the difference won't matter."

Boorum looked at Dean Folling. He shook his head, smiling. "They haven't heard much of Midwestern back East, but if this lad does what he promises your college will be famous."

Dean Folling said quickly, "You musn't forget the relay will be there as well. Our first appearance in the Intercollegiates. The relay will make an excellent showing. As for Miller, he's



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made himself the runner he is. No one helped. Certainly not I."

That was when Kay Folling spoke. As Steve drew the towel more tightly about his neck she lifted her firm chin. "And only Steve Miller will reap the reward, Mr. Boorum."

Boorum's brows lifted. Steve's face did not change. "I want the best education I can get. The one that will help me most. If my running will get me a degree from one of the big universities I'll transfer."

"I'll get you that if you can do it," Boorum said. "And cash too, if that's what you want."

"It is," Steve said, and looked at Kay —at the faint, shell pink of her face.

She didn't turn her eyes from him. She spoke to Boorum: "You can say, too, that Steve Miller is Midwestern's mathematical genius. He's a walking slide rule and calculus is ABC to him. There's only one thing in mathematics he doesn't know." Her little nose tipped as she turned her eyes to Boorum. "You wouldn't believe it but he never learned the first theorem in Euclid."

Dean Folling said, "Now, Kay . . ." but Boorum grinned. "I'm afraid I've forgotten if I ever did know. What is the first theorem in Euclid?"

"The sum of the whole," Kay said, her blue eyes stormy, "is greater than any of its parts."

She walked away quickly. Dean Folling said, "You mustn't mind my daughter . . ." but Steve looked after Kay, his brow furrowed.

SHE was sitting on the steps of the small white house just off the campus when he drove up in his battered coupé and lifted the mower from the open back. The sun was setting, gilding the windows of the red-bricked buildings: Marcy, the Chem Lab, Purvis.

Kay didn't make any sign. Steve started at the far side of the dean's lawn and ran the swaths neatly from front to back. The blades clicked, the grass spurted in a green stream.

He raked the fallen grass, swept it into a basket. He took his broom and swept the walk. That brought him to the steps. Kay said, "I'm sorry if I was rude. Dad says I was."

Steve wiped his damp forehead. "That's all right. I guess I know how you feel."

"Do you?" Her eyes met his. He could see the soft down on her upper lip—the deft-touched red of her mouth. "Do you? How do I feel?"

"Like everyone else, I suppose. That I'm an outsider."

Kay said, "Oh" and a little line appeared in her smooth forehead. He saw the way her lips came together and he felt the need, the compulsion of explaining to her, of making her understand. He said, "I don't care what other people think; what the college thinks. They wouldn't understand anyway. But things are different for me. I've got to think of myself. Of no one but myself."

He rested against the support of the mower, looking at her. "My people have a small farm. I've got four brothers and a sister. I'm the oldest. I never hoped to be able to go to college. It's only because the boys are big enough to lend a hand that I could get away at all. I wouldn't have gone at all if my mother and dad hadn't insisted. They'd saved a hundred dollars. Enough for my freshman tuition. I've hung on since, doing odd jobs, gardening in summer, furnaces in winter. Waiting on tables. Anything to let me finish—to help me get a degree —a chance to make something of myself, because there's nothing much for any of us on the farm."

He raised his eyes. Kay's face was still. He said, "That's why I've kept on with my running. I run because it's a way to further myself—and no one ever helps any man but himself."

He saw the faint gesture and he said, "I know you think I'm pretty poor stuff, but I've always been honest with myself. College may be bright years to remember for those who can afford it—but I can't."

Picking up the basket he swung the broom over his shoulder. Paul Maye's blue roadster slid up behind Steve's battered coupé. Kay lifted her chin. She stepped onto the cement path. Her eyes met his, blue and deep. "I'm going east with Dad and the relay. I hope I see you win. I hope you get what you want, but I still say you don't know your Euclid. Maybe you're built that way. I'm sorry if you are. Honestly, I am."

She went down the walk toward the blue car and Steve looked after her, his gray eyes clouded, feeling as he always had felt, lonely and alone.

HE DIDN'T see her until they got to Boston. Kay had driven east. His first glimpse of her was in the lobby of the hotel. He saw her from within the semicircle of reporters who were easing him still farther out onto the limb. He knew they didn't believe he could do it—they didn't care. That either way all he meant to them was copy. If he made good, if he turned in the four-minute mile that was as fabulous as the golden fleece, it would be a swell story. If he failed after all he had said it would be just as effective—to poke fun at.

The papers were carrying his picture —talking about him. That was all he asked for. The better known he became the more he would benefit.

He shared a room with Don Fletcher but they didn't have much to say to each other. Don, Red and Frank were juniors like Steve, but he didn't know them any better than Paul Maye, who was a senior. He hadn't had time for chumming around, for going places and doing things with his classmates. He knew he wasn't popular but that was just unfortunate. He had a program to accomplish.

Steve went out to Cambridge with the others that first day. Multicolored jerseys were all about. Letters of colleges that had been only names: Yale, Harvard, Penn, Fordham, Princeton, Columbia. The bright June sun gleamed on the high rise of the stadium. The cinder track was firm, springy—different from the one at Midwestern.

They were holding the trials. The big men were tossing the shot around—the jumpers were sliding over the bar. Steve paced a couple of quarters, not taking off his woollies. He was aware of the look sent his way; the smiles. There were reporters in the dressing room when he went in to shower and get his rubdown. They went into the routine again and patiently he answered them. "The track is fine," he said quietly, feeling that he didn't mean anything to them but a story, and not caring. "I'll do four minutes tomorrow."

He went back to Boston and the hotel by himself. Caught a movie and got to the hotel in time for dinner. Dean Folling was at their table, the relay men. But not Kay. Steve was glad. He didn't say anything. Paul Maye was oddly quiet and the others took their cue from him. Steve was already in bed when Don came in and undressed in the bathroom. He didn't hear Don get into bed. He was thinking, with that feeling of loneliness heavier than ever, of Kay, and then he must have fallen asleep for the next thing he remembered was the ring of the phone.

The sun was streaming in the windows. Don lifted the phone and Steve closed his eyes again. He heard Don say, "Yes?" and then, "Heck, no. I'll be right in."

Steve didn't move. When the door

closed the room was very quiet. It was almost eight. Steve got up, showered and dressed.

When he heard the knock he said, "Come in." The knock was repeated and Steve crossed the hard carpet and turned the knob.

Kay stood framed in the door, slim in her blue print, her hair softly framing her small head. Steve felt the disturbance her presence always created in him, ever since she had come from prep school to join the small student body at Midwestern.

He said, "Hello," and waited, his gray eyes steady.

Kay put her hand on his arm. "Steve, you've got to do something for me. You've got to."

Her voice shook. Steve drew a deep breath. He said, "All right. Anything."

"It's Paul." Her lashes flickered. "He wasn't well yesterday. This morning he's worse. Sick. It's his appendix. The hotel doctor says it has to come out—immediately. But Paul won't go." Her clasp tightened. She said, "Please come. You've got to tell him you'll run for him. Just say that you will."

HER fingers urged him from the door. Only for a moment did Steve hesitate, his lean face hardening. Then he closed the door and went down the corridor with her.

Dean Folling was in the room, Don, Red and Frank and a youthful man Steve knew must be the hotel physician. He recognized in Paul's face what had struck him the night before—a pallor under the tan of his fair skin.

Red was speaking in his jerky way: "Be yourself. So we don't run. What's the tragedy? We've done 3:18 twice. That'll give us a nice sixth or seventh against this bunch. Phooey. Dry up and tell the doc it's okay to carve you. We don't give a hoot if we don't run."

Against the pillow Paul's face looked gray. He said weakly, "Yes you do. And *I* do. It's my team—the first Midwestern's ever had to qualify for the big time. I don't expect us to win. But the team's got to run. I'm not going to any hospital."

His head turned on the pillow. The doctor said, "You're talking like a kid. You've got a hot worm in your middle that's got to come out before it starts real mischief." He lifted his shoulders. "You couldn't run from the bed to the door."

"Not now," Paul said, and Steve saw the tears of weakness and anger in his eyes. "But maybe it'll pass. I'll be able to run this afternoon."

"The hell you say," the doctor said cheerfully, but his eyes were anxious as he looked at Dean Folling.

The dean said, "Now, Maye . . ." but Paul broke in, his head whipping against the pillow, "I can't let the team down, sir. I can't."

That was when Kay spoke. She moved quickly to the bed. "Don't be dumb. Midwestern will be there. Steve's going to sub for you." She turned her head, her hand on Paul's shoulder. Her eyes met Steve's. "Aren't you?"

Steve didn't hesitate. Somewhere within him was the echo of a great laugh—a laugh directed at him—but he said, "I'll do my best, Maye."

Paul said, "You can't run both. You'll kill your mile."

"That's my lookout," Steve said quietly. "I'll sub for you if you'll do as you're told."

He saw the tears gather in Paul's eyes. As he turned his head angrily to hide them Paul said, "Thanks. Okay." The doctor picked up the phone. "We'll have the appendix out for you in an hour." He nodded toward the door and Dean Folling said, "We're going now, Maye. Don't worry. Everything will be all right."

The corridor was quiet and dim. Red said, "Thanks for saying that, Miller. He wouldn't have gone otherwise."

Steve nodded. "We'd better go out early. I'd like a couple of lessons at baton passing."

He saw Don and Frank look at him. Kay said, "You don't have to run. I only wanted you to say you would so Paul would agree to the operation."

"Sure," Red said, and Steve heard the others murmur. A sudden anger flared in him. He said distinctly, "I told Maye I'd sub for him. I'm going to." He didn't care what they thought, either.

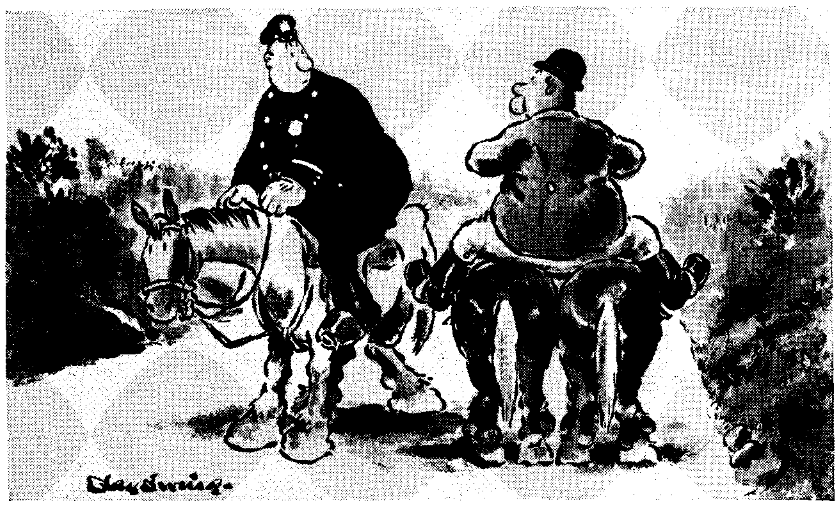
"But listen," Red said, "your mile . . ."

"I'm running," Steve said. "I don't go back on my word. Suppose you fellows tell me what to do."

HE HAD known the word would spread. It had to. He was lying on a rubbing table, a blanket over him when the dressing room began to fill. The sharp smell of rubdown, of wintergreen and witch hazel, the sound of voices and laughter were all about when the reporters found him. He listened, his eyes closed. He knew what they were thinking—was not surprised when they said it. He didn't contradict. He didn't deny. He only said, "I'm anchoring our relay." And when they asked about the mile, he said, "I'll probably scratch."

He had been 'way out on a limb and he'd sawed it behind him before his race was run. He was aware of the looks, the laughter as the afternoon wore on. The sprinters came back. The call went up for the hurdlers, the jumpers. Then Red touched his shoulder. Red looked down at him and said, "Here's where we go. There's still time to scratch. It'll be okay with us, Steve . . ."

Steve shook his head but he was



"I couldn't get a horse. All they had left was a couple of ponies"

JAY IRVING

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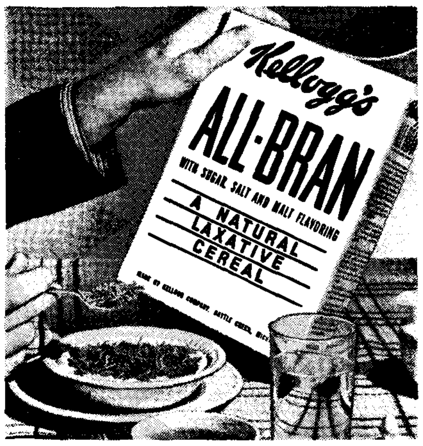
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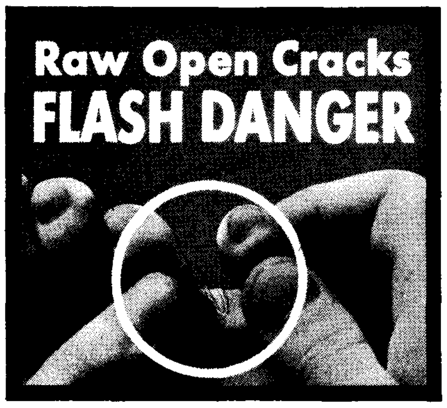

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aware of a queer warmth. There was no doubt in Red's voice. He said, "We're running. To win," and Red said, "Okay. We'll give it everything we've got."

The bright sun made Steve blink. The grass was emerald, the stadium white and dotted with colorful groups and masses. And on the field moved the multijerseyed runners and field men.

They'd drawn the Number 3 lane. Standing with Red and Frank, Steve saw Don on the mark. Fordham, N. Y. U., Manhattan, Penn and Maine. The others didn't count. He was aware of a nervousness he had never felt before. He couldn't identify it. He had always been so cool, thinking out his race, planning it. He looked up at the stands but he could not see Kay. And somewhere in Boston Paul Maye was lying in a white bed, fighting the effects of the ether. His lips hardened. He knew what the evening papers would say—but he didn't care. He had a job to do. He had given his word.

THE crack of the gun brought his eyes back to the track. The jumble at the turn dissolved and Red cried chokingly, "Go it, Don. Go it, you mug." The green-and-gold jersey two steps in front of the flying legs, the straining torsos, was Don Fletcher. Frank Dolan bent to rub his leg muscles, took a few steps gingerly and went slowly out on the track. Steve could not take his eyes from the green-and-gold jersey. His nails bit into his palms. The loud-speaker boomed but he didn't hear.

Red was talking to himself. "Steady, lug. Don't jitter your leg before you run it. Don't . . . okay . . . okay . . ."

The line of runners on the mark moved down, irregularly toward the broken field coming toward it. The two lines meshed, mingled. The melee cleared and Steve drew a deep breath. Frank was out in front, shifting the baton to his left hand, three yards in the clear. Don was lying on the cinders, trying to get up. Steve ran with Red to help him, taking him from the officials. Don was gasping, his chest straining. Red said, "Good stuff. Oh, good stuff, guy."

Red left them when Don was on the grass. He nodded to Steve, his hair redder than ever because of the paleness of his face. "We'll keep the lead, Steve. Don't worry." Then he was out on the track with the dancing, gesticulating others and Frank was coming into the stretch, four yards to the good.

Steve pulled off his pants. His legs felt weak. He heard Don wheeze, "Good luck," and saw Frank coming, wobbling toward them. He walked out onto the track, turned sideways to the stretch. He was nervous, shaken. He never had been that way before. He'd always had only himself to consider—his own race to run—to win or lose. But now he was part of a team—and the race wasn't all his. It belonged to Red and Don and Frank as well. To Paul. And to Midwestern.

He heard the roar of the crowd. Then he saw Red's flaming head round the turn. He still had the advantage. Still led by the four yards Frank had given him. Steve moved down the track.

Red's face was tortured. Steve put out his hand and started moving back toward the start. He looked down. He knew Red would keep from him. His fingers touched the cylinder, tightened. He said, "Right," and felt the restraint of Red's grasp vanish. Then he was looking up the track, his legs stretching.

The baton felt strange. He tightened his grasp and lengthened out, striding, striding. "Keep your form," he muttered mentally. "Don't tighten. It's the fellows' race. Keep it for them. They ran their heads off. Don't botch it."

At the turn he eased off the pace he had been pouring on. This was old stuff. His nervousness vanished. He had a lot left but he had to save it. Striding easily he saw the far turn coming at him, distant. The training of years stood him in good stead. He didn't panic, thinking of those flying figures behind him, striving to cut down the gap. Those anchor men whose names were famous wherever track fans met. The turn loomed, the last furlong was ahead.

He began to stretch, still keeping his form, trying his damnedest not to tighten. He poured it on, sprinting now, just as he had planned he would do in the mile he had promised them. The mile they were grinning at now. He saw the tape ahead, the knot of officials behind the finish posts at either side. The tape came toward him and he thought, "Don't ease. Through—run through." Then the red wool was taut before his chest and he was past it, carrying a wisp with him, letting his speed spend itself.

He was far up the track when the others got to him. Red, Don and Frank, hugging him, yelling. Frank had his pants. Frank helped him on with them. Red was saying, over and over, "Man, oh, man. Into the ground, Steve. You ran 'em into the ground. Fifteen yards or I'm a redheaded liar."

Officials streamed toward them. One put out his hand for the baton but Steve shook his head. "I'm keeping this," he panted. The crowd stood, applauding. And then suddenly the loud-speaker boomed and silence came . . . "Mile relay. Won by Midwestern College . . . second, Fordham . . . third, Manhattan . . . fourth, Pennsylvania . . . fifth, New York University . . . Time . . ." The hush intensified. "Establishing a new Intercollegiate and World's record . . ." The crowd's indrawn breath was almost audible . . . "Three minutes, eleven seconds . . . flat . . ."

The cheer that broke was deafening. Then the radioman was on them, holding out his mike. "Miller, say something will you? When are you going to give us that mile? You did better than 47 for your quarter. Say something—the whole country's waiting . . ."

KAY and Dean Folling were in the cool white room where Paul's face grinned up from the raised pillow. Kay said, "We listened. It—oh—it was wonderful."

Red said, "Told you it'd be okay, Paul. We wowed them."

"My team," Paul said. "My team." He looked at Steve, his eyes shining and Steve held out the baton. "I thought you might want this."

Paul took it in white fingers. "In a glass case, all by itself in Harlow. What are cups or medals? This ran the race. Thanks, Steve. It's the best present that I have ever received." The delight faded from his face. He said, "I appreciate what you did. You'd have done that mile. But you've still got another year."

"We're going to defend next year," Steve said. "There'll be lots of miles at other meets."

He nodded and went out, closing the door behind him. He had never felt like this before. Felt that he wasn't alone, that there were others pulling for him, helping him, and himself pulling for them, fighting with them. It was a grand feeling.

HE HEARD Kay call. Her hair lifted as she ran, her heels clicking against the linoleum. She smiled up at him, "Oh, Steve . . . you . . . you . . ." She couldn't go on. She looked at him, wide-eyed, and then she said, "I was so wrong about you. I thought you were selfish and standoffish. Self-centered. I thought you didn't like any of us . . . didn't like Midwestern . . . or me . . ."

"You," Steve said. He put his hands in his pockets. "I like you too much. I always have. Since I first saw you."

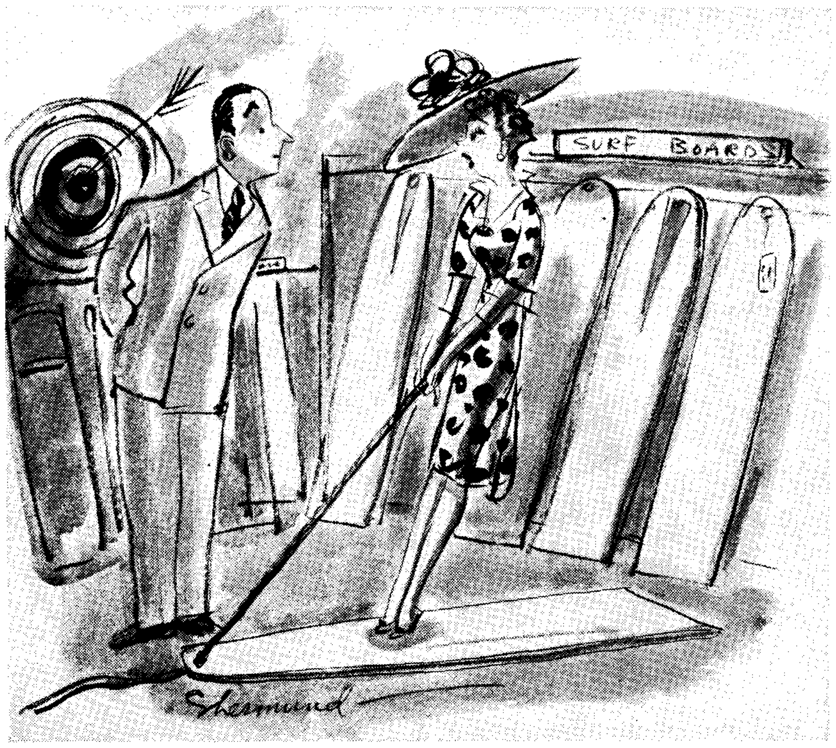
He saw her lips curve, heard her soft, "I'm glad." He said honestly, "You weren't wrong. I guess I just didn't know. I was so used to going it alone I didn't realize maybe others helped sometimes. Made things easier, better . . ."

"That's what Dad said," Kay told him. "He said you'd find yourself . . . find out for yourself . . . but me . . ."

She put her arm through his. "Steve, could we have dinner together? Dutch. I—there's such a lot we've got to talk about."

"I'd like it," Steve said. He gulped. "Kay . . . I know what you meant about Euclid. I'd never thought of it like that before. But you were right. The sum of the whole is greater than any of its parts. Every time."

Kay smiled, pressing his arm against her side as they walked to the lifts. "Sometimes though," she said seriously, "one part is so great it's practically the whole. You could say it is."



"I'd like the man whose shoulders I sit on to see it first"

BARBARA SHERMUND

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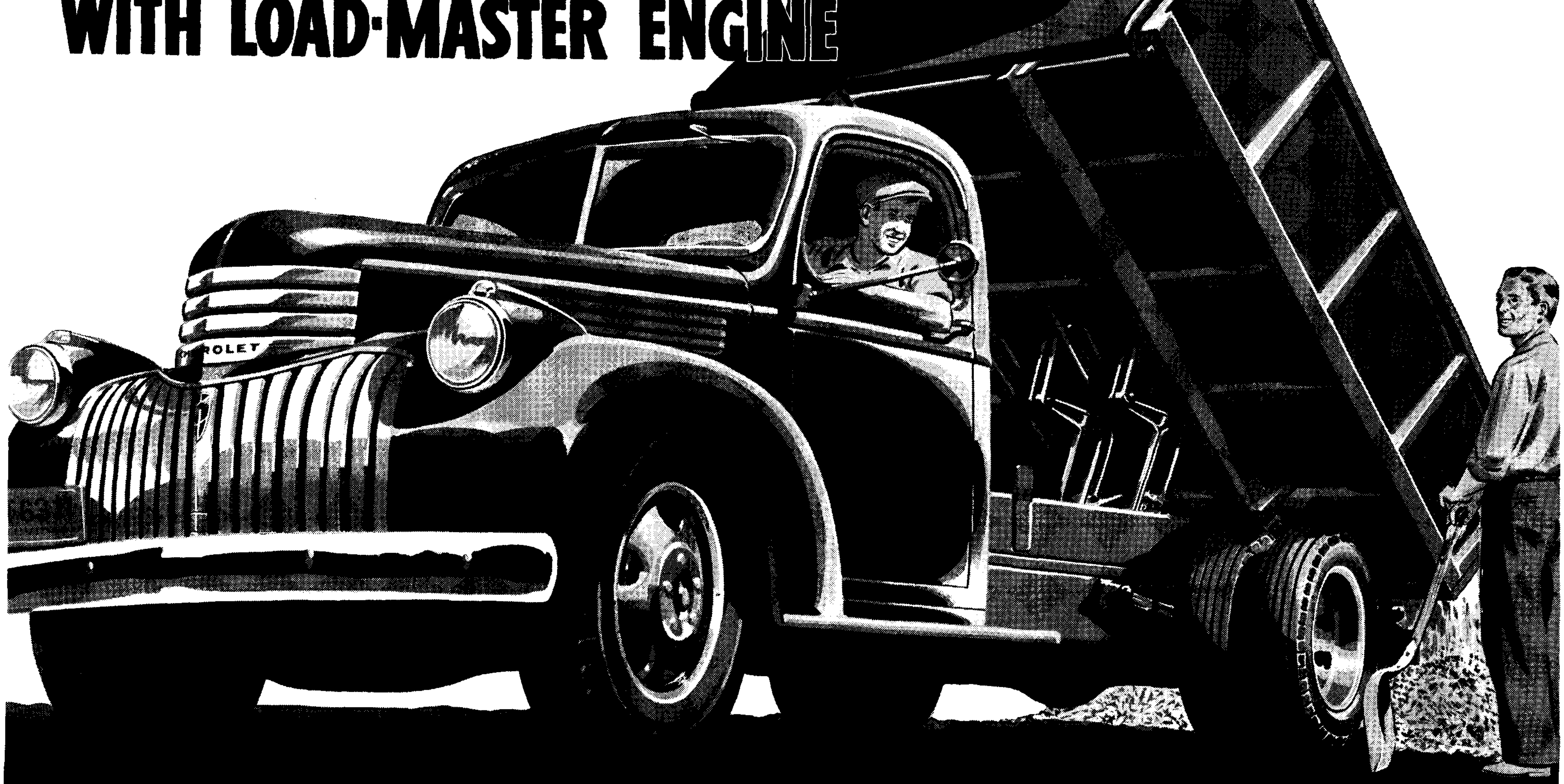

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NURSE BROWN needs a laxative; but she's got a busy day ahead.

She doesn't want to take anything that will interfere with her duties; so she puts off needed relief.

Nurse Brown mopes through the day, feeling heavy and uncomfortable.

Hampered by signs of constipation, she is unable to present a smiling face to her patient, who needs cheering up.

The glad case of Nurse Green

NURSE GREEN needs a laxative; she has a busy day ahead, too. But she never puts off till tonight the laxative she should take this morning.

She takes speedy Sal Hepatica because it usually works within an hour.

As she expected, Sal Hepatica worked easily and effectively before breakfast.

She's on duty, cheering up her patient, all through a trying day. Moral: Whenever *you* need a laxative, take speedy Sal Hepatica.

Whenever you need a laxative
—take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

When signs of constipation announce that you need a laxative, don't delay: take speedy Sal Hepatica. It usually acts within an hour. Acts without discomfort or griping; acts gently by attracting helpful water bulk to the intestinal tract.

Sal Hepatica—keep in mind—is more

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No wonder 3 out of 5 physicians, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica. Try it, the very next time you need a laxative.

Sal Hepatica
A Carefully Blended
Effervescent
Saline Combination
LAXATIVE AND CATHARTIC

SAL HEPATICA

The Strenuous Life

Continued from page 13

that and were such a hit in the French quarter of Quebec that they stayed four weeks and Joan learned enough of the language to do her Chevalier impersonation in the original.

"And then we had some really good luck," reports Mary. "We got so poor we couldn't pay the two dollars a lesson for our dancing, so we left my sax and Betty's banjo with the teacher as security. He skipped town with them. We never let on to papa but we used to get off by ourselves and cheer about it."

Finally they reached the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh, held the usual family conference and came to a decision. Being that close to New York the thing to do was make a break for it. They hit Broadway with no job but a lot of hope. There was a new show going into the Paradise night club and Mary went up to brace the manager.

"She was so bashful in school she couldn't talk to the boy at the next desk," says Betty, "but she'd walk into any office in the world and bluff the manager."

The Paradise people said they were sorry but the show was already set. "We'll give you an audition, anyhow," cried Mary handsomely. They gave the audition in their street clothes and the manager had to admit they were good. But there wasn't any use trying to use an act with a kid in it; the Gerry Society would be on his neck.

"We'll play as long as we can and then run when they get hot," compromised Mary. It was settled in that way and they were a hit and the Gerry people didn't get to them for four weeks. Then they went up the street to the Park Central Hotel. At the end of two weeks the society popped up again. This time the kids were primed. Joan was out of the act and Mary, also redheaded, was doing her impersonations.

"You can see for yourself I'm over age," said Mary in an injured tone. "There must be some mistake. You've got me mixed with somebody."

To Hollywood and Back

They stayed eight weeks and then went over to Ben Marden's Riviera for two weeks. It was there that Al Altman, M-G-M talent scout, signed Joan. The money was wonderful—two hundred dollars a week—and the future was rosy. The family loaded into the old car and started west. Joan was ten years old and when she reached M-G-M she found she had only Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin as competition. She did a bit in Camille and at the end of six months both she and Deanna were given the air.

That was a blow but the Brodells always had the act to fall back on. Three years later they were back in Hollywood. This time they had no two hundred a week and there was no fanfare and they had no work. They kept telling themselves that all they needed was a break and thought they had it when Mary talked the old Trocadero into allowing them to appear on one of the Troc's glorified amateur nights. By this time Joan was thirteen and at the awkward stage but she could still sing and do her impersonations.

"We sang our fool heads off," says Joan sadly, "and everybody just went on eating and talking."

Wanger gave Joan a bit in Winter Carnival and she talked her way into a Jane Withers picture by assuring the casting director she was a Southern girl. "Anybody here do a Southern accent?" he asked. "Ah does," cried Joan, who has always been fast on the uptake. Still later she did Two Thoroughbreds for James Light at RKO and then Warners' took a chance on her. They didn't ask her to do a scene but put her through one of the old-style tests—sing, dance, impersonations.

"I can bawl, too," she suggested timidly because she is not at all the forward type. She bawled and they were entranced and threw her forthwith into High Sierra. After a week's rest from that she was launched in The Wagons Roll at Night. With three days' layoff, she was cast in Mr. Nobody. The day that finished, she started Alice in Movieland, a short. While she was still working at that, she started Sergeant York. This made for a strenuous life because she was also in the toils of the California law and must keep up with her school work. Between fittings for costumes, color tests, dialogue tests, rehearsals, interviews, still pictures and three hours of school every day, she was in a mess. Her only time off was to go to a dance at Loyola College in Los Angeles, her first formal affair.

"Next day the teacher was asking me all about it," Joan said. "Who was there, who did I dance with—okay, now; let's get to the French."

Take It as It Comes

She couldn't use her own name of Brodell because of its similarity to Joan Blondell and changed it to Joan Brooks and later to Joan Leslie. Sister Mary is also under contract to Warners'. She is still Mary Brodell. Betty is doing radio work. The family lives in a little house three blocks from the studio and is recovering gradually from the tough days. According to California law half of a minor actress's salary is impounded by the state until she is twenty-one but that provision was waived for six months in the case of the Brodells to let them catch up on their back debts and appetites.

"We never had time to think about its being tough," says Joan. "We were running around too fast trying to get a job."

She is tall, redheaded and a whiz at picking up stage business. She is very friendly, has a fine sense of humor and the poise of somebody aged ninety. When Mary blew up on a test and came home crying, Joan took her aside and talked with her solemnly:

"You mustn't let things like that worry you. The worst generally turns out to be the best. You have to take the long view of these things, Mary."

"Say-y-y," cried Mary, forgetting her tears in her astonishment. "Who's the old one in this family, anyhow?"

But, as we said at the beginning, it's what the actors think that means something in these matters, and they think she has the goods. If Joan thinks anything about it, she keeps it to herself. Playing with Gary Cooper hasn't excited her. Nothing excites her. At home she still plays baseball with her sisters and her father, who was something of a semipro star in his day. On the set she has a lot of fun and takes everything as it comes.

When the visiting Stephens College girls saw Gary Cooper on the set and yelled, "Come on over here, Gary, or we'll come after you," Joan had a line for that also. She did some yelling of her own. "You come on back here, Cooper," she bawled, "or Mom'll git you."

They consider that pretty fast humor out Burbank way.

House by Easy Stages

Continued from page 21

wanted to know who had made off with the kindling wood—the usual destiny of the fifty-some dollars' worth of waste lumber and labor.

The interior walls and ceilings are made of so-called dry materials like wallboard and plywood, and acoustic tile for the kitchen ceiling, which are quicker and therefore cheaper to put up than plaster. Doors and windows are ready-built and all materials are stock, available at the local lumber yard. Equipment is all standard.

Notice the bathroom-lavatory combination that gives you practically the convenience of two baths, at the expense of only one extra fixture and door. Bathroom with tub, stall shower and wash basin that is in reality a linoleum-topped kitchen cabinet with a basin sunk in it, to give you plenty of space to spread out your stuff. Storage space and towel bars underneath. You can take your time with your bath and shaving, and there's still the lavatory with toilet and another wash basin for the rest of the family.

Space you can economize on, too. Not by paring down your rooms, but by using every inch. By the second stage of operations, with its three bedrooms, this house will contain 16,500 cubic feet of space and cost, including built-in furniture, water supply piped down from a spring, septic tank and air-conditioned heat, about $5,000 as of Connecticut 1940-41 prices.

It will contain three times the usual storage space of the average house of that cubage. A whole corridor lined with closets and cupboards. Capacious cupboards in bathroom and lavatory. Built-in headboards, pitched for comfortable reading in bed, which are really cupboards for extra pillows and blankets. Oversize wardrobes and coat closet. A cupboard of shelves from floor to ceiling, beside the desk. Files, cupboard built in under the desk. A ski cupboard, using a tall niche on the way down cellar. A luggage compartment using the extra headroom there. The whole fireplace wall a honeycomb of cupboards with hidden doors, and a firewood compartment that can be filled from outside. Need a card index to keep track of things.

It will also have a bigger room than most larger-scale houses own, in that large living-dining-study area, measuring 16 by 31 feet, plus study alcove. Draw the folding partition when you want a separate dining room, and you still have a good-sized living room.

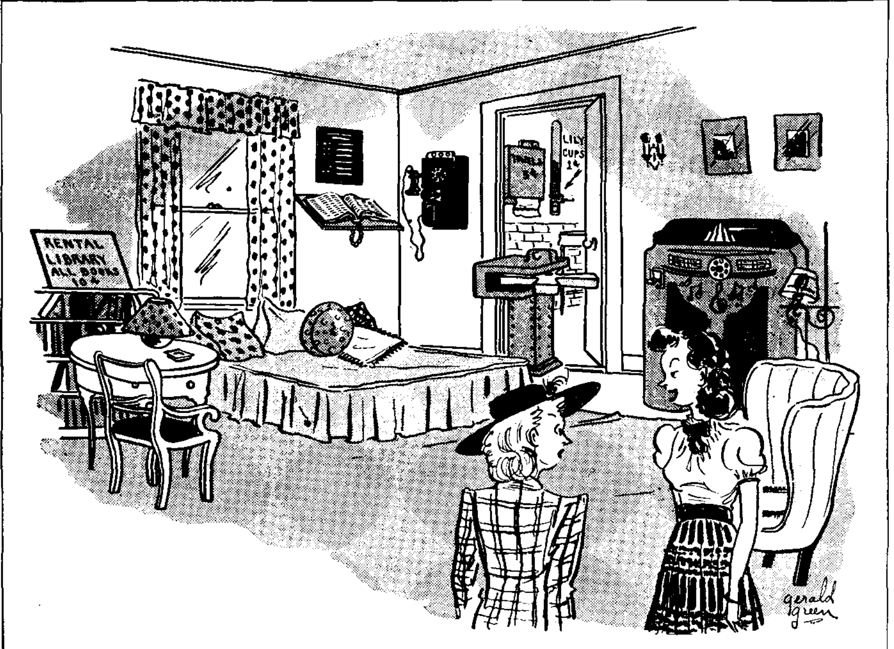
The rooms take on more cubage than appears on the bill, too, by borrowing it from all outdoors. Windows filling the wall, going almost to the ceiling and low enough so that you can see out to the ground, give you a feeling of no walls hemming you in.

Ease and economy of upkeep are two more things you want in any house. You've seen what the sun, coming in the windows, will do to spare the heating bills. Storm windows, an insulating wallboard used to sheathe what's left of the walls, and rock wool in the ceiling help keep the winter heat in. A very small warm-air furnace will be enough to provide it, since the first unit of the house is the only one that will be heated. It will be automatic, oil-burning. But much of the time the fireplace will be enough. It's a young warm-air furnace in itself, heating air in a metal chamber at its back, and sending it through one duct into the bedroom and through another into the living room. An electric heater, built into the bathroom wall, takes the morning chill off there.

All that built-in storage space makes housekeeping easier by keeping the house uncluttered. Practically furnishes it too, providing desk, sideboard, bookshelves, chest of drawers, even headboards of the beds. Build a dressing table and bench in the bedroom. And beds, movable for easy making. A couple of couches, chairs and a low table or two in the living room. A portable, extendable dining table, which can be moved wherever you've a notion to eat.

The kitchen helps out the housekeeper, too, by being a complete job of easily cared for linoleum counters, double-compartment sink, electrical equipment and capacious cupboards. The cupboards that form the wall between kitchen and dining area open both ways, so that it's easy to get at the dishes for table setting. There's a hatchway underneath, for easy serving.

That's a major point of your week-end-vacation house, or any house. Convenience, so that instead of wasting time doing things the hard way, you can zip through your work and get outdoors. That's what you go to the country for. See that you build the kind of house that will help you do it.



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These, Our Mountains

Continued from page 17

looked and smelled as could be expected. It is the only motorboat on the river and the main thing was that it ran.

Everything and everyone being stowed aboard, we chugged out into the river, towing behind us a sampan almost twice our size. On the sampan, separated from one another by bamboo partitions, were our bodyguard, our escort of three officers and the sampan family, two men, two boys, two women and a very new baby who cried steadily. The mother strapped the baby on her back when she cooked the meals. It cried even better in that position.

Sampans with square brown patched sails moved downstream, and others, fully loaded, were being pulled or poled up against the current. In China every other person is either bowed under great weights suspended from a pole across the shoulders, or bent over, pulling or pushing against terrific loads. A line of men, women and children, like dark, straining statues, pulled the towrope of our sampan and slowly moved the heavy barge forward. They chanted to time their effort and the sound came as a rising and falling wail across the water.

A Night on the River

The North River is one of the three water highways to this roadless front, and the sampan is what the army used instead of trucks. The pilot of the motor boat was a very old man with a sparse white beard, a few yellow teeth, a black knitted stocking cap and a bamboo pipe. He sat crosslegged on the high chair by the wheel now, and shoveled rice into his mouth with chopsticks, then sucked down a bowl of soup and belched to show everything was good and then spat out the window. His grandson brought him his pipe. His grandson was a tiny mysterious boy, like a Chinese version of Jackie Coogan in The Kid, with the same cap and the same enchanting, wistful face. He slept on a shelf in the small evil-smelling forward toilet, and spent most of his time pumping out the boat.

At this point the tow rope to our sampan, a rope suitable for tying up parcels, snapped. It was time for dinner anyhow, being four-thirty in the afternoon, so the sampan poled alongside, we climbed aboard, sat on the floor, rinsed our chopsticks in boiling water and began the first meal of the day. By six it was dark and the bodyguard went to sleep and the officers, wearing their long underwear, tucked themselves in cozily on the floor of the sampan. We returned to the clean air of the motorboat deck.

We ran without lights and when the starless night really closed in, the motorboat began going aground. The pilot's son stood in the bow, taking soundings with a boat hook. He called in the singsong Chinese voice to the pilot, "Two feet, two and a half, two feet," calling steadily until we scraped another sandbar.

We ran aground five times and finally were all mixed up, with the sampan out ahead of us. Our course had been a constant circle for the last hour. The pilot accepted defeat and took us inshore, where we anchored in the midst of forty sampans. As we came up to them we received at once their noise, their smell and their mosquitoes. Ernest inspected this floating village with interest, opining that this was a well-known place, the disease center of South China. As we came alongside the nearest sampan he called down to the people on board, "You boys got any cholera we haven't got?" The sampan people smiled and chattered at us and pointed and laughed, and Ernest interpreted, "They've nothing new." He said, "A little of the old morbus. Some amoebic, nice, fresh liver flukes."

We ran five more hours in the morning and then the downriver trip was over. We had left "The Light of Shaokwan" twenty-four hours ago, and there was much rain and two days' riding between us and the front.

There are no Maginot or Mannerheim lines in China. There are mountains. The Canton front, which is typical, consists of mountain strong points, lightly fortified and held by machine guns. In case of Japanese attack, these forward posts are intended to delay the enemy advance as long as possible, while reserves are brought from the rear to block in force the oncoming enemy troops.

A blitz attack is impossible because mechanized units cannot travel over these narrow mountain trails. However, the Japanese have planes here and the Chinese do not. There have been thirty encounters on this front in fourteen months and two major Japanese offensives. The Chinese line, that is to say its scattered mountain strong points, remains where it was after the fall of Canton.

Actually, in mountains, when you see the front what you see is one mountain, large and green and silent against the sky. The Japanese are there. Across a narrow valley is another mountain. The Chinese hold it. Unless you are in an engagement, a mountain front is a calm place. Or unless you happen to be in a village when the Japanese come over and bomb. The Japanese are not being wasteful these days: bombs and gasoline cost them money too.

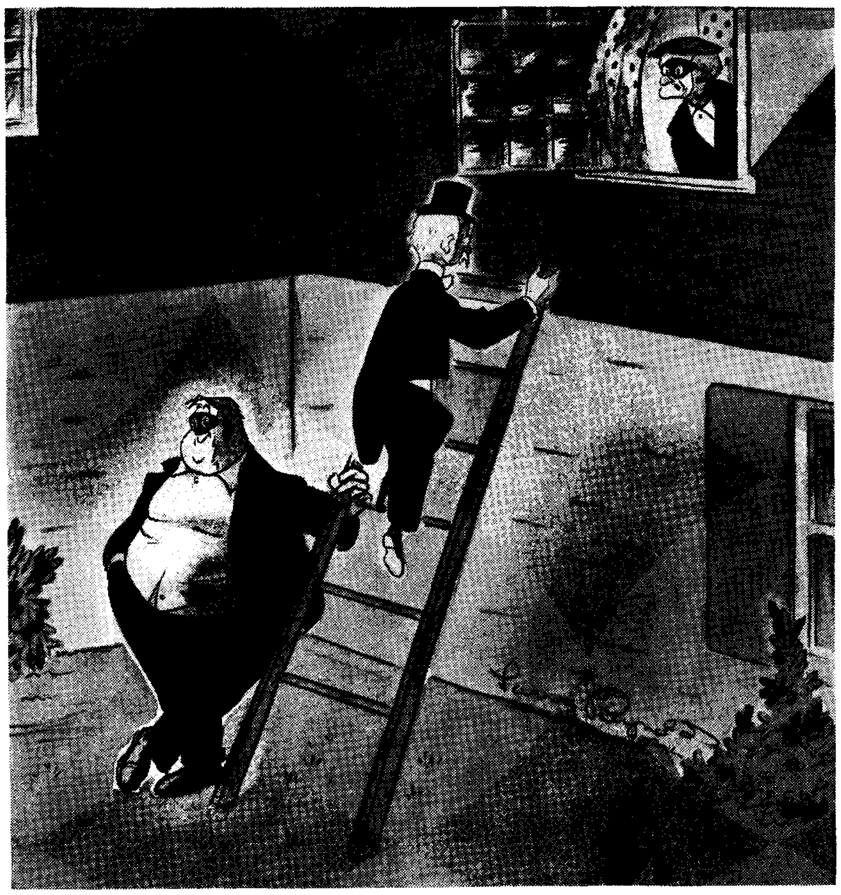
Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's armies are divided among the nine war zones. The seventh war zone is about the size of Belgium, with a population of 30,000,000 people. Two army groups, or about 150,000 men, hold this area. Communication at the front between army, divisional and regimental commanders is maintained by military telephone. Often more than a day's ride separates their headquarters.

An Army That Stays Put

There is no leave in the Chinese army, as it would be practically impossible to return soldiers to their homes in a country which has one remaining railroad line 500 miles long, and where neither trucks, gasoline nor roads are plentiful. So an army stays where it is, sometimes as long as two years, and it builds up its own life. Each regiment has its training ground, athletic field, classrooms, reading room and barracks. Divisional headquarters and the officers' training camp are usually together in a village nearer the rear.

The Chinese army does a surprising and thorough job of practical military education. After each engagement, noncommissioned and junior officers are taken out of active service and sent for one month or three months to school at their divisional training camp. Returning to their regiments, they teach the common soldiers. So the army is constantly studying from experience and making profit out of mistakes. This sounds as if the countryside were dotted with white stone buildings where handsomely uniformed spruce young men learned the art of war. Actually all the headquarters and school buildings are made of bamboo or mud brick and plaster. They are Spartan-simple and

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"I saw that little deal, Butch. What's the idea soakin' the guy a buck just because he lost his key?"

"BURN 'EM UP!"
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It's because of *you* that these engineers punish spark plugs till they quit. Their sole purpose is to find the plugs which stand up longest, and perform best and most reliably. They never stop until they are sure that their selection is the best, and they burn up hundreds of plugs in the process.

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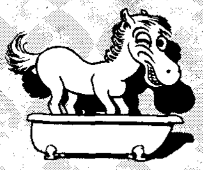

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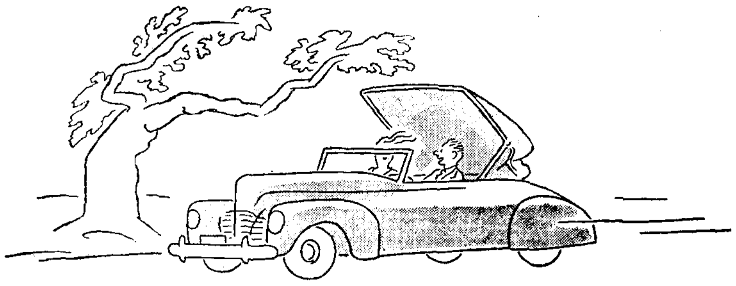
Mike was good-looking. Mike had brains. And when Mike left the halls of old State, the business world looked like easy money. But somehow that world didn't take to Mike.

Mike could never clinch a sale. His prospect was always impatient to get away. Socially it was the same story—Mike was just another good man who refused to learn.

Mike dreams a lot! In his dreams he puts over big deals—sometimes a beautiful girl thinks he's the most "wonderful" man. But even in Mike's dreams no one mentions *underarm odor.* Even in dreams people won't tell a man—you need MUM.

YOUR daily shower gives no immunity from underarm odor! A bath takes care only of *past* perspiration—Mum prevents risk of *future* odor. A quick dab of Mum under each arm—30 seconds to apply—prevents underarm odor all day or evening long. And does it *without* stopping perspiration. Mum is a smooth, pleasant cream—easy to use, harmless to skin and clothing. Mum won't put Mike or any man into the big money—but it can remove a heavy handicap. Play safe in your social and business contacts. Join the million alert men who already use Mum. Get Mum today!

MUM *takes the Odor out of Perspiration*



"You just press a little button . . .

were built by the soldiers themselves.

The buildings and grounds of the army are the cleanest and best cared for we have seen in China. What this army lacks in equipment it tries to make up in training and organization. The discipline is Prussian in its sternness and efficiency and the result is an army of 5,000,000 men which has no shoes but has a sound knowledge of how to fight. The army is the least well paid of the government services; in fact, it is the least well paid of anything in China. A colonel (who may have had fourteen years' active service, first against the War Lords, then in the long Civil War, and finally against the Japanese), a graduate of Whampoa military academy, Chiang Kai-shek's own school, earns 150 Chinese dollars a month. In American money this is seven dollars and twenty-five cents, but there is an inflation in China, so such comparisons do not mean much. However, a pair of leather shoes costs 200 national dollars in Chungking. Rice has gone up to seven times its prewar price. A common soldier earns 4.50 Chinese dollars a month (or 23 U.S. cents) and he has a rice allowance. With his rice allowance, of eighty U.S. cents a month, the soldier—who sees plenty of food all around him—cannot buy enough to eat. It is surprising that a carrying coolie earns twice as much, per month, as an army colonel. This strange system of military underpay, and the terrific lack of provision for the sick and wounded, are the two greatest misfortunes of the Chinese army. Always excepting war, which is a misfortune for everyone.

Reception with Honors

When we dismounted at the first divisional headquarters, we were greeted by posters in English, their red letters streaked and running in the rain, tacked up on a bamboo guardhouse and barracks and on the mud wall of the general's headquarters. The posters said: "Welcome to the representatives of righteousness and peace." "Consolidate all democracy nations. We will resist until final victory."

There was one sign which baffled us, saying, "Democracy only survives civilization."

These slogans had been invented and printed by workers in the political department. Once a little man rushed in from a neighboring village to find out where we were going next, so they could hurry and nail up the posters.

We shook the rain from our faces and bowed and smiled our thanks for this reception and the general, wearing white cotton gloves in honor of the event, saluted back. The wind beat against the house and blew through the glassless windows. We sat around a pot of glowing charcoal, trying furtively to dry our shoes and our pants legs. and the general talked.

What he said, boiled down, was that if America would send planes, arms and money China could defeat Japan alone. By a persistent campaign of frightfulness, in captured villages and cities, the Japanese have roused this almost too self-controlled, reasonable, pacific race into fierce hate. There is no talk of compromise or peace among the Chinese fighting forces. A Chinese soldier gets a thousand national dollars for any Japanese prisoner captured alive. Despite this huge sum of money the soldiers shoot any Japanese troops they can lay hands on as an immediate personal vengeance for the suffering of people like themselves, in villages like their own homes.

The wind blew wildly all night and it was too cold to sleep, but in the morning the sky was swept clean and we could see ahead the curving mountains, blurring in the distance. We were riding over a high ridge. Mr. Ma, our interpreter, rode just behind me. Mr. Ma is a little man, with enormous horn-rimmed spectacles, an enormous appetite, a heart of gold, two American university degrees, no military experience whatever, and now he works in the political department of the 7th army zone at Shaokwan and is a major, by politeness.

"Mr. Ma," I said, "why have they burned off that mountain over there?" Pointing ahead to a charred hill. "They do that to get rid of the tigers," Mr. Ma said brightly. "You see, the tigers eat some kind of tender little roots and grasses, and when it is all burned off, they get hungry and go away." There will always now be a special breed of cats, Mr. Ma's vegetarian tigers.

After nine hours' riding, and no food or water, I was fairly tired but not so the Chinese. They accept calmly anything that happens: hunger, fatigue, cold, thirst, pain or danger. They are the toughest people imaginable, as no doubt the Japanese realize. We dismounted in a village which was also a regimental headquarters. It was made of sunburned brick, had been often bombed, and its streets were mud paths, sprinkled with garbage and mangy chickens, and its sewer system (as everywhere in China) was nonexistent.

From the horse to the parade ground without pause, we followed the general to inspect a battalion of 900 men. These soldiers were all peasants and coolies, people who had never handled anything as complicated as a flashlight before joining the army. Seen alone, or straggling in small bands along the trails, they look as sad as orphanage children and as tattered as beggars. But here, in rigid formation, with their mortars and machine guns, automatic rifles and hand grenades, they looked a solid, self-confident body of experienced troops. Now they drilled, to the screamed orders of a little fighting cock of a sergeant major. The village elders watched silently, but with evident pride from the side of the field. The same peasants, when fighting starts, carry the wounded, joggling them on bamboo stretchers, over these bumpy, endless trails to a hospital in the rear. There is no water to drink on the way, no dressing station, and if the peasants were unwilling to carry, there would be no wounded, only the dead.

"Tonight we will go to a play," the

general said. The Japanese were just over the nearest hills. The Chinese soldiers lighted bonfires along the side of the parade ground and 1,200 men sat in the flaring dark on the cold, hard-packed clay, waiting for the play to begin. On the bamboo stage, behind the blue cotton curtains, they struggled for half an hour with an acetylene lamp. Suddenly it blazed up, went dim and then settled into a fixed glare. The curtains were pulled open by two shy soldiers. The play, called A Group of Devils, was on. The play dealt with a loyal Chinese woman and her husband, in Japanese-occupied Canton. The husband masqueraded as her servant, while the woman lured Japanese officers. It was not clear what she was luring them to or for, but they were constantly trying to pull her through the bedroom door. The audience roared with laughter when the husband-servant spilled tea on the Japanese officers or burned their noses lighting their cigarettes. They shouted with joy when the officers, using noisy Italian gestures, quarreled over the woman.

The Japanese officers wore paper hats, resembling the regulation Japanese army headgear, and mustaches made of lamp black. You could tell they were villains by the mustaches. They acted like conceited fools and brutes and the audience loved it. Finally, with a terrific noise off stage, the woman shot the two Japanese officers, the curtain was pulled together and the 1,200 soldiers applauded more than any audience at a successful first night in New York. Each week the political department puts on a play for the troops. It is their only and adored fun, and actors never had a better public.

Mr. Ma is Unhappy

In the morning Mr. Ma came in to my section of the bamboo hut, where I was washing with two cups of water, and remarked: "Some planes will be coming over. Would you prefer to go out into the field?" Exactly as he might have said, "Will you take tea or coffee with your breakfast?"

"What would you like to do?" I asked. There were no shelters in the village, of course, and a thatched roof is not much use, but wading through the mud of the rice fields would not be too jolly either.

As we discussed the problem from every angle, we heard the buzz, rounding into a roar, of the planes. We stood looking up into a blank gray sky, waiting during that moment of tight, cold listening, waiting for the first bomb. The planes passed. The air-raid alarm in this village is a gong made from the nose-cap and cylinder of an unexploded Japanese bomb. "Maybe they are going to bomb Shaokwan," Mr. Ma said unhappily. His wife and child live there.

They climbed us up to a fortified position. On the Japanese side there was no sign of life, no sound. The front was the most restful place in China. The general could not very well wake these sleeping mountains and put on a battle for our benefit, but he wanted to show off his troops. So we withdrew, one range beyond the Japanese, and there they staged a maneuver duplicating this war in the mountains.

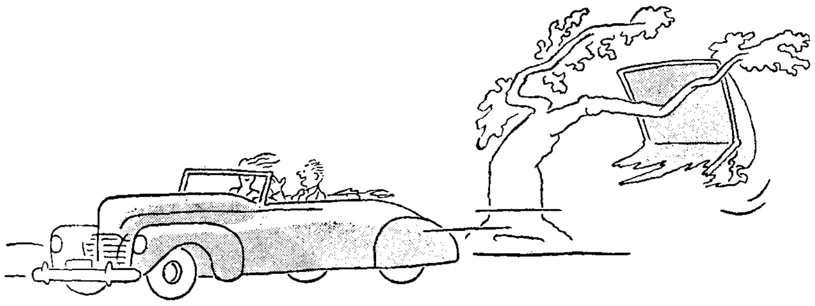
From the Hill of the Heroes, we observed the enemy—artillery, machine-gun positions, infantry, all represented by white flags—opposite us on the Hill of the Unknowns. Behind us, suddenly, a huge, coughing chug widened into a roar and became a whistling sword in a sharp, invisible drive through the air. Seconds later, 2,000 meters away on the Hill of the Unknowns, dirt spouted up, a black cloud rose slowly and the mountains echoed with the mortar explosion. Now the machine guns opened up, below us to the left and right. Through field glasses you could see the bullets slashing into the marked enemy positions. The mountains doubled and trebled the roar of the mortars and the metal hammering of the machine guns, and rocked the sound back and forth. Down in the gully, small khaki figures camouflaged with leafy twigs, raced across the dikes of the rice field, flung themselves flat against the protecting hill, started to climb, dropped when the ground offered less cover, and you could scarcely see them wriggling forward, upward, toward the enemy positions. They were not only demonstrating the minor tactics of war, they had got also the deadly feeling, the tenseness, the effort, the curious silence that lies under the raw, pounding, shrieking noise of high explosive.

These soldiers moved with the sureness and purpose of much experience and good training. The 81-mm. Brandt mortars, the Hotchkiss and the Czech machine guns fired with accuracy and provided excellent covering fire for the troops, who knew how to use it. As in war, every tiny figure crawling its way forward seemed terribly alone on that hill, yet all followed the orders and the plan, all understood the technique of killing men.

For one hour, this lost and silent corner of China shook with sound. (I thought: Perhaps the Japanese advance posts will report to headquarters that there is mutiny in the Chinese army.) A Very pistol fired up a red slow-sinking rocket. The maneuver was over. "You see," General Wong said. He looked like a Walt Disney drawing of a little Chinese boy with his round face and round, bright eyes and tiny, pursed-up pink mouth. He felt fine. He was very pleased with his troops. "That is how we work. We can always hold them in the mountains."

For two days we rode back toward the river. After you have seen three rice paddies you do not need to look any more. The comic horse plodded on, and I thought about this amazing army. Here was a front that had one piece of mechanized transport: an antique 24-foot motorboat. And ten days' travel to the north, near Tibet at Chengtu, they were building an airfield where flying fortresses could land.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek wanted flying fortresses from America. Someone pointed out that there was no place for them to land. He gave his orders: within one hundred days there



". . . and the top disappears"

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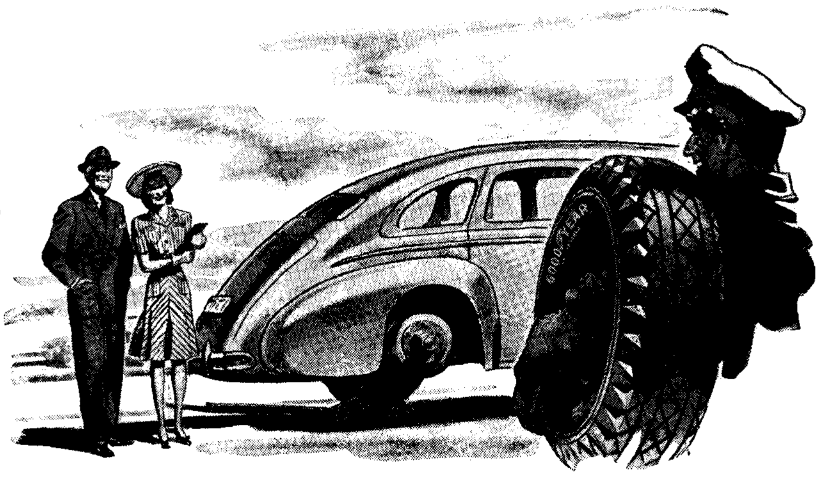

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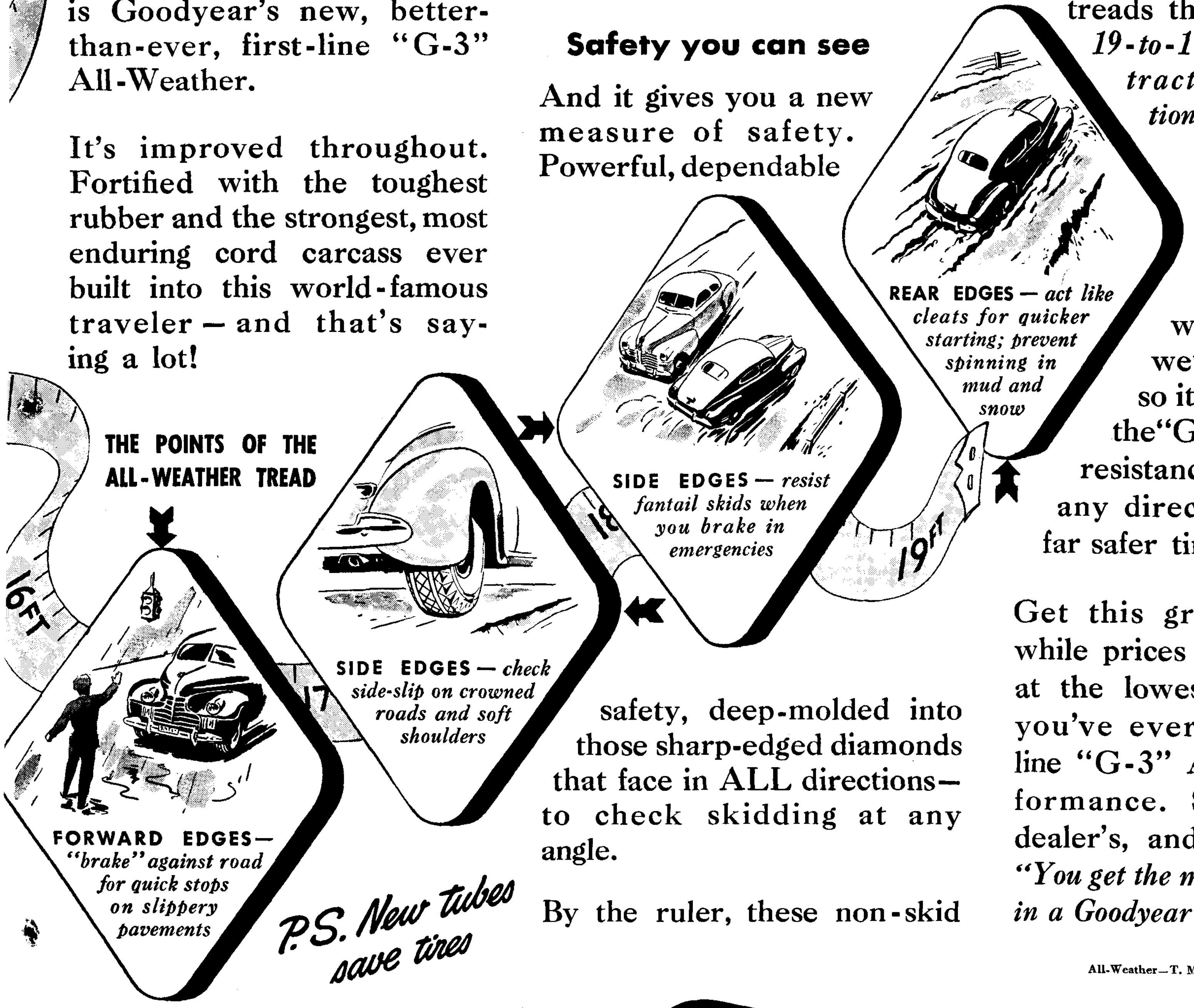
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OOD YEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND was to be an airfield. A Chinese engineer, graduated from the University of Illinois, was put in charge. The airfield must be built at Chengtu, where China's West Point is. From each of the ten counties of Szechwan Province 10,000 laborers were drafted. (One hundred thousand men, taken from their regular work, does not matter too much in a province with a population of 50,000,000.) The hundred thousand men blackened the mountain trails and converged on the great brown plain around Chengtu. They carried the banners of their counties and they poured through the town, day after day, wild and ragged, dirty and singing, like a revolutionary army on the march. Each county was given a piece of the field to construct. When they were finished they could go home. One hundred thousand men, with one steam shovel, set out to build a thousand-acre airfield.

Chinese Miracle

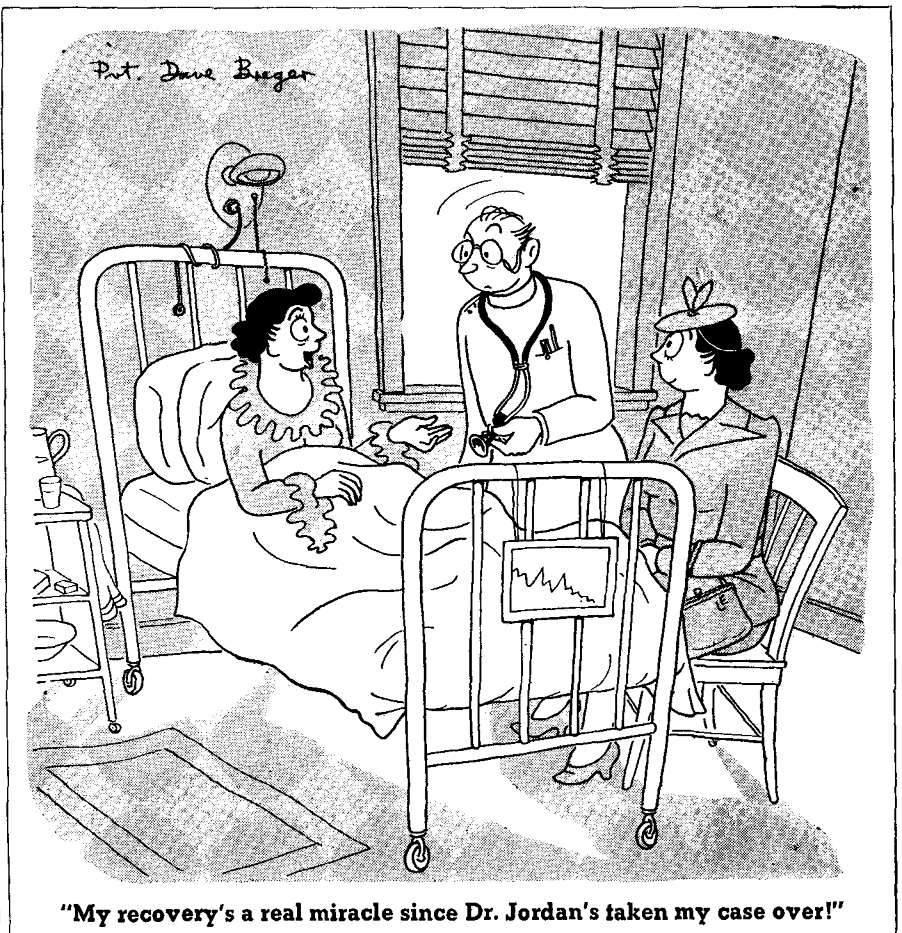
Nothing like it has happened since the Pyramids and the Great Wall of China. Dust rises over the field like the fierce smoke of battle. From far away you can hear the hammers ringing on stone, and the strange, loud chanting, the wild songs of the workers. The banners blow in the dust, and from above, the vast handmade plain looks like a battlefield where desperate antlike armies pull and push, hammer, shove, carry, racing to complete one of the largest airfields in the world. They use 5,000 wheelbarrows and 1,000 carts, 200,000 baskets, 35,000 hand hammers. They mix cement with their feet and carry boulders on their backs from the river bed a mile away. When they finish, the runway will be one mile and one eighth long. It is built to support five tons per square foot, and handle fifty-ton heavy bombers. And they will finish the field at the end of 100 days, as Chiang Kai-shek has ordered. Just as five million soldiers have been shuttled around this impregnable, practically unopened country, trained, clothed, fed and armed. Just as the Burma Road has been built, and the long fantastic route to Russia. Just as everything goes on in this country, driven by will and done by hand, with the silent, obstinate generalissimo at the top directing and ordering and planning.

The Japanese can never conquer China by force. They would have to find some tricky political way to win this war. Because people who can move their capital three times, carry factory machinery and university equipment over the mountains to safety, supply a front by sampan and coolie carrier, burrow into rock and survive endless bombing, build a 1,000-acre airfield in 100 days without machinery, will endure to the end. Nothing but treachery could defeat them. And time does not matter in China. Four years of war is a long time. But perhaps if your history goes back 4,000 years, it does not seem so long. The Chinese are born patient, and they learn endurance when they start to breathe. No, time does not matter in China.

It took thirty-six hours in the motorboat to get back upstream to the town where we had left our truck. The road was now impassable with rain and trucks were stuck in the mud like flies on flypaper. We would have to make the rest of the journey to Hsokwan by boat. Only seven hours, Mr. Ma said optimistically. We chugged on for half an hour and the towrope caught around the propeller of the motorboat. The pilot reversed the engine, thus tying up the propeller for good. At night we piled into the sampan and slept on the floor. All of us snugly together. They hitched the sampan onto a river steamer that carries produce, people and cattle to Shaokwan. Eighteen hours later we saw the long bridge that the Japanese have not been able to destroy in a year's bombing. At the hotel we could get a bath in a tin washtub. Shaokwan seemed the center of civilization. We stood in the bow of the sampan and Mr. Ma said, "What do you think of our army? Not so bad, eh?"

"No, Mr. Ma, not bad at all. Very, very good, Mr. Ma." He beamed with pleasure. "What do you think of China?" he said.

"Well," I said, "I'd hate to be Japanese."



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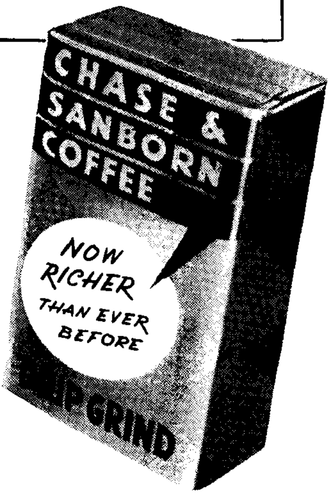

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Johnny One-Eye

Continued from page 12

do about a guy with a gunshot wound is to report him to the cops, although Rudolph can remember when there is always a sure-footed doctor around who will consider it a privilege and a pleasure to treat him and keep his trap closed about it. But of course this is in the good old days and Rudolph can see they are gone forever. So he just does the best he can about the slug and goes on wandering here and there and around and about and the blats keep printing his picture and saying, where is Rudolph?

Where he is some of the time is in Central Park trying to get some sleep, but of course even the blats will consider it foolish to go looking for Rudolph there in such cold weather, as he is known as a guy who enjoys his comfort at all times. In fact, it is comfort that Rudolph misses more than anything as the slug is commencing to cause him great pain and naturally the pain turns Rudolph's thoughts to the author of same and he remembers that he once hears somebody say that Buttsy lives over in East Fifty-third Street.

SO ONE night Rudolph decides to look Buttsy up and cause him a little pain in return and he is moseying through Fifty-third when he gets so weak he falls down on the sidewalk in front of the old house and rolls down a short flight of steps that lead from the street level to a little railed-in areaway and ground floor or basement door and before he stops rolling he brings up against the door itself and it creaks open inward as he bumps it. After he lays there a while Rudolph can see that the house is empty and he crawls on inside.

Then when he feels stronger, Rudolph makes his way upstairs because the basement is damp and mice keep trotting back and forth over him and eventually he winds up in the room where Johnny One-Eye finds him the following afternoon and the reason Rudolph settles down in this room is because it commands the stairs. Naturally, this is important to a guy in Rudolph's situation, though after he is sitting there for about fourteen hours before Johnny comes along he can see that he is not going to be much disturbed by traffic. But he considers it a very fine place, indeed, to remain planted until he is able to resume his search for Buttsy.

Well, after a while Johnny One-Eye wakes up and comes from under the coat and looks at Rudolph out of his good eye and Rudolph waggles his fingers and Johnny plays with them, catching one finger in his front paws and biting it gently and this pleases Rudolph no little as he never before has any personal experience with a kitten. However, he remembers observing one when he is a boy down in Houston Street, so he takes a piece of paper out of his pocket and makes a little ball of it and rolls it along the floor and Johnny bounces after it very lively indeed. But Rudolph can see that the bad eye is getting worse and finally he says to Johnny like this:

"Johnny," he says, "I guess you must be suffering more than I am. I remember there are some pet shops over on Lexington Avenue not far from here and when it gets good and dark I am going to take you out and see if we can find a cat croaker to do something about your eye. Yes, Johnny," Rudolph says, "I will also get you something to eat. You must be starved."

Johnny One-Eye says merouw to this and keeps on playing with the paper ball but soon it comes on dark outside and inside, too, and in fact, it is so dark inside that Rudolph cannot see his hand before him. Then he puts his Betsy in a side pocket of his overcoat and picks up Johnny and goes downstairs, feeling his way in the dark and easing along a step at a time until he gets to the basement door. Naturally, Rudolph does not wish to strike any matches because he is afraid someone outside may see the light and get nosey.

By moving very slowly, Rudolph finally gets to Lexington Avenue and while he is going along he remembers the time he walks from 125th Street in Harlem down to 110th with six slugs in him and never feels as bad as he does now. He gets to thinking that maybe he is not the guy he used to be, which of course is very true as Rudolph is now forty-odd years of age and is fat around the middle and getting bald, and he also does some thinking about what a pleasure it will be to him to find this Buttsy and cause him the pain he is personally suffering.

There are not many people in the streets and those that are go hurrying along because it is so cold and none of them pay any attention to Rudolph or Johnny One-Eye either, even though Rudolph staggers a little now and then like a guy who is rummed up, although of course it is only weakness. The chances are he is also getting a little feverish and lightheaded because finally he stops a cop who is going along swinging his arms to keep warm and asks him if he knows where there is a pet shop and it is really most indiscreet of such a guy as Rudolph to be interviewing cops. But the cop just points up the street and goes on without looking twice at Rudolph and Rudolph laughs and pokes Johnny with a finger and says:

"No, Johnny One-Eye," he says, "the cop is not a dope for not recognizing Rudolph. Who can figure the hottest guy in forty-eight states to be going along a street with a little cat in his arms? Can you, Johnny?"

Johnny says merouw and pretty soon Rudolph comes to the pet shop the cop points out. Rudolph goes inside and says to the guy like this:

"Are you a cat croaker?" Rudolph says. "Do you know what to do about a little cat that has a hurt eye?"

"I am a kind of a vet," the guy says.

"Then take a glaum at Johnny One-Eye here and see what you can do for him," Rudolph says.

Then he hands Johnny over to the guy and the guy looks at Johnny a while and says:

"Mister," he says, "the best thing I can do for this cat is to put it out of its misery. You better let me give it something right now. It will just go to sleep and never know what happens."

WELL, at this, Rudolph grabs Johnny One-Eye out of the guy's hands and puts him under his coat and drops a duke on the Betsy in his pocket as if he is afraid the guy will take Johnny away from him again and he says to the guy like this:

"No, no, no," Rudolph says. "I cannot bear to think of such a thing. What about some kind of an operation? I remember they take a bum lamp out of Joe the Goat at Bellevue one time and he is okay now."

"Nothing will do your cat any good," the guy says. "It is a goner. It will start having fits pretty soon and die sure. What is the idea of trying to save such a cat as this? It is no kind of a cat to begin with. It is just a cat. You can get a million like it for a nickel."

"No," Rudolph says, "this is not just

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a cat. This is Johnny One-Eye. He is my only friend in the world. He is the only living thing that ever comes pushing up against me warm and friendly and trusts me in my whole life. I feel sorry for him."

"I feel sorry for him, too," the guy says. "I always feel sorry for animals that get hurt and for people."

"I do not feel sorry for people," Rudolph says. "I only feel sorry for Johnny One-Eye. Give me some kind *of stuff that Johnny will eat.*"

"Your cat wants milk," the guy says. "You can get some at the delicatessen store down at the corner. Mister," he says, "you look sick yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

But Rudolph only shakes his head and goes on out and down to the delicatessen joint where he buys a bottle of milk and this transaction reminds him that he is very short in the moo department. In fact, he can find only a five-dollar note in his pockets and he remembers that he has no way of getting any more when this runs out, which is a very sad predicament indeed for a guy who is accustomed to plenty of moo at all times.

Then Rudolph returns to the old house and sits down on the floor again and gives Johnny One-Eye some of the milk in his derby hat as he neglects buying something for Johnny to drink out of. But Johnny offers no complaint. He laps up the milk and curls himself into a wad in Rudolph's lap and purrs.

Rudolph takes a swig of the milk himself but it makes him sick for by this time Rudolph is really far from being in the pink of condition. He not only has the pain in his side but he has a heavy cold which he probably catches from lying on the basement floor or maybe sleeping in the park and he is wheezing no little. He commences to worry that *he may get too ill to continue looking for* Buttsy, as he can see that if it is not for Buttsy he will not be in this situation, suffering the way he is, but on a long journey to some place.

He takes to going off into long stretches of a kind of stupor and every time he comes out of one of these stupors the first thing he does is to look around for Johnny One-Eye and Johnny is always right there either playing with the paper ball or purring in Rudolph's lap. He is a great comfort to Rudolph but after a while Rudolph notices that Johnny seems to be running out of zip and he also notices that he is running out of zip himself especially when he discovers that he is no longer able to get to his feet.

IT IS along in the late afternoon of the day following the night Rudolph goes out of the house that he hears someone coming up the stairs and naturally he picks up his Betsy and gets ready for action when he also hears a very small voice calling kitty, kitty, kitty, and he realizes that the party that is coming can be nobody but a child. In fact, a minute later a little pretty of maybe six years of age comes into the room all out of breath and says to Rudolph like this:

"How do you do?" she says. "Have you seen my kitty?"

Then she spots Johnny One-Eye in Rudolph's lap and runs over and sits down beside Rudolph and takes Johnny in her arms and at first Rudolph is inclined to resent this and has a notion to give her a good boffing but he is too weak to exert himself in such a manner.

"Who are you?" Rudolph says to the little pretty, "and," he says, "where do you live and how do you get in this house?"

"Why," she says, "I am Elsie, and I live down the street and I am looking everywhere for my kitty for three days and the door is open downstairs and I know kitty likes to go in doors that are open so I came to find her and here she is."

"I guess I forgot to close it last night," Rudolph says. "I seem to be very forgetful lately."

"What is your name?" Elsie asks, "and why are you sitting on the floor in the cold and where are all your chairs? Do you have any little girls like me and do you love them dearly?"

"No," Rudolph says. "By no means *and not at all.*"

"Well," Elsie says, "I think you are a nice man for taking care of my kitty. Do you love kitty?"

"Look," Rudolph says, "his name is not kitty. His name is Johnny One-Eye, because he has only one eye."

"I call her kitty," Elsie says. "But," she says, "Johnny One-Eye is a nice name too and if you like it best I will call her Johnny and I will leave her here with you to take care of always and I will come to see her every day. You see," she says, "if I take Johnny home Buttsy will only kick her again."

"Buttsy?" Rudolph says. "Do I hear you say Buttsy? Is his other name Fagan?"

"Why, yes," Elsie says. "Do you know him?"

"No," Rudolph says, "but I hear of him. What is he to you?"

"He is my new daddy," Elsie says. "My other one and my best one is dead and so my mamma makes Buttsy my new one. My mamma says Buttsy is her mistake. He is very mean. He kicks Johnny and hurts her eye and makes her run away. He kicks my mamma too. Buttsy kicks everybody and everything when he is mad and he is always mad."

"He is a louse to kick a little cat," Rudolph says.

"Yes," Elsie says, "that is what Mr. O'Toole says he is for kicking my mamma but my mamma says it is not a nice word and I am never to say it out loud."

"Who is Mr. O'Toole?" Rudolph says.

"He is the policeman," Elsie says. "He lives across the street from us and he is very nice to me. He says Buttsy is the word you say just now, not only for kicking my mamma but for taking her money when she brings it home from work and spending it so she cannot buy me nice things to wear. But do you know what?" Elsie says. "My mamma says some day Buttsy is going far away and then she will buy me lots of things and send me to school and make me a lady."

Then Elsie begins skipping around the room with Johnny One-Eye in her arms and singing I am going to be a lady, I am going to be a lady, until Rudolph has to tell her to pipe down because he is afraid somebody may hear her. And all the time Rudolph is thinking of Buttsy and regretting that he is unable to get on his pins and go out of the house.

"Now I must go home," Elsie says, "because this is a night Buttsy comes *in for his supper and I have to be in bed* before he gets there so I will not bother him. Buttsy does not like little girls. Buttsy does not like little kittens. Buttsy does not like little anythings. My mamma is afraid of Buttsy and so am I. But," she says, "I will leave Johnny here with you and come back tomorrow to see her."

"Listen, Elsie," Rudolph says, "does Mr. O'Toole come home tonight to his house for his supper, too?"

"Oh, yes," Elsie says. "He comes home every night. Sometimes when there is a night Buttsy is not coming in for his supper my mamma lets me go over to Mr. O'Toole's and I play with his dog Charley but you must never tell Buttsy this because he does not like O'Toole either. But this is a night Buttsy is coming and that is why my mamma tells me to get in early."

NOW Rudolph takes an old letter out of his inside pocket and a pencil out of another pocket and he scribbles a few lines on the envelope and stretches himself out on the floor and begins groaning oh, oh, oh, and then he says to Elsie like this:

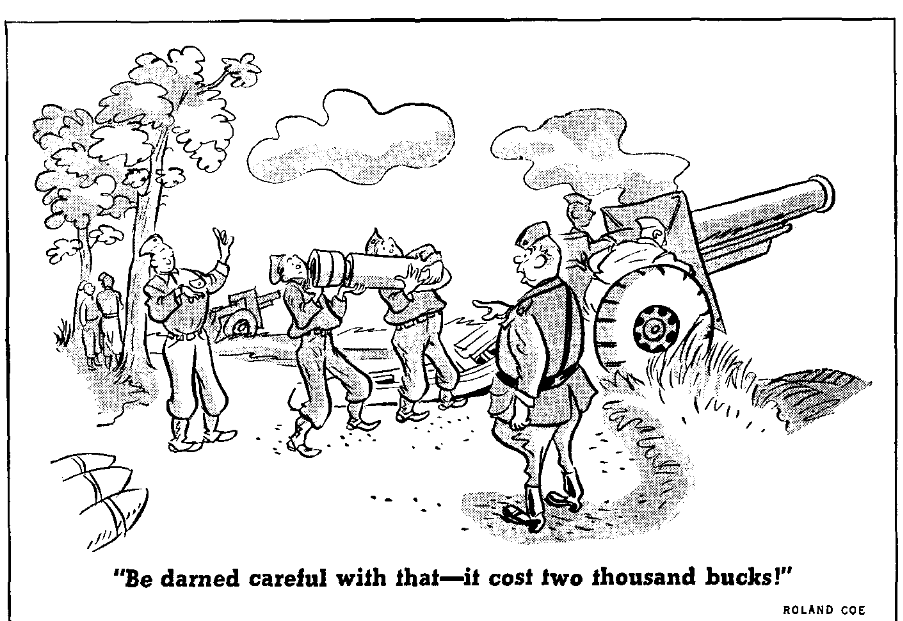
"Look, Elsie," he says, "you are a smart little kid and you pay strict attention to what I am going to say to you. Do not go to bed tonight until Buttsy gets in. Then," Rudolph says, "you tell him you come in this old house looking for your cat and that you hear somebody groaning like I do just now in the room at the head of the stairs and that you find a guy who says his name is Rudolph lying on the floor so sick he *cannot move. Tell him the front door* of the basement is open. But," Rudolph says, "you must not tell him that Rudolph tells you to say these things. Do you understand?"

"Oh," Elsie says, "do you want him *to come here? He will kick Johnny* again if he does."

"He will come here, but he will not kick Johnny," Rudolph says. "He will come here, or I am the worst guesser in the world. Tell him what I look like, Elsie. Maybe he will ask you if you see a gun. Tell him you do not see one. You do not see a gun, do you, Elsie?"

"No," Elsie says, "only the one in your hand when I come in but you put it under your coat. Buttsy has a gun and Mr. O'Toole has a gun but Buttsy says I am never, never to tell anybody about this or he will kick me the way he does my mamma."

"Well," Rudolph says, "you must not



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SHORTEST EAST-WEST ROUTE

remember seeing mine, either. It is a secret between you and me and Johnny One-Eye. Now," he says, "if Buttsy *leaves the house to come and see me,* as I am pretty sure he will, you run over to Mr. O'Toole's house and give him this note, but do not tell Buttsy or your mamma either about the note. If Buttsy does not leave, it is my hard luck but you give the note to Mr. O'Toole anyway. Now tell me what you are to do, Elsie," Rudolph says, "so I can see if you have got everything correct."

"I am to go on home and wait for Buttsy," she says, "and I am to tell him Rudolph is lying on the floor of this dirty old house with a fat stomach and a big nose making noises and that he is very *sick and the basement door is open and* there is no gun if he asks me, and when Buttsy comes to see you I am to take this note to Mr. O'Toole but Buttsy and my mamma are not to know I have the note and if Buttsy does not leave I am to give it to Mr. O'Toole anyway and you are to stay here and take care of Johnny my kitten."

"That is swell," Rudolph says. "Now you run along."

SO ELSIE leaves and Rudolph sits up again against the wall because his side feels easier this way and Johnny One-Eye is in his lap purring very low and the dark comes on until it is blacker inside the room than in the middle of a tunnel and Rudolph feels that he is going into another stupor and he has a tough time fighting it off.

Afterward some of the neighbors claim they remember hearing a shot inside the house and then two more in quick succession and then all is quiet until a little later when Officer O'Toole and half a dozen other cops and an ambulance with a doctor come busting into the street and swarm into the joint with their guns out and their flashlights going. The first thing they find is Buttsy at the foot of the stairs with two bullet wounds close together in his throat, and naturally he is real dead.

Rudolph is still sitting against the wall with what seems to be a small bundle of bloody fur in his lap but which turns out to be what is left of this little cat I am telling you about, although nobody pays any attention to it at first. They are more interested in getting the come-alongs on Rudolph's wrists but before they move him he pulls his clothes aside and shows the doctor where the slug is in his side and the doctor takes one glaum and shakes his head and says:

"Gangrene," he says. "I think you have pneumonia, too, from the way you are blowing."

"I know," Rudolph says. "I know this morning. Not much chance, hey, croaker?"

"Not much," the doctor says.

"Well, cops," Rudolph says, "load me in. I do not suppose you want Johnny, seeing that he is dead."

"Johnny who?" one of the cops says.

"Johnny One-Eye," Rudolph says. "This little cat here in my lap. Buttsy shoots Johnny's only good eye out and takes most of his noodle with it. I never see a more wonderful shot. Well, Johnny is better off but I feel sorry about him as he is my best friend down to the last."

Then he begins to laugh and the cop asks him what tickles him so much and Rudolph says:

"Oh," he says, "I am thinking of the joke on Buttsy. I am positive he will come looking for me, all right, not only because of the little altercation between Cute Freddy and me but because the chances are Buttsy is greatly embarrassed by not tilting me over the first time, as of course he never knows he wings me. Furthermore," Rudolph says, "and this is the best reason of all, Buttsy will realize that if I am in his neighborhood it is by no means a good sign for him, even if he hears I am sick.

"Well," Rudolph says, "I figure that with any kind of a square rattle I will have a better chance of nailing him than he has of nailing me, but that even if he happens to nail me, O'Toole will get my note in time to arrive here and nab Buttsy on the spot with his gun on him. And," Rudolph says, "I know it will be a great pleasure to the D. A. to settle Buttsy for having a gun on him."

"But," Rudolph says, "as soon as I hear Buttsy coming on the sneaksby up the stairs, I can see I am taking all the worst of it because I am now wheezing *like a busted valve and you can hear me* a block away except when I hold my breath, which is very difficult indeed, considering the way I am already greatly tuckered out. No," Rudolph says, "it does not look any too good for me as Buttsy keeps coming up the stairs, as I can tell he is doing by a little faint creak in the boards now and then. I am in no shape to maneuver around the room and pretty soon he will be on the landing and then all he will have to do is to wait there until he hears me which he is bound to do unless I stop breathing altogether. Naturally," Rudolph says, "I *do not care to risk a blast in the dark* without knowing where he is as something tells me Buttsy is not a guy you can miss in safety.

"Well," Rudolph says, "I notice several times before this that in the dark Johnny One-Eye's good glim shines like a big spark, so when I feel Buttsy is about to hit the landing, although of course I cannot see him, I flip Johnny's ball of paper across the room to the wall just opposite the door and tough as he must be feeling Johnny chases after it when he hears it light. I figure Buttsy will hear Johnny playing with the paper and see his eye shining and think it is me and take a pop at it and that his gun flash will give me a crack at him.

"It all works out just like I dope it," Rudolph says, "but," he says, "I never give Buttsy credit for being such a marksman as to be able to hit a cat's eye in the dark. If I know this, maybe I will never stick Johnny out in front the way I do. It is a good thing I never give Buttsy a second shot. He is a lily. Yes," Rudolph says, "I can remember when I can use a guy like him."

"Buttsy is no account," the cop says. "He is a good riddance. He is the makings of a worse guy than you."

"Well," Rudolph says, "it is a good lesson to him for kicking a little cat."

THEN they take Rudolph to a hospital and this is where I see him and piece out this story of Johnny One-Eye, and Officer O'Toole is at Rudolph's bedside *keeping guard over him, and I remember* that not long before Rudolph chalks out he looks at O'Toole and says to him like this:

"Copper," he says, "there is no chance of them out-juggling the kid on the reward moo, is there?"

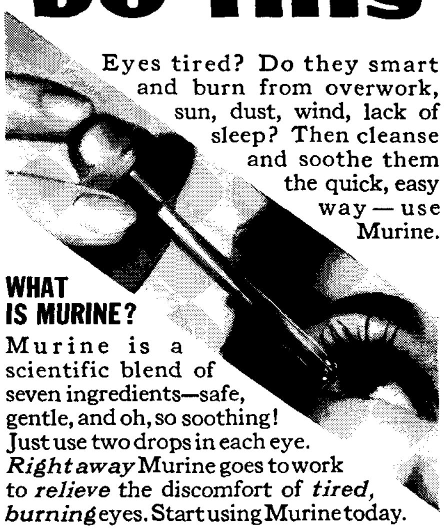
"No," O'Toole says, "no chance. I keep the note you send me by Elsie saying she will tell me where you are. It is information leading to your capture just as the reward offer states. Rudolph," he says, "it is a nice thing you do for Elsie and her mother, although," he says, "it is not nearly as nice as icing *Buttsy for them.*"

"By the way, copper," Rudolph says, "there is the remainders of a pound note in my pants pocket when I am brought here. I want you to do me a favor. Get it from the desk and buy Elsie another cat and name it Johnny, will you?"

"Sure," O'Toole says. "Anything else?"

"Yes," Rudolph says, "be sure it has two good eyes."

When Your Eyes Are Tired DO THIS



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Stubborn Cases of ATHLETE'S FOOT

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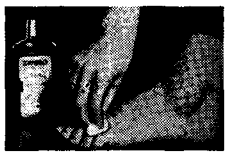

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Dina Cashman

Continued from page 19

"I love you, Dina. Gosh, I love you!" He was browsing over her face with his hungry lips; she loved his bigness and the sureness of the arm that was about her, and she loved, too, the youth of him, his little-boy eagerness to be loved.

"You do love me, don't you?" he said.

"Ah, I do love you, with all my heart!" Dina whispered.

SHE was awake when the dawn came coldly over the mountains and began to fill the cold room with gray light. Dina lay thinking, wondering how she could face this day. What would she say, what would Vere say, when they met? She was not sure that she had been asleep at all, but when Martha, ready for bath and change, came yawning and complaining into the room at six o'clock Dina pretended to be asleep.

"Why we have to be routed out in the middle of the night!" Martha grumbled. "You'd better get up, Dina, everyone is!"

Someone was hammering on the door.

"Girls!" It was Vere shouting to them. "Get up!"

Dina caught her breath; the blood raced to her heart. That was Vere, and she loved him with every fiber of soul and body. Of course, she could meet him; there was nobody else in the world for her now.

"How soon'll you be ready?" he was calling.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Martha called back. "Give us time. We'll be out in six seconds!"

Ready in that many minutes they actually were, Dina equipped head to foot in the warm, gay clothes that were a part of the fun of the trip. Vere had stopped on the way up the day before to buy her woolen stockings, cap and scarf; she was wearing his sister's peasant sweater and thick, plaid skirt, and she carried the great white coat to go over all. High up in the great, snowy mountains with the exhilarating freshness of the icy air stinging color into her cheeks and her eyes blazing like stars, she felt suddenly confident and gay. Her tawny hair, not gold, not brown, had fluffed up against the lemon, black and blue stripes of her cap; her hands were lost in striped mittens that came well up on her wrists.

It was not hard to join the milling and hilarious crowd that was gathering in the breaking dawn, to catch at Vere's hands and feel herself lost in his big embrace. Her very soul was warmed by his kiss.

"Dina, you look marvelous! Did you have coffee?"

"No; did you?"

"No; but some of them did."

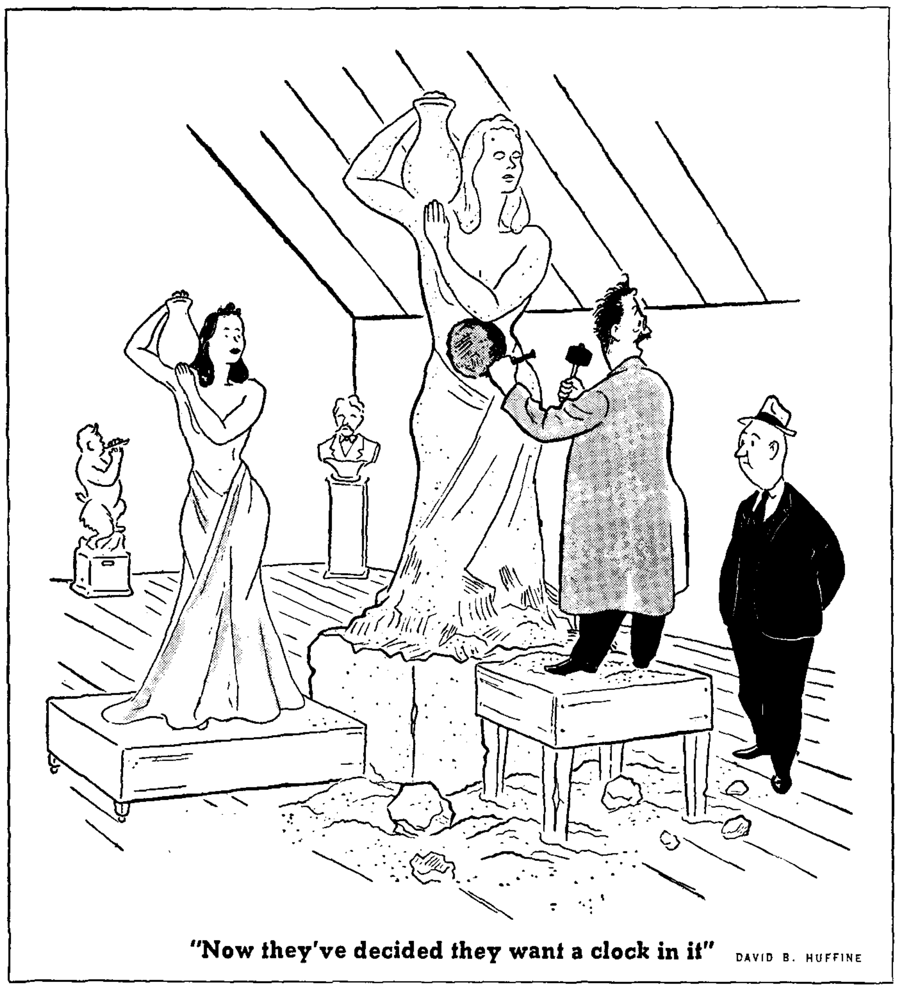
"I'd rather wait and be starving for breakfast."

"So'd I. Oh, darling, how sweet you look!" She had another kiss and a wild embrace under cover of the morning shadows; then they were racing along the snowy trail laughing and shouting with the rest. Her last fears disappeared; after all she was nineteen and he was twenty-four; why shouldn't they be married? His family might not like it, but that had happened before. Families did not count. They loved each other, that was all that mattered!

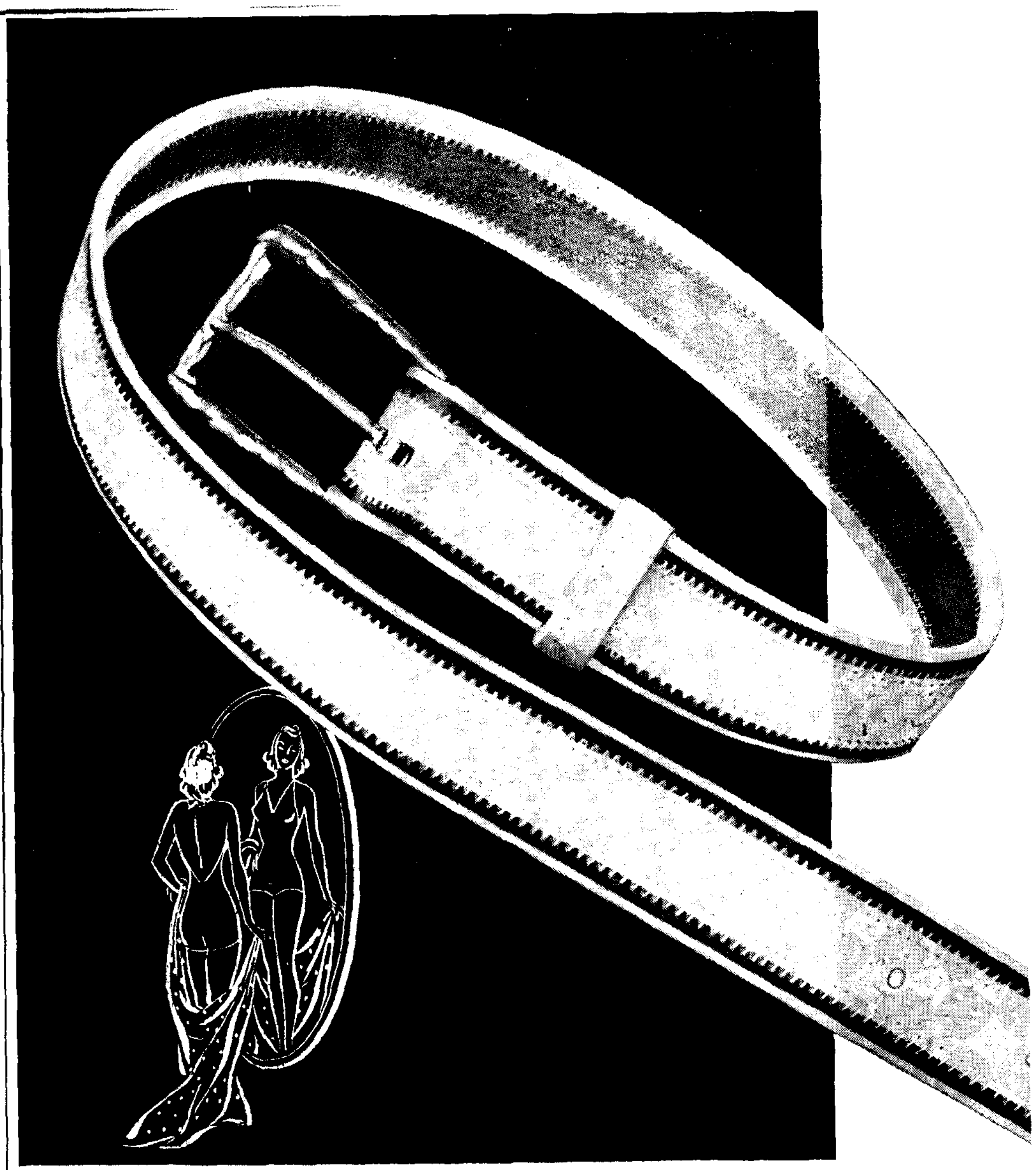
And presently the winter sun burst out brilliantly, shining gloriously on the snow, and leaden clouds, spectacularly purple in the bright light, were massing on the southern mountains.

Nothing in Vere's manner in the slightest degree suggested that anything today was different from yesterday, and Dina quickly adapted her manner to his, and entered into the business of the morning as wholeheartedly as he did. She immediately had her reward. He never left her side; there might have been no one else on the broad white hillside but themselves.

Vere's hand catching hers when she



"Now they've decided they want a clock in it" DAVID B. HUFFINE



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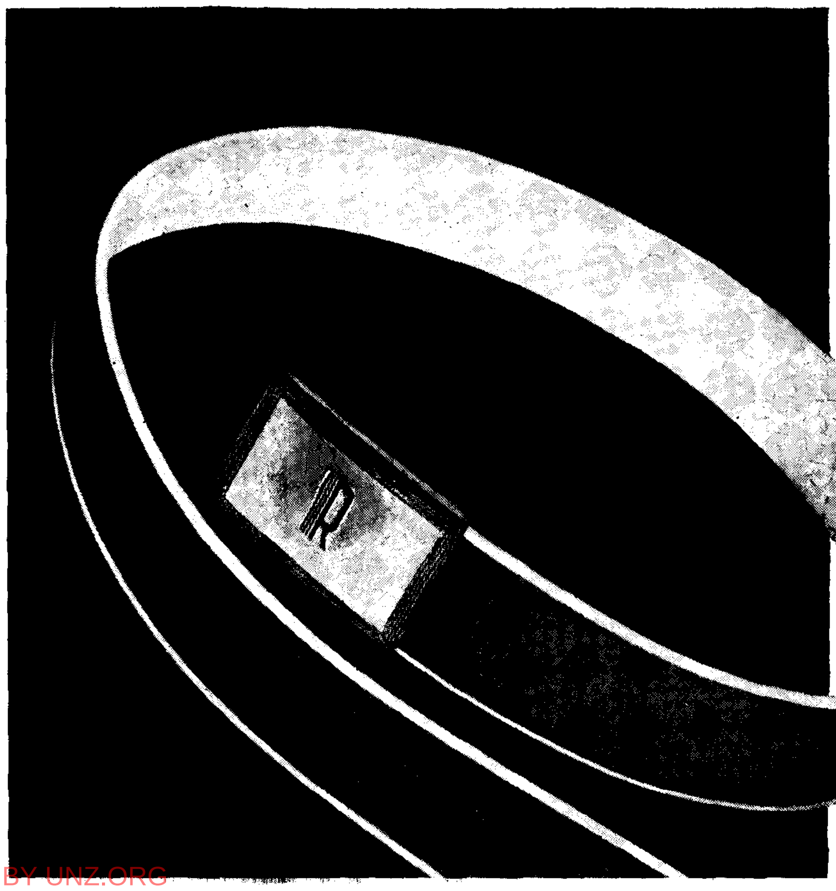


slipped in the snow; Vere steadying her body against his own, a big arm gripped tightly about her; Vere murmuring encouragements to her and laughing under his breath as she floundered and stumbled. Both of them becoming gloriously warm and breathless and ravenously hungry, so that the brightly lighted breakfast room of the hotel was heaven to reach at half past nine, and the relays of hot coffee and bacon, waffles and fruit could not come fast enough or often enough. The big place was filled with feasting holiday makers; everyone was in great spirits, and when snow began to filter down softly across the windows, and all the outdoor world grew dim and mystical, Dina felt that she had been transported to a land unknown, where nothing of the dark, sordid past could follow her.

She knew she was lovely in her borrowed costume, and she knew Vere was proud of her. When they all scrambled out again after breakfast for a few more hours of excitement he stayed with her, hardly spoke to anyone else, and because of his complete absorption drew about himself and Dina all the other members of their own group, curious to see something of the girl who had so completely bewitched him.

They tobogganed down a long white hill with the powdered sugar flying down from the skies and up from the earth about them. They snowballed one another; and the scarlet, blue and egg-yellow of the girls' coats were plastered with white. They skated, first brushing off the snow with brooms from a small section of the mountain lake—Dina not so much at a disadvantage here, for her very small girlhood had been spent in Arkansas, and she was entirely at home on the ice.

HER easy prowess made Vede prouder than ever, and for a happy hour they circled about to the steady pounding of classical old waltzes from a loudspeaker hidden in the pines. Then, alarmingly, it was two o'clock and lunch time, and immediately after lunch bags had to be packed and the cars started down the long road through the snow.

"We've got to get out of the snow belt before dark," Vere reminded her. Dina did not care if they were caught in the snow; anything just to be with him, just to hear his voice.

And this long drive home was perhaps the happiest time of all. She rested against his shoulder, and sometimes he drove with his left hand and put his right arm about her. Big fur rugs were piled over her; she was snug and warm under them, and she might have fallen asleep but for the joy of being close to him—a joy that would end, for a while, anyway, when he put her down at her father's door that night.

"It's so little to say that it's the happiest time I've ever had, Vere!"

His voice was very low:

"In spite of the fact that I love you too much, Dina?"

She pressed even closer against his arm.

"I didn't mean to," he said, "but you were so darned *sweet!* The sweetest—well, anyway, you forgive me and you love me! It's not as if we were kids. We've both liked other people, had crushes. But this is the real thing."

"Oh, this is the real thing!" she said fervently.

They talked tirelessly of their love. Of what he felt when first he had seen her, of what it meant for them to be together now, of how little the world outside mattered. He told her that he had been lonely all his life. He was always laughing, sure, and he made a lot of racket, sure; but he really never had had either a father or a mother. His mother was always at Palm Springs or in New York or in Europe. His father he hardly knew. He had an uncle, Rogers Holland, who was rich and kind of a nice old fellow, but he did not see him very often.

"He sends me a couple of hundred now and then," Vere said carelessly.

"A couple of hundred!"

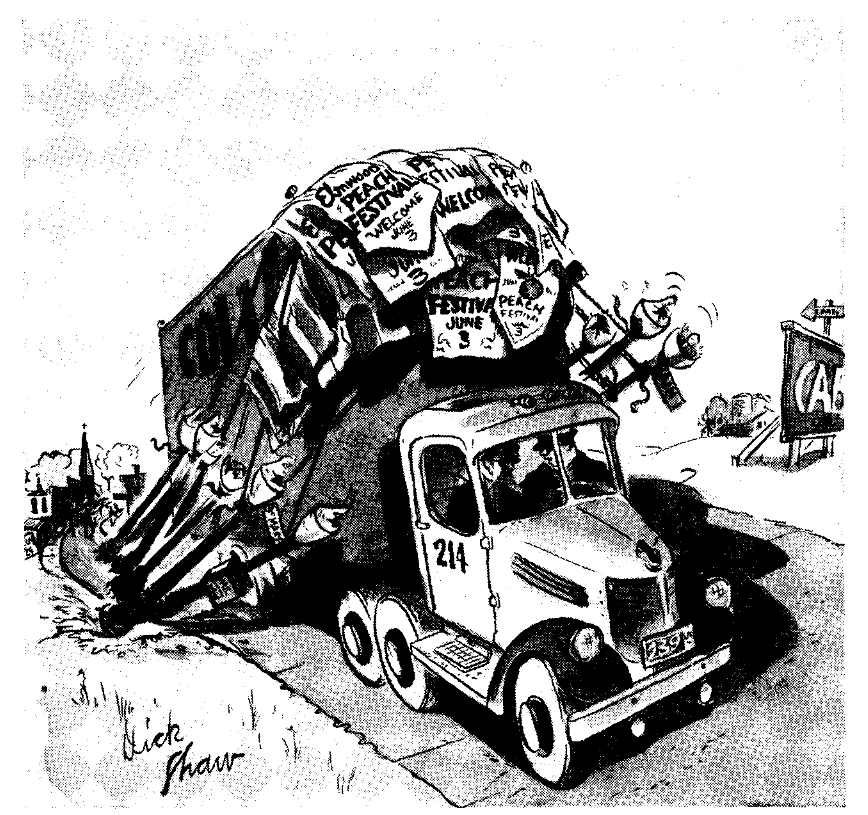
"Well, his wife died and he has no kids. Cold, darling?"

"No. Terribly comfortable." The man glanced down sideways, and saw her looking up, bright-eyed, out of her nest of furs, and leaned down to kiss her temple.

THEY had a late dinner at the Palace Hotel; there was no one else in the dining room. They could talk, leaning on the table, and Dina could look deep into his eyes, with the new light of love welling in her own, and lay her hand over his, and tell him that so long as he loved her she did not regret anything, she was not sorry for anything.

And then it was half past ten, and tired and cramped and cold she was getting out of the car at Railway Flats, and lifting her face for a last kiss.

Then blankness.



"I never had to shift into low on this little hill before!" DICK SHAW

Blankness. For though she saw him again she knew, as women have known from the beginning of time, that she had lost him. The fear came first with a chilling, sickening little tremble of her spine, an ache between her eyes. It grew; it strengthened. It was always with her. She had lost more than youth; she had lost more than girlhood, up there in the little cabin in Paradise Valley. She had lost peace.

More than once Vere came to the grocery and they talked, Dina fingering his coat lapel, raising her heavy lashes from heavy eyes to smile at him. But now there was so little to say!

They could not have another Saturday night in the Sierras because, looky, he told her, Molly McGuire and Pen Stafford were being married on Saturday night, and he had to "ush." And then, darn it, he had to go down to his mother's at Palm Springs for Christmas and the New Year's game in the Rose Bowl and after that he was going east. Remember, he had told her that he was going to take a postgraduate course there?

"But don't you care, darling," he said; "we'll write each other like anything! And before you know it I'll be back and get Mother to ask you up to Tahoe. Because"—the smooth, firm cheek had been against hers as he spoke, and she had caught the clean odors of shaving soap, lotion and the perfume of his thick blond hair—"because there'll never be anyone but you!"

She had had that to remember as she had turned back in December darkness, to the ashes and rain pools, the shanties, noises and smells of the Flats, to the garish light of the kitchen, and supper plates plastered with the grease of lamb stew.

That had been before Christmas, before she had dreamed—before she had feared what she dreamed and feared now. She never should have let him go; it might have shocked him, it might have sobered or even disgusted him, but Vere was too affectionate, too much the loving, blundering puppy she had so often called him, to desert her now.

But how and where could she find him, and if she did find him what could he say to his father and his mother; what would his career be, going east to law school with a wife clinging to him, and a baby on the way? Dina pondered it until she was heartsick with the hopelessness of it, and she could see no way out.

DINA, Dooley and Lou and the two smaller children were out in the forlorn patch of earth they called the garden, ostensibly doing what they could to make it presentable after the deluging rains of midwinter. But only Dooley really was helping. Dooley was a squarely built little girl of twelve who liked working with her big sister, and was like Dina in that she was already assuming such responsibility as she could for the welfare of the family. Myrna, at fourteen, always had engagements on Sundays now; her pretty young face powdered, her pretty soft hair curled, her lips of the color and wetness of blood.

Lou, ten, was a pale, undernourished-looking little creature, who was hanging today like some small wooden animal on the gate, letting the sunshine penetrate her very bones. El'ner and Donny, the babies of the family, were busy with an old wagon, ropes, bottles and planks, and paid no more attention to Dina's efforts than if she had been one of the gulls that were walking and complaining on the roofs of the old red boxcars that had been stalled on a siding for all the years that any inhabitant had known Railway Flats.

Dina had on an old cotton dress; she had tied a clean length of burlap firmly about her hips; her head was enveloped in a gypsy handkerchief; her slender legs were bare from where the dress stopped at her knees to where they disappeared into a pair of old tennis shoes. She was equipped for a mean job, and something in her rose to it and liked it.

"If the worst things in the world were only mean jobs!" she said to herself more than once. "If I were what everyone thinks I am, just Dina Cashman, cleaning up the place and talking to the kids; if I could go back to last October and get engaged to Tom and have a little wedding—we could have it at the O'Connor place—Miss Tipman would let us have the double parlors—"

She was so sick and tired of fear and shame! Tired of thinking, thinking, thinking, with no end to the thinking! Days were going by and were weeks, time was bringing her inevitably to the moment when she must act, when something must be done. And she seemed helpless, like a frantic little mouse in a trap, running around and around desperately, and in the end only a few hours nearer destruction.

THE February day was hot and clear; the sun moved slowly across a flawless blue sky, and the leaves of the eucalyptus trees that wavered here and there among the buildings, and the grapevines raised on trellises behind the Chiglia and the de Luzoni houses spread themselves visibly in the life-giving warmth.

Dina panted in the heat, wiped her forehead with her forearm. She swept the soaked and rotting accumulations of rubbish from the steps, stooped to pull up a particularly tough bunch of grass, found it immovable, and straightened her aching back up to smile into the eyes of Tom O'Connor, unexpectedly beside her.

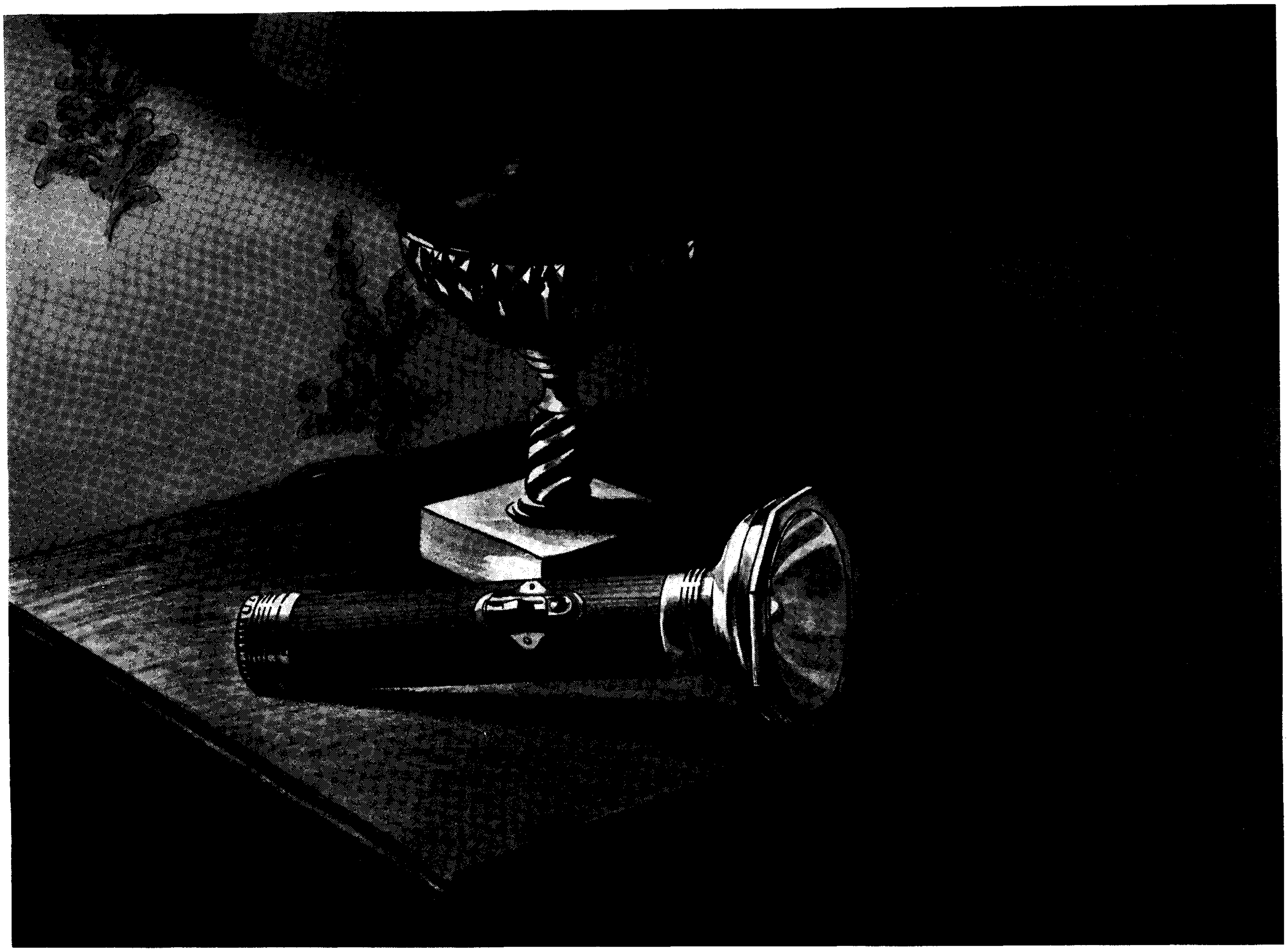
"Tom! Dunk Beatty said you might be coming down, but he said not until tonight. I was going to clean up and be all ready for you!"

"I like you the way you are," Tom said. They sat down on the steps together, and stared off at the children who were screaming and running in the sunshine, climbing rails, ducking in and out of freight cars, floating bits of plank on the pools. Now and then Dina turned to catch Tom's smile, and when she did she always found his eyes on her.

He had a new job, he told her. He had been offered better prospects with the Hamilton Pipe and Steel Company in south San Francisco. That was only a short half-hour's run from Bonita and he could see Ma every week. How about it, now? Had Dina been thinking it over? How'd she like to go house-hunting with him this afternoon in south San Francisco?

The dear, usual progress, her heart ached at the thought of it! On Sunday afternoons the empty cottages were opened to young men and girls, who prowled through looking at closets and kitchens, and teased one another about bedrooms and nurseries. What fun, what fun, what fun! And afterward to have dinner somewhere with Tom, and perhaps have him produce the ring she could show to everyone tomorrow. "Dina and Tom, what do you know?" Frances Tack would say. And then, "Oh, well, we all guessed that was coming!"

She needed him so now; she liked him so much and trusted him so completely! Nobody could look at the dark Irish face or touch Tom's big, hard hand or hear



Blackout barrier

A child's cry in the night . . . Less familiar sounds piercing the darkness . . .

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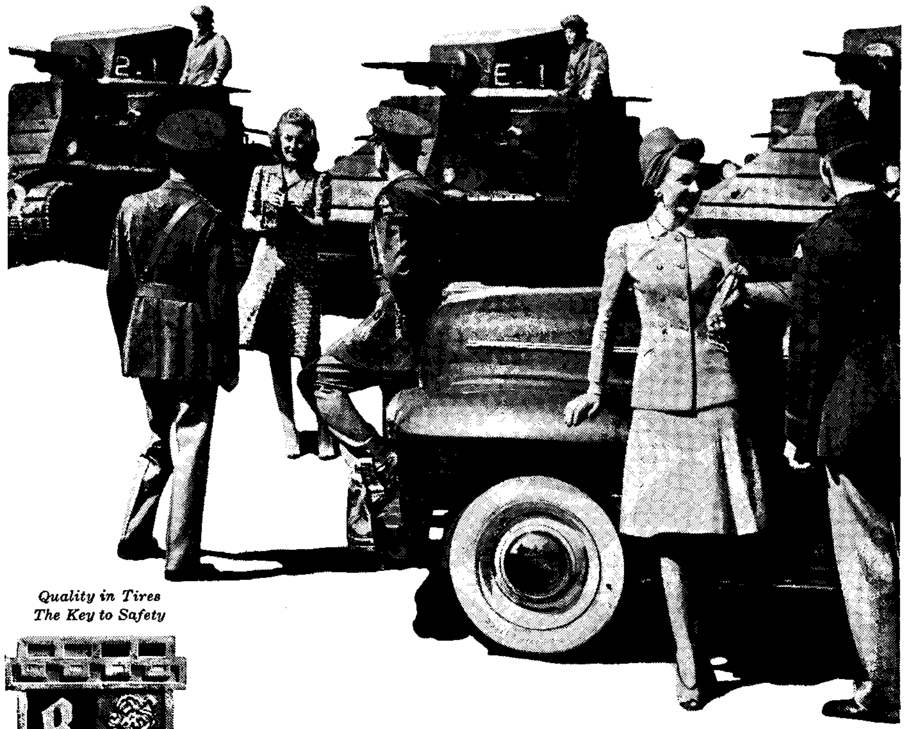

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We do so in the public interest.

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They have the extra depth of rubber which permits safe regrooving when the original non-skid is worn smooth.

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his voice with the rich hint of a brogue discernible even in the third generation of Americans, without trusting him. Dina, sitting here in the heartening first hot sunshine of the year, drinking in the sweetness of the new green grass, was swept by a sudden feeling of utter weakness. If she could only take what Tom offered; if she could throw herself and her burdens once and for all upon him, how she would repay him! What a home his should be, what a wife, what comfort and sweetness and spoiling she would pour over him!

Would she have married Tom if the fearful predicament in which she found herself had passed her by? She did not know. She only knew that after these weeks of cold and dark, worrying and loneliness he was the biggest, the safest thing that had come her way, or could ever come her way. There was infinite rest in his mere nearness. Perhaps if he knew how desperately she needed him, perhaps if he knew how eternally grateful she would be to escape from the eyes and the tongues all about her, Tom might be big enough to help her, to offer her all the more eagerly the shelter and protection she must have.

"I'D LIKE to be married this afternoon," she said suddenly and thickly. She half turned as she spoke, her face sober, and saw Tom's astonished eyes.

"What did you say?" he stammered.

"Oh, because I'm so tired—I'm so sick of everything—" Dina's throat thickened; she looked away.

"Ah, sure you are!" Tom's husky voice said comfortingly. "You poor thing, you," he said; "you've had too much! It's not your father's fault and it's not your mother's, but you've had the whole load on you, and you not nineteen!"

"I am. I'm nearly twenty."

"Well, you're no great age, whatever it is. If you'd let me take you out of it, Dina! We'd get along as well as most; I'm no drinker and I've money saved. And I'd take care of you to the last day of my life."

"I need taking care of," she said somberly, swallowing.

"That's all I want to do, dear," said Tom, his voice shaking.

"Pop's asleep," the girl warned him, jerking her head backward toward the house. "He's got a job this week and next, night work, and he's tired."

"Well, if he can sleep through the hell those kids are raising," Tom offered reasonably. Dina smiled with still serious eyes.

"I wasn't thinking of that so much as thinking I didn't want Pop to hear us," she said.

"Everyone'll know soon!" Tom said in satisfaction. His deep-set small blue eyes danced in his dark broad face.

"It's this," Dina had to swallow again. "I've been an awful fool, Tom," she said slowly, not looking at him. "I'm—I'm afraid I'm in trouble."

"Money?" he asked promptly, still with his fond and indulgent smile.

"No! But if I had money I'd go away." Dina had followed an irresistible impulse to confide in him, to confide in somebody, to find help—even if it were accompanied by blame and amazement—somewhere. But now she wished she could draw back. Put into words, her story had in it nothing that a thousand others did not have. It was a story of shame and weakness and stupidity. Of all persons, Tom O'Connor was the last to understand it.

"What's the matter?" he asked, staring. She saw his face redden. She knew that he was angry at himself, not at her, as the first ugly touch of suspicion reached him. Nobody had any right even to think such things in connection with Dina Cashman. Tom was already blaming himself.

"Oh, I've been a fool," she said wearily. "I oughtn't to tell you, Tom, but you've always been so good to me, and I've got to tell someone! I—you see—I liked this boy, Vere Holland, so much, and we went up into the Sierras together—and we were—we are—in love—"

"You mean you're going to marry him?" Tom demanded in the silence.

"Well, eventually, yes." Her throat was dry; she spoke with an effort.

"How d'you mean *eventually?*"

"He's at law school in the East," she explained; "he's taking a law course at Yale. At Christmas time he went south to be with his mother, and he went directly east from there. He wrote me. That—that part of it's all right. But you see—you see—"

She could not go on. She looked away, and felt the hot color creeping up to her cheeks and her forehead and her ears.

"I don't know what you're trying to tell me," Tom said at last, in a hard voice.

"That, I guess," Dina said very low. There was a moment of silence. She could not look at him.

"You don't know what you're talking about!" Tom broke out roughly, after a stupefied pause. "*You!* Why, you've always been the touch-me-not, the girl none of the fellows could get near. You—you don't know what you're talking about!"

"We were up there in the mountains—" Dina stopped again. "I know how you feel," she said, after a moment; "and you know how I do. I can't believe it even now. I can't sleep, Tom. It always seemed a thing that would happen to other girls—girls who felt differently about everything—not to me. I've always worried about Myrna, because she's so pretty; I never worried about myself. It's like a horrible dream. But, oh, if it is a dream I wish I could wake up!" Dina broke off to say under her breath: "I've no friends, Tom; we're not like other people; we haven't cousins and uncles and people to help us out. There's nowhere I can go, and I've got to go somewhere."

SHE stopped, and for a long time neither spoke.

"Mother know?" he asked briefly.

"Oh, no! It'd kill her. She needs me and the girls need me. And Pop," Dina went on, turning suddenly drenched eyes to her companion, "oh, I know what you think and everyone thinks about Pop!—but his father was a country judge, and Pop had two years of high school, and if he hadn't fallen in love with my mother at a county fair—she was at the lunch counter—and if they hadn't eloped, and if there hadn't been so many of us, everything might have been different with him! He depends on me to keep the children straight, and keep the house in kind of order, and now I've failed them all!"

"What does *he* say?" Tom slightly accented the pronoun.

"Pop? He hasn't any idea! He's never seen Vere."

"I mean him." The man's face, at the mention of the name, had darkened. Dina hesitated for an imperceptible second.

"He doesn't know. That is, I'm sure he doesn't."

The atmosphere had changed in the last five minutes. All the joy, the love and tenderness had gone out of Tom's face, leaving it dark and hard. He looked older by years than the man who had seated himself on the steps beside her only fifteen minutes earlier; his manner was stern.

"Your friend Vere doesn't know, hey?" he asked.

"No. I'm only just sure, myself. He was south and then he went east. How could I write him that?"

"It's up to him, Di," Tom said. "I

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Morton Berger

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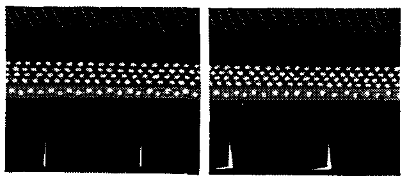

A B

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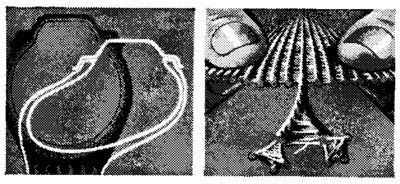

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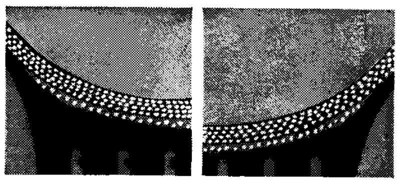

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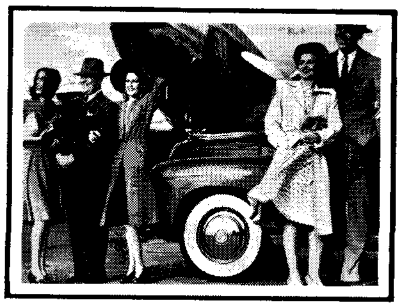

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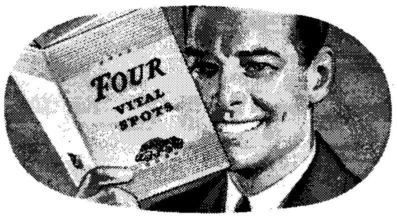

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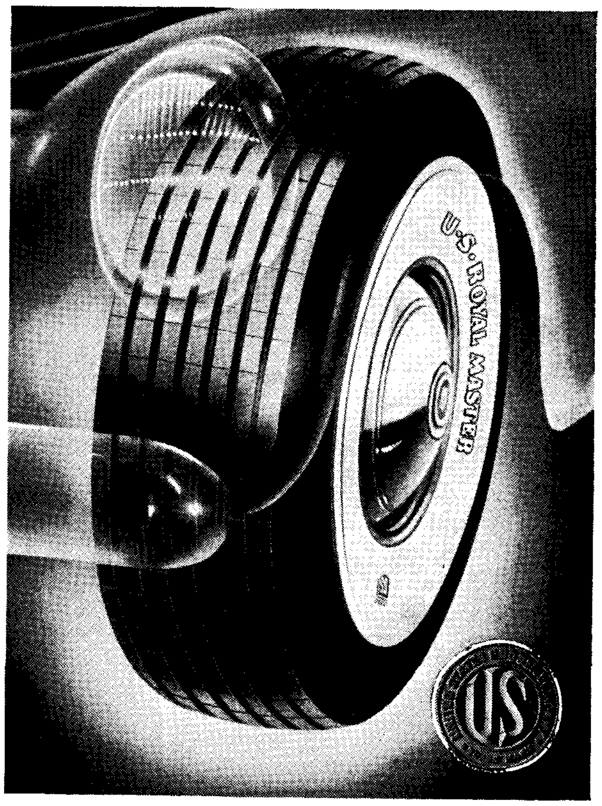

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don't know anything about the rat; I've never seen him. God knows I don't want to! But you can't rob him of a chance to square himself. I could kill him," Tom added, the four words falling with the weight of iron, though he said them as an afterthought and under his breath. "How often did you two go up to the mountains?" he asked heavily.

She brought her shadowed, tragic eyes slowly to his. "Only the once."

"And you went, knowing what he wanted?"

"Oh, no, no, Tom! There were lots of others—people he knew, married women, and girls and boys, all of them his friends. We—we neither of us dreamed of doing anything wrong! Truly, Tom," Dina pleaded, as the man smiled sardonically, "he isn't like that. He's just—friendly, and we had danced and gone around and had such fun together!"

She stopped. Tom's lowering look had not lightened, and her own words seemed unreal to her. This couldn't be Dina Cashman talking, apologizing, defending herself!

"You tell me he doesn't know?"

"Well, I couldn't say it right out, I couldn't write the truth," she explained lamely. "He was with his mother, and she's—she's one of those tough women, I imagine. But I did write him—I sent him a handkerchief at Christmas time, the nicest I could buy in San José, and with the letter I said that he simply had to see me before he went away, that I was worried. He must have known from that. But he didn't say anything about it when he answered. That was just after New Year's and I haven't had a letter since."

"Where is he now?"

"In New Haven, I guess. He was to take his first-year law there. I don't know the address."

SHE was silent, and Tom silent, too. He sat with his big fingers locked and dropped between his knees; his face, as he stared into space, was black.

"This is his affair," he began presently. "No one else can take it on. It's happened, and he's responsible. He's got to know."

Among all her other shamed and confused thoughts, Dina was conscious of terror. Tom wasn't going to take it upon himself to notify him!

"It's mine; it's always the woman's," she said quickly and proudly.

Tom put his head down in his hands for a minute. When he looked up, his face was haggard.

"I don't get it," he said; "I don't get your falling for a guy like that. You didn't know anything about him, except the crowd he belongs to, and that isn't our crowd. I don't believe it yet! Has he money?" he demanded suddenly, looking up.

"Not of his own, I think. His mother gets alimony; I don't know how much. You see she married again after she and his father were divorced—"

"I don't want to know what they did!" Tom interrupted with distaste.

"I mean that she forfeited what his father was paying her when she remarried. His father is rich—very rich, I believe, and I suppose Vere will come in for something when he dies. Now, he sends him a hundred or so a month and of course pays for his tuition and board. He expects him to become a lawyer and go in with his firm in New York, but he says he won't give him anything more until he gets his degree."

"A nice guy!" Tom observed dryly.

"He's not a bit what you think. He's generous and affectionate and terribly—terribly nice," Dina mustered spirit enough to say appealingly. "It—it was my fault too. It wasn't anybody's fault—really!"

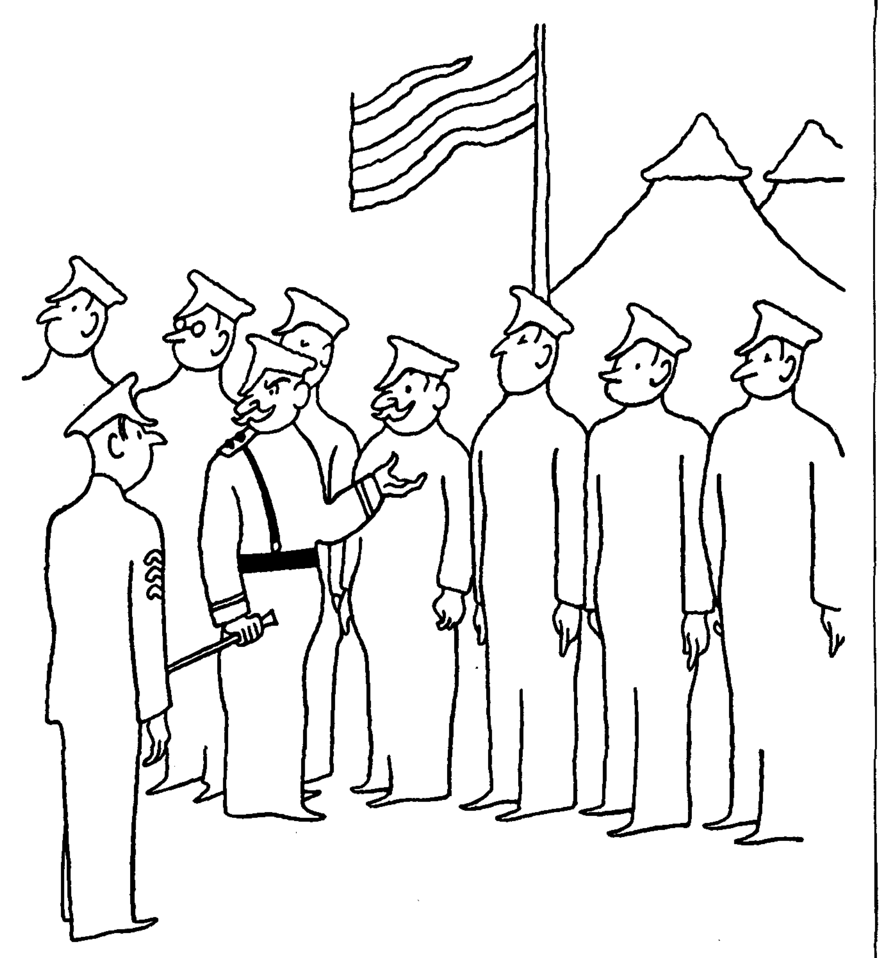
"Suppose not." Tom sighed. His was suddenly the weariness, the patience of the father confessor. No use to blame her, to rage and scold now. The mischief was done, and the future must be faced, not the past. "You'll have to let him know," he said.

"How can I? A girl from Railway Flats, with perhaps—perhaps all—all this coming on me in midsummer! Think what it would do to him! I couldn't bear it. I couldn't bear his friends knowing how it all was; I couldn't go on! For me, *me*, to be begging them for things," Dina went on in a whisper, turning her head away, "for me to be pitied and helped by people I don't know—" She stopped, choking.

"If there should be a child, don't you see what you do to the kid!" Tom asked, his eyes sick with pity.

"But, Tom—but, Tom—" she stammered, "it's not fair! It's not fair!"

"No," he said quietly, "of course it's not fair. Yet if I should say to you that you and I'd get married, that we'd go ahead just as if everything was—was all right, that wouldn't be fair, either."



"What's this—a gag?"

GARDNER REA

"To you," she said quickly, her face aflame.

"To any of us," he answered soberly. "I—how would I feel about the baby? How would you? We'd start wrong."

SHE had never seen him in this mood before. Tom was a grown man today, sorrowful, quiet and wise. All his Irish nonsense had dropped from him. Both had put something of the past away forever in this hour, and lightly as she had valued it, Dina felt terror and heartache as it went.

"Tom," she asked him, simply and pitifully, "what shall I do?"

"You'll have to join him, since he isn't here to join you," Tom told her.

"I can't do that!"

"Don't you see you *have* to, Dina? Don't you see that however hard it is on him—and you, too—it's the only way? You've only got a little while to straighten it out; you can't wait around for him to graduate and come home and perhaps change his mind. You don't want all the rest of your life to be sorry you've made a mistake now!"

"I can't," she whispered, looking away.

"I'll give you the money. You find out where he is, and simply go east and tell him all about it."

"But what'll I say to Mamma and Pop?"

"Anything. Tell 'em you're going with somebody—a lady is paying you to go as her companion—anything. I'll help you; I'll talk to your father, say that I know the lady."

DINA sat silent. Her thoughts were one wild protest, but it was no use to waste them on Tom. Unless Vere wrote her or wired her to come she knew well that she would never have the courage to follow him. She could not turn their joyous young love idyl into the burden, the wreckage that it would mean to a hopeful young lawyer to have a sick, despairing woman suddenly appear with a claim upon him.

And that claim, she thought now with a sort of frenzy, was daily becoming more obvious, less concealable. Vere had been proud of her—up in glorious Paradise Valley; he would have no cause to be proud of her now: misshapen, strange, sick, bringing into the world too soon the baby that was the cause of all this agony, needing a home, clothes, care, hospital—no phase of it could do anything except appall him! His young gaiety would go down into somber reality as swiftly as hers.

"When you meet him, tell him that as soon as you're married you'll come back here," Tom was saying; "make it a secret. Tell him that you'll never be a burden on him."

Hope flooded her heart.

"But what'll they think here?"

"You'll have to go away—San Francisco, perhaps, or Oakland. A big place where you can get lost. Then you'll have to land a job."

"There'll be weeks—months, when I can't work."

"That part," he said, staring ahead of him with darkened eyes, "we'll manage somehow. You see him, tell him what's happened, be married! The rest you can work out from there."

"It's—it's something to do," she said. "It'll kill me, but I can do it! If it will make what we did less wrong I can do it. And then I'll—I'll go on alone. Other girls have—they've worked it out!"

"Maybe," Tom suggested, still without smiling or glancing at her or altering his stern look, "maybe he'll want to keep you there. If he loves you—if he really loves you—perhaps he can talk his father into helping out."

"Oh, if it could be that way!" Dina gasped, her hands clasped as if she prayed. Tom gave her a look.

"You don't *think* it *will* be, hey?" he said. "You don't think he's the kind that will see it through?"

Her face was scarlet again.

"I know how affectionate he is," she explained eagerly. "I know that he—he always means to be kind! But—but he's always had so much fun, Tom; he's gone about so much, and done whatever he wanted to do. So that if he did do this—I mean if we *were* married and had a house there in the East—it would mean that I was making him do something he didn't feel ready for—he didn't want to do—as a favor to me!"

"A favor to you—my eye!" Tom cried scornfully. "Good God, is this the time to talk of favors! He's wrecked your life, brought you trouble and disgrace, sneaked out on you, and you talk of favors!"

"DINA," said her mother, appearing in the doorway, "there isn't one single thing in this house for lunch. Hello, Tom, where'd you come from? Say, you two look as if you'd been quarreling."

"Dina and I don't quarrel," Tom said, standing up. "Nothing in the house for lunch, hey? We'll go over to the dairy and get eggs or something."

"You've made the yard look real nice," said Mrs. Cashman. A thin, shapeless woman who would have been pretty but for the fact that most of her teeth were either missing or reduced to blackened prongs, she stood stretching and yawning in the sunshine. "I've not had my breakfast yet, ain't that awful, Tom?" she said. "But John is working nights now, over to Diehl's brewery, and I got up at seven and gave him something to eat, and went right back to bed!"

"Glad to hear he's working," Tom said. Dina had walked toward the gate without facing her mother. Now she turned at a safe distance.

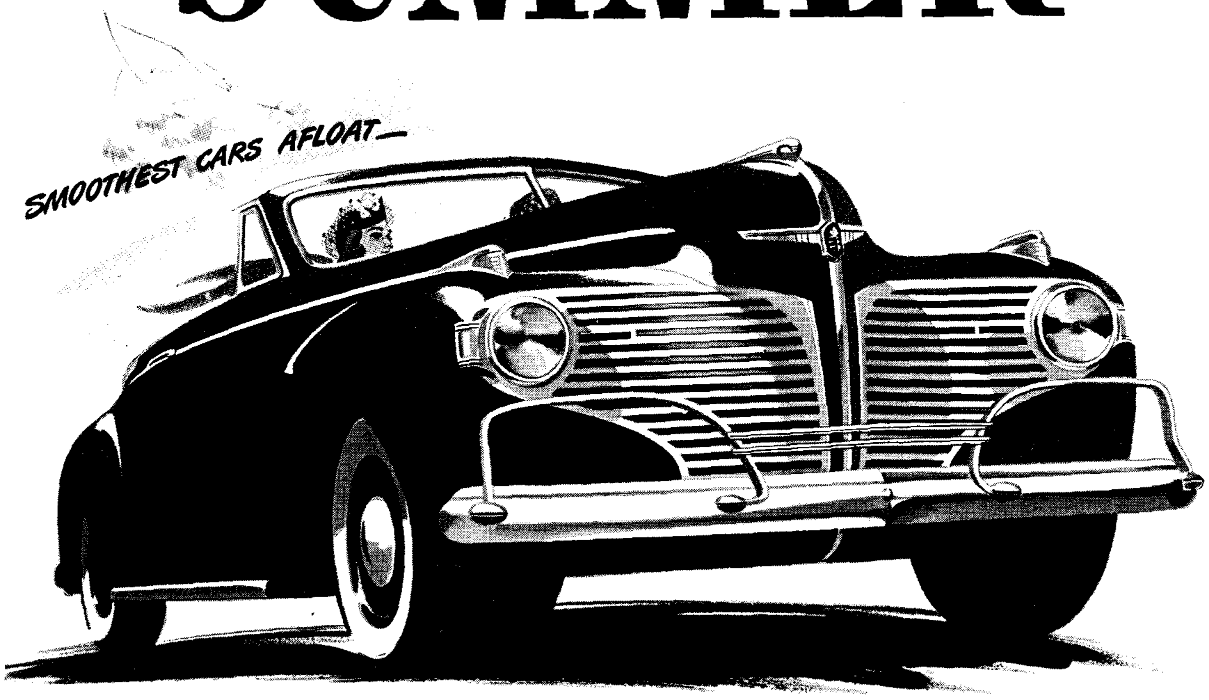
"Eggs and bread, Mamma?"

"Get a pound of peanut brittle, too; I feel as if my sweet tooth was aching!" her mother called back. The younger children swarmed after their sister. If Donny, El'ner and Lou knew anything of Tom O'Connor, they knew they were sure of lollipops or cones at the dairy. Dina's father came out to the shining warmth of day, stood blinking like an animal in the light.

He was twenty years older than the mother—past sixty. He had been a dreamy, impractical man when first he had met the pretty, saucy waitress now his wife; he had had no job, no profession, his family had long regarded him as a settled bachelor, one of those mild, superfluous members of a good family who, if they add nothing to its importance, at least do little to disgrace it.

But John Cashman's marriage had been felt a disgrace. In the first five years of it he had been a continual problem to his family. The girl was a cheap, common little creature with nothing but a certain undeniable yet flashy beauty to recommend her. She was not educated, grammatical, literate, and housed in a half-furnished cottage at the wrong end of town, she was proceeding

A FLUID DRIVING SUMMER *thanks to Dodge*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(from a letter by M. F., Portland, Ore.)

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(from a letter by A. B., Shreveport, La.)

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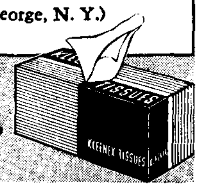
(from a letter by S. B., St. George, N. Y.)



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with baffling speed to produce tow-headed babies whose little noses continually whistled with colds and whose small paws were always chapped and black.

The family bought John a farm to which he moved his brood. News drifted back that he had exchanged it for another and more distant farm, and the family breathed in relief. After that it lost sight of him completely.

He was old now, and looked older than he was. At sixty-one he wore a thin white beard, curled, thin mustache that gave the look of an old French cavalier to his lean face. His long, aristocratic nose was always slightly reddened; his lips and hands trembled; sometimes his head shook gently for days. He had long ago succumbed to the life that was easiest to him: coffee drinking in the morning, patient listening to the crying and fretting of children, the clashing of dishes and smoking of burned food. In midmorning he began the slow processes of shaving and dressing, carrying water in to the basin, carrying it out again to pour on the struggling morning-glories or nasturtiums in the yard. Then came marketing errands and idle afternoons in some saloon, playing cards with thick, dirty, old cards and thick, dirty, old men.

SOMETIMES, when he had been a farmer, he had milked cows or weeded potatoes. But always with help, always after urging from his wife. The angry, nervous strength of her character might have saved her, but she had succumbed, too, had learned to follow the line of least resistance. When a mortgage was foreclosed they moved; went into some strange bank in some strange, small town, made arrangements to take possession of another farm. Home loans and federal loans, home relief and federal relief, clinics, free wards, free schooling, clothing from rummage sales or salvage shops, all were contributed to the Cashmans' migratory history. Only a few minutes' conversation convinced any executive of the innate fineness of John Cashman's character; this man had had some education, he was well bred, he could talk. He was exactly the type relief always hoped to reach.

But relief never permanently relieved the Cashmans. It trickled through their irresponsible fingers just as life had trickled through their irresponsible souls. Warmhearted committees were eternally discovering them; women passionate with pity were telling one another that that unfortunate family over back of the race track were actually starving, and one of the poor little children had recently been drowned in a back-yard pool. Help would be instantly forthcoming; encouragement, a job. But they never lasted, and when in due season Ethel Cashman told well-wishers that they were moving, Mr. Cashman thought that there were much better prospects in Arizona, or Oregon, there was a general sense of thankfulness.

The disreputable household goods would be packed in the car, tied on top, stacked on a trailer behind; the children would scramble joyfully to the back seat; they would turn their faces to the glowing west, hope high in all their hearts.

Their residence in Railway Flats, perhaps because there was nothing farther west now except the ocean, had been the longest fixed stay that Dina ever had known anywhere. To the little children it was home. Her father, mildly looking up at the welcome blue of the sky on this balmy morning, yawned and blinked in content.

"How about something to eat, Mamma?" he said.

"I was thinking—" said Ethel.

Dina and the children returned to find their mother mixing quick biscuits. For twenty years these had pieced the meals Ethel Cashman whipped together for her children, and she made them expertly and well. She needed no measurements; she could use butter or lard or vegetable shortening or chicken or bacon fat equally well; if flour was short she could do nicely with a mixture of cracker crumbs, oatmeal, cold rice or cold cereal. The children loved Mamma's biscuits just the same, and if ever maple sugar or dates or raisins found their way into them, it was only one more cause for rejoicing.

"I opened two cans of hash," she said to Dina.

"Oh, that's fine," Dina said. "I know there are prunes." She had cooked the prunes herself; the whole house was scented with them. Other good-cooking smells began to mingle in the air. Dina took the old granite coffeepot, soused into it with a small mop, poured away dark water and grounds. "Pop'll want coffee," she said.

"I'll have a cup, too," Ethel said. "I've got to dunk everything until I get my teeth fixed. Tom coming back?"

"He can't. He's starting for Westwood right away. But he's taken another job; he's going to be in south San Francisco," Dina said, her back to her mother.

"Fevvens sakes," Ethel murmured, not too deeply interested. She shoved the big black baking pan into the oven; the round pale circles of the biscuits were laid in even rows. "When's he come down?"

"Thursday." He had reminded her of this in parting. He had said that she must make her plans to leave at once for the East; if Vere positively was at Yale then she must go to New Haven; Tom would find out all the necessary details about transportation and be ready to buy her ticket. Dina must, meanwhile, telephone Vere's family and find out his address.

Her soul was shrinking within her at the prospect. She might telephone his mother's home truly, to be told by some servant that Mrs. Holland was still in the South. What then?

Then a blank, unless she wanted to risk a telegram to him at college. "Worried. On my way to you. Please wire college address."

"Ha!" she gasped in her soul, on a bitter laugh. Could any procedure be more exactly calculated to infuriate and humiliate and handicap a boy than that? "Oh, why has all this happened—why has all this happened?" she thought, writhing. Why the horrible necessity for all this worrying and suffering? Why were girls so stupid? Why were women born to agonies like these? Why couldn't one ever go back and have this just one of the usual sloppy, disorderly Sunday mornings at home, with Art still asleep, Donny playing with the sweet potatoes all over the kitchen floor, and good little Lou clearing the table for lunch?

"If I had a hundred dollars," Dina thought, "I'd simply get on a bus and go somewhere. I'd disappear. I could always get work, even if it was cleaning the floors in a city and county hospital; they'd take care of me when I was ill. A hundred dollars.

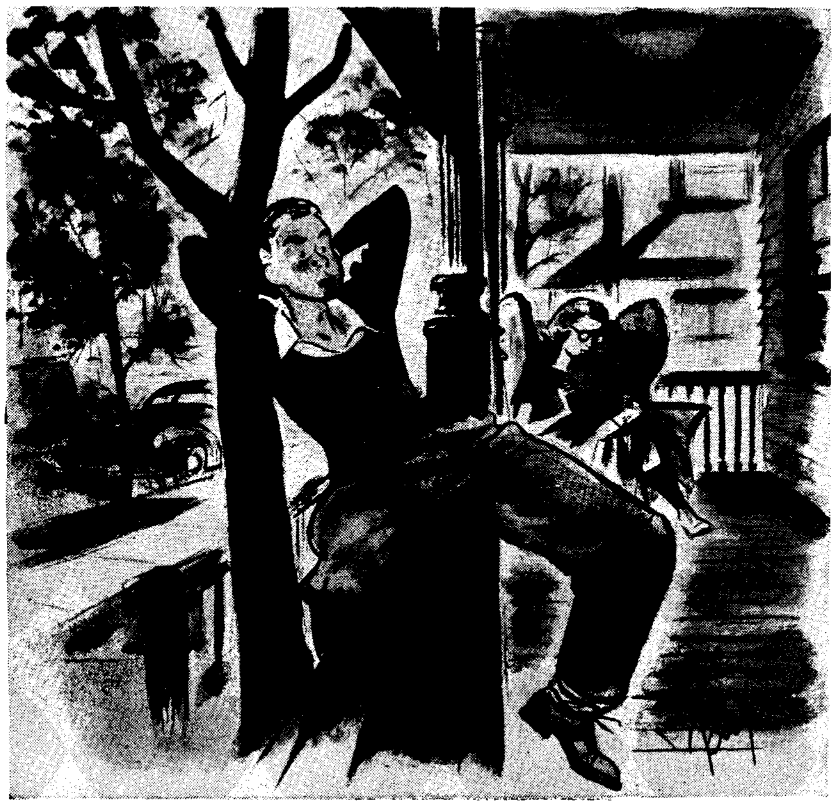
"Suppose I took it from Tom? But he'd never give it to me. He'll buy my ticket and put me on the train and wire Vere that I'm coming. He's ready to kill Vere, and he'll never like me—he'll never respect me again. He said I was a 'touch-me-not'!

"Other girls do worse than this. Lots of them. College girls and girls like Vere's sister, too! That Mrs. Reynolds at Paradise Valley—Vere said she was promiscuous! Wait—!"

A SUDDEN gleam had shot across her thoughts. Something in the recollection of Vere's comments upon Lollie Reynolds and upon other members of the skiing party had reminded her of Vere's mention of an uncle. The uncle who was not married, who was going to leave his property to Vere, and who often gave his nephew a "couple" of hundred dollars.

Wouldn't such an uncle be interested enough, be generous enough, to tell her now what would be the wisest thing for her to do? What had Vere said the name was? Robert. Roger. Rogers. That was it! Rogers Holland. *But now, how to find him!*

(To be continued next week)



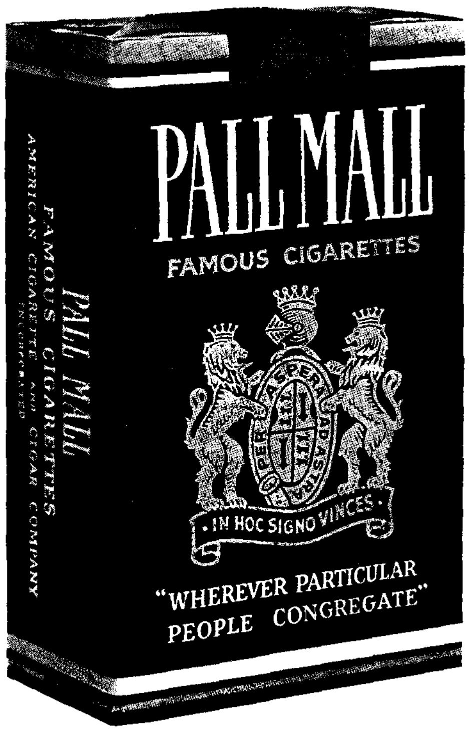
"On the other hand, if a man marries late in life—when he's around twenty-seven, twenty-eight, he's liable to be very set in his ways and difficult to live with"

JOHN RUGE

906
15
JOHN FALTER

In cigarettes, as in armored scout cars, it's modern design that makes the big difference!

"Correct! Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
AMERICAN CIGARETTE AND CIGAR COMPANY

OF TRADITIONALLY FINE TOBACCOS

● Fast as a racer, staunch as a tank! No wonder these new streamlined scout cars are a vital development in mechanized warfare. Modern design makes the big difference—a difference that's mighty important in national defense.

Talk with the men who ride these cars. They'll tell you that in cigarettes, as in armored scout cars, it's modern design that makes the big difference.

Pall Mall's modern design marks the greatest forward step in smoking pleasure in thirty years. For this streamlined cigarette is deliberately designed to give you a smoother, less irritating smoke. It is a scientific fact that tobacco is its own natural filter. In Pall Mall the smoke is measurably filtered—filtered over a 20% longer route of Pall Mall's traditionally fine tobaccos.

Pall Mall's modern design also means a definitely cooler smoke. The additional length travels the smoke further—gets rid of heat and bite on the way.

Now, at last—thanks to modern design—a truly fine cigarette provides in fact what other cigarettes claim in theory—a smoother, less irritating smoke—Pall Mall.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. You'll say—"Correct! Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation."

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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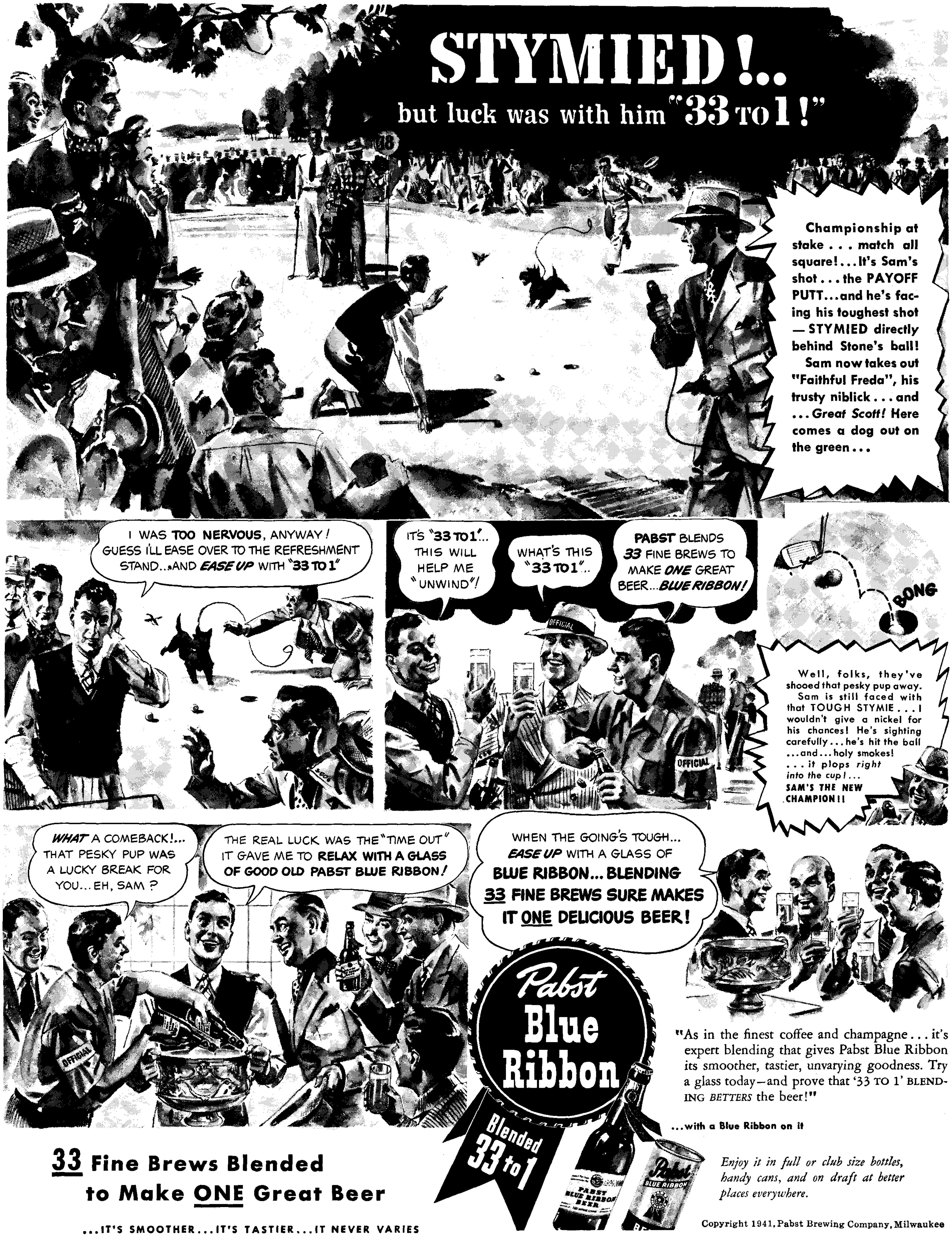
STYMIED!..

but luck was with him "33 TO 1!"


Championship at stake . . . match all square! . . . It's Sam's shot . . . the PAYOFF PUTT . . . and he's facing his toughest shot — STYMIED directly behind Stone's ball! Sam now takes out "Faithful Freda", his trusty niblick . . . and . . . Great Scott! Here comes a dog out on the green . . .
18
I WAS TOO NERVOUS, ANYWAY! GUESS I'LL EASE OVER TO THE REFRESHMENT STAND...AND EASE UP WITH "33 TO 1"
IT'S "33 TO 1"... THIS WILL HELP ME "UNWIND"!
WHAT'S THIS "33 TO 1"...
PABST BLENDS 33 FINE BREWS TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER...BLUE RIBBON!
OFFICIAL
OFFICIAL
BONG
Well, folks, they've shooed that pesky pup away. Sam is still faced with that TOUGH STYMIE . . . I wouldn't give a nickel for his chances! He's sighting carefully . . . he's hit the ball . . . and . . . holy smokes! . . . it plops right into the cup! . . . SAM'S THE NEW CHAMPION!!
WHAT A COMEBACK!... THAT PESKY PUP WAS A LUCKY BREAK FOR YOU... EH, SAM ?
THE REAL LUCK WAS THE "TIME OUT" IT GAVE ME TO RELAX WITH A GLASS OF GOOD OLD PABST BLUE RIBBON!
WHEN THE GOING'S TOUGH... EASE UP WITH A GLASS OF BLUE RIBBON... BLENDING 33 FINE BREWS SURE MAKES IT ONE DELICIOUS BEER!
OFFICIAL
Pabst Blue Ribbon
Blended 33 to 1
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
Pabst BLUE RIBBON

"As in the finest coffee and champagne . . . it's expert blending that gives Pabst Blue Ribbon its smoother, tastier, unvarying goodness. Try a glass today—and prove that '33 TO 1' BLENDING *BETTERS* the beer!"

...with a Blue Ribbon on it

33 Fine Brews Blended to Make ONE Great Beer

...IT'S SMOOTHER...IT'S TASTIER...IT NEVER VARIES

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

Brown Danger

Continued from page 24

hand, folding it neatly in half and over again like a handkerchief, and putting it in my pocket. That's all I remember. They found me a couple of hours later along the trail.

"And yet I don't blame the bear. That's the funny part of it: I don't hold anything against him. He found the moose, and he thought he was defending his own property. Only," Roy sighs, "it sure cured me of moose hunting."

Notwithstanding his unquestioned appetite for good red meat, the brown bear is omnivorous rather than carnivorous. He will graze for hours at a time on the tender grasses of early summer. He will grub roots in the spring, and devour the fiery shoots of the skunk cabbage with the gusto of Popeye eating his spinach. He loves to smear his muzzle with the juices of wild berries. He will amble along the salt-water beaches, rolling quarter-ton boulders out of the way in order to lick up crustaceans hiding on the underside. All this merely to whet his appetite for the real feast to come when the salmon migrate into the shallow coastal rivers to spawn.

Go to any one of the hundreds of streams pouring off the snow-capped islands and the near-by mainland in Alaska, and you will see the way of a brown bear with a salmon. You'll see his trails padded down so smoothly you could ride a bicycle over them. In July and August when the spawning is at its peak you'll see a half-ton of straw-colored fur charge out of the devil's clubs and plunge into the river. There'll be an eruption like a small geyser, and when it dies down there will be your bear with a salmon dangling loosely from its jaws. You'll see mothers and cubs strolling along in the riffles, the cubs frisking about like playful puppies, never catching a fish but squalling gleefully when mother drags one out on the gravel bar and strips its hide off with a single flip of her powerful teeth. Which is where Two-Step Louie of Tenakee found one.

"I'm fishing downstream and minding my own business," recalls seventy-year-old Louie sadly, "when I step around a bend and smack into a big she-bear and three cubs. Well, you know what a brownie with cubs is like. At her first growl I just naturally float up into a hemlock tree and come to roost on a limb fifteen feet off the ground. Whereupon all three cubs does the very same thing in another tree right alongside.

"Now, while cub brownies can go up a tree like so many squirrels, the old bear's toenails are so long she can't climb at all. So first the old mother races over to my tree to see that I stay put, then she tears over to the other tree to coax the cubs down and take them off into the brush. But, no matter how much she growls and carries on, the cubs refuse to budge.

"After a while my old bones begin to ache, and I realize it's up to me to do some real figgering. First, I peel off my wool overshirt and toss it down. What she does to that shirt after she catches it in her teeth is so terrible I got to shut my eyes. Meantime my grip is weakening, and I see I got to think fast. I wiggle out of my undershirt, and wad it into a ball. 'All right,' says I, 'clamp your jaws on this.' With that, I touch a match to it and when it's burning good I drop it into her face. And cubs or no cubs," says Two-Step Louie, "that bear takes off through the woods like a Roman candle. Otherwise I guess I'd been there yet."

The young are born while the mother is in hibernation—the original twilight sleep. They are tiny fellows, no bigger than a fox terrier puppy, blind, helpless and almost naked. It is incredible that so large an animal as a bear can actually be held at birth in the palm of your hand. They have a sort of premature look about them, as though the six-month gestation period had rushed them along a little too fast. The distracted mother probably vows after each litter that she'll have no more of them, because it's generally two or three years between family increases. The courting season is in late June; the cubs arrive in late January; one, two, three or even four at a time. They scream and complain on the slightest provocation, and are a long time learning to fend for themselves. Meantime the mother bear guards them jealously, ready to attack any intruder at the first squawk of the cubs.

While the brownie is boss of them all—you will not find even black bears or wolves on a brown-bear island—a few grizzly bears mingle with them occasionally in the coastal river valleys. It's not easy to tell them apart, although the grizzly is generally smaller and lighter in color. He occurs most frequently in the interior mountain slopes, in the Rainy Pass, McKinley Range, Upper Tanana, Talkeetna or the Kenai.

ADVANCE AGENT

The story of a man who did his best to betray America, and of another man whose job was to stop him—a swift-moving novel of mystery, adventure and romance . . .

BY JOHN AUGUST

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

The point to remember about brown and grizzly bears is that they are individuals. They are characters strongly differentiated, no two alike. There are bullies among them, and there are comedians—as you would agree if you had ever watched a brownie emerge from hibernation and celebrate by sliding over and over again down a snow-bank, squirming luxuriously on his back and kicking his legs like a playful puppy. More often than not, their furious roar and charge is a convincing job of bluffing: if you are caught without a rifle and have to stand your ground, the bear may rush up to about twenty feet, champ his jaws and roar defiance for a moment, then turn abruptly and stroll away with an air of complete nonchalance. Just his way of saying, "Not too fast, buddy, I'm boss here and I want you to know it."

All in all, they are probably the most intelligent wild animal one will ever meet in the forest; and yet, for all his strength and his almost human reasoning, a bear does not stand a ghost of a chance against a coolheaded man with a rifle. And because the brownie shows a little spunk—fights back now and then—he is that much more interesting to nonresident hunters who are visiting the territory each year in ever-increasing numbers, for the thrill of photographing one of the big fellows or looking at him across the sights of a rifle.

Let's say that you want to take a crack at the brownie in Alaska. Your first move would be to write to the Alaska Game Commission, at Juneau, Alaska. We can give you information about guides, seasons, even clothing and guns. The shooting season on bears in Alaska is from September first to along about the middle of October, when they hibernate. A spring season, from the time they emerge from their dens in April to the twentieth of June, is also provided. The license fee for a nonresident hunter is fifty dollars, and he must be accompanied at all times while hunting by a registered guide. This guide finds you the bears, prepares the hides for you, and sees that you return to your beloved family all in one piece. Costs of a hunt vary with the locale; but whatever a responsible guide may charge you is well worth it, for these men are tops in their chosen profession.

How many brown and grizzly bears in Alaska? A few years ago, the Alaska Game Commission decided to find out. In order to provide a yardstick with which to measure other areas, we decided to take our census on famed Admiralty Island in southeastern Alaska, timing it to fall in that period of summer when the bears would be making daily visits to the salmon streams. The survey is probably unique in game-management history. By investigation, we had found that no two bears on a stream have precisely the same sized or shaped foot. For example, the hind foot of one bear would leave a ham-shaped impression; another would be broad and rounded; a third track—if you discounted the long claw marks—would resemble the bare footprint of a giant human. By making actual plaster-casts of these tracks, we discovered them to be pitted and wrinkled like so many fingerprints. We measured these plaster casts accurately to the quarter inch, noted their individual characteristics, and brought out of the forest a count of 900 bear inhabiting an area of 1,664 square miles. And we didn't have to fire a shot.

Based on this survey, we estimate that the browns and grizzlies in Alaska today have reached the amazing total of 28,500. And they are on the increase, due to the co-operation of the residents of Alaska and their growing realization of the actual value of these big brown bombers as represented by the money sportsmen spend in the territory each year. Whenever we see any danger of decrease or extermination, we advocate such necessary legislation as the present provision making it unlawful to traffic in their shaggy hides. For they are well worth preserving. Anyone who has seen the majestic form of a grizzly moving across a mountain ridge in the sun, its huge muscles rippling smoothly beneath the glistening hide—or anyone who has ever had the thrill of coming face to face with a rearing brownie in an Alaskan wilderness—will agree that this animal is the outstanding wild-life attraction we have in America—probably the greatest wild animal in the world.

Milton J. Cross

Famous Radio Announcer says...

"If you want everything that's broadcast—if you want an Auto Radio thrill . . . look for the dealer who displays this sign"

AUTHORIZED Motorola AUTO RADIO DEALER

. . . Get a Motorola

3-Dimension VITA-TONE

FREE DEMONSTRATION

Motorola FITS and MATCHES Your Car Exactly

Motorola Radio

AMERICA'S FINEST FOR YOUR CAR AND HOME

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

MR. AND MRS. SMITH had six daughters. Mr. Smith was pleased and proud when the first little girl arrived. He was polite about the second and almost polite about the third. But when the fourth, fifth and sixth little Smith girls arrived Mr. Smith was so insulted at his wife's lack of consideration that he wouldn't so much as speak to her for several weeks each time after a girl was born. And Mrs. Smith felt very guilty and wondered why she wasn't clever at having boys like so many other women she knew. But then some scientists made a discovery that was a great help to Mrs. Smith. No, she did not quickly have four sons in a row. But she discovered she wasn't responsible at all for those girls. Someone else was! Mr. Smith.

You've all heard a good many theories as to why the traditional stork sometimes delivers boy and sometimes girl babies. You've probably heard at least one or two theories on how to influence said stork. You easily could have, for as far back as the eighteenth century a French scientist named Drelincourt with a theory of his own listed some two hundred and sixty-two others that he said were all nonsense; whereupon another scientist remarked that Drelincourt had made it two hundred and sixty-three. And recent advances have brought the total up to an estimated five hundred. Now for a few of the more entertaining ones:

The one you're most likely to have heard, because it sounds so delightfully plausible, is supposed to have come from the brain of a lad named Galen 'way back when undesirable minorities were being thrown to lions instead of into concentration camps. Obviously, reasoned Galen, and all his followers right down to today, a woman has two ovaries for a purpose, one for boys and one for girls. The boys are kept in the right-hand pocket, as it were, and the girls in the left. What's more, from the fact that ordinarily only one ovum is released into the uterus each month, they went on to reason that undoubtedly the ovaries take turns doing the work, and once you've had one baby all you have to do is to count your cycles carefully and try to manage to conceive when the proper ovary is functioning. A neat theory, the only trouble being that there's nothing true about it. Quite a number of inquisitive doctors have looked into the matter, quite literally looked, in both autopsies and Caesarean sections, and found that both sexes can come from either side. Which would have to be so or a woman who had one ovary removed would always have all one kind of children, and they don't.

Here's another theory that our mothers and grandmothers used to whisper about behind closed doors. It was first propounded in the gay nineties and became so fashionable for a while that some people still swear by it. Not you, surely, but some people. The man who thought it up must have been badly frightened by Mother Goose in his youth, for, said he, once a woman suspected she was pregnant she need only select her diet to have a boy or girl to order. For a boy, eat lots of meat and other proteins, for a girl, lots of sugar. So Ma Goose had certainly left her mark. Even if this didn't sound silly it couldn't get very far in medical circles today since everybody, or almost everybody, knows now that the minute a baby is conceived it's all over but the shouting as to its sex, coloring and ability to paint or play the piano by ear.

And then there are the people who firmly believe that the sex of the baby is determined by which parent is stronger. This goes so far back in history it should almost be called a superstition rather than a theory except that a gullible gentleman not too long ago did a lot of research on it and got it christened Starkweather's law of cross-heredity of sex. Starkweather, it seems, believed the child would be of the opposite sex from whichever parent was stronger. But he didn't say whether by stronger he meant muscular strength, virility, strength of character or longevity. And another trouble is that almost as many people swear by that theory the other way around; that is, the child will be the same sex as the stronger parent. But it makes it nice that you can take your choice.

There's a pretty fascinating offshoot from this strength theory. I first heard it over a bridge table of an afternoon and more than half suspected the gal of making it up. But no, you can find it quoted in a perfectly good medical book. Hold your breath, office workers and sun worshipers, here it is: If the husband has been out in the sun a great deal then his wife is likely to have a girl. If he's kept wisely in the shade and pushed her out into the sun, then she ought to have a boy. Sun makes strength, you see, and Starkweather's law of cross-heredity makes sun-tanned

“I'll Never Forget our Trip to Lake Louise”

“It was our first really long trip—and it taught us plenty about motoring travel and the care it pays to give a car!”

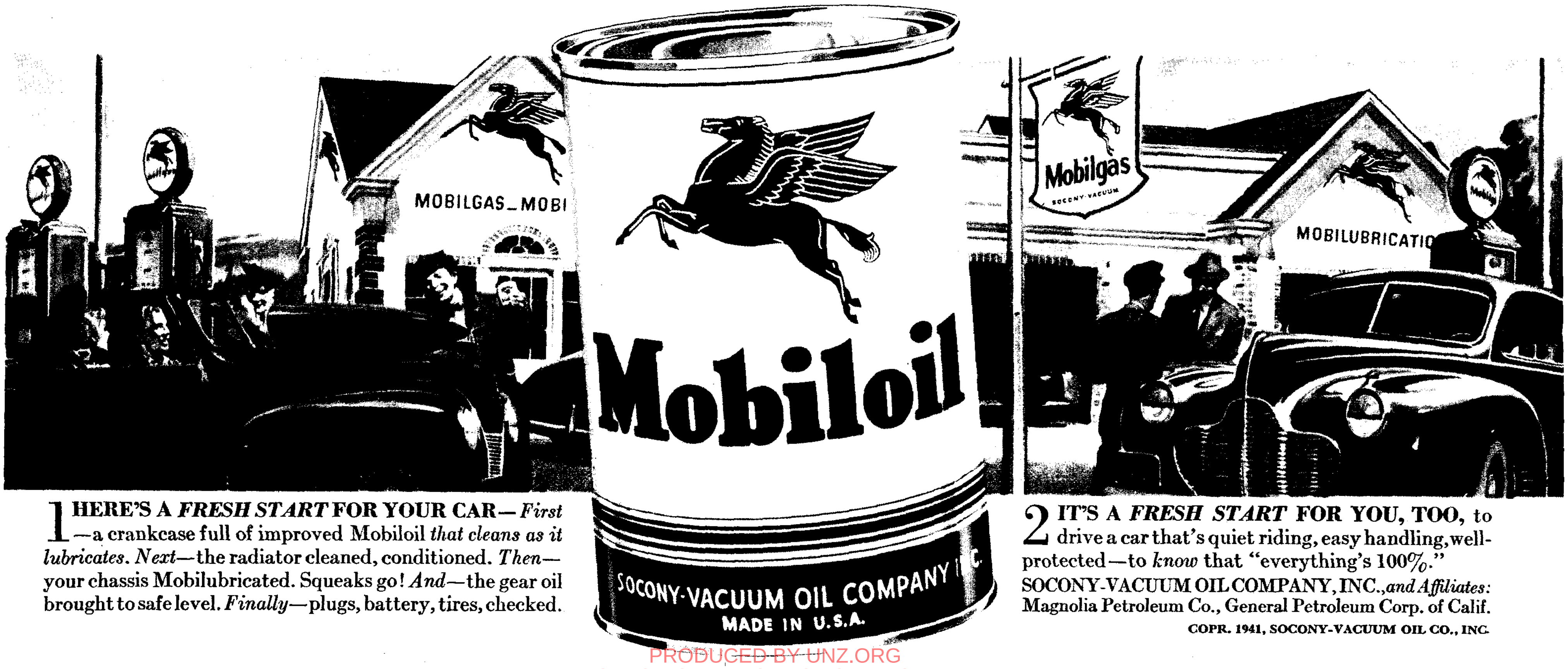
“We had almost as much fun planning as we did taking the trip…studying maps, listing everything we'd need. You'd have thought we were going to Alaska from the stuff in the car—boxes, books, bags—more than we'd ever use.

“But we did one thing that was everlastingly right. Before we left, we had the car completely serviced until she ran like a dream—not a squeak in her body—and her engine filled with new Mobiloil.

“You see, we'd been a little careless about the car, just running around town. We had to drive hundreds of miles from home to learn this big truth: the fun and comfort of motoring are doubled by keeping your car at the top of her form—by treating her regularly to a Fresh Start.”

GIVE YOUR CAR A FRESH START

EVERY THOUSAND MILES



1 **HERE'S A *FRESH START* FOR YOUR CAR**—*First*—a crankcase full of improved Mobiloil *that cleans as it lubricates. Next*—the radiator cleaned, conditioned. *Then*—your chassis Mobilubricated. Squeaks go! *And*—the gear oil brought to safe level. *Finally*—plugs, battery, tires, checked.

2 **IT'S A *FRESH START* FOR YOU, TOO,** to drive a car that's quiet riding, easy handling, well-protected—to *know* that “everything's 100%.”

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., *and Affiliates:* Magnolia Petroleum Co., General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

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When
LITTLE PEOPLE
Eat too
much!

The stomach distress that follows too much of a good thing should be gently handled. Avoid aggravating the distress with overdoses of antacids or drastic physics or purgatives.

●

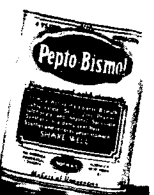
Take soothing Pepto-Bismol. It is not an antacid. It has no laxative action. PEPTO-BISMOL helps to quiet the upset, to soothe the irritated intestinal walls, to retard intestinal fermentation, gas formation and to relieve simple diarrhea.

This soothing remedy is pleasant—children usually love the flavor!

In two sizes—at your druggist. Or by the dose at drug store fountains.

Norwich*

Makers of Unguentine*



*PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UPSET STOMACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

fathers have daughters. The gent who propounded this theory had analyzed the families of sixty-four men who worked in greenhouses, and found that 123 girl babies to 83 boy babies when, according to normal statistics, there ought only to have been seventy-nine girls. But don't go buying electric trains in advance on the strength of that theory.

You're probably wondering, if you've been following your tabloids, how the acid-alkali theory that has been getting so much publicity lately fits in. According to this theory, female rats that have been given alkaline douches just before mating produce predominantly male litters, while those that have been given acid douches produce predominantly female litters. Now this may be working beautifully with the rats, though it's hard to see if it's working at all why the litters wouldn't be either all male or all female. But the only effect doctors have ever observed acids or alkalis to have on human birth is to encourage it or discourage it in general. Conception is pretty well known to be more likely to take place in the presence of an alkaline reaction and most unlikely in the presence of an acid, which would mean, if the rat theory carried over, that girls would practically never be born at all.

Perhaps you'd like to rest your mind from all this exact science for a minute and listen to a few of the better superstitions. How many of these have you heard before? If a bride wants to make sure of a son she should take a baby boy to bed with her the night before her wedding. That's Swedish. If a bride ditto, she should put on men's clothing just before her wedding. That's from the Palau Islands, and do you know where they are? If a man wants a son he should go to bed in his boots. That, I think, is from New England. And dolls for little girls, I'm told, may well be an offshoot from the baby-boy-in-bed superstition, for lots of primitive women carry baby boy dolls to insure their having sons.

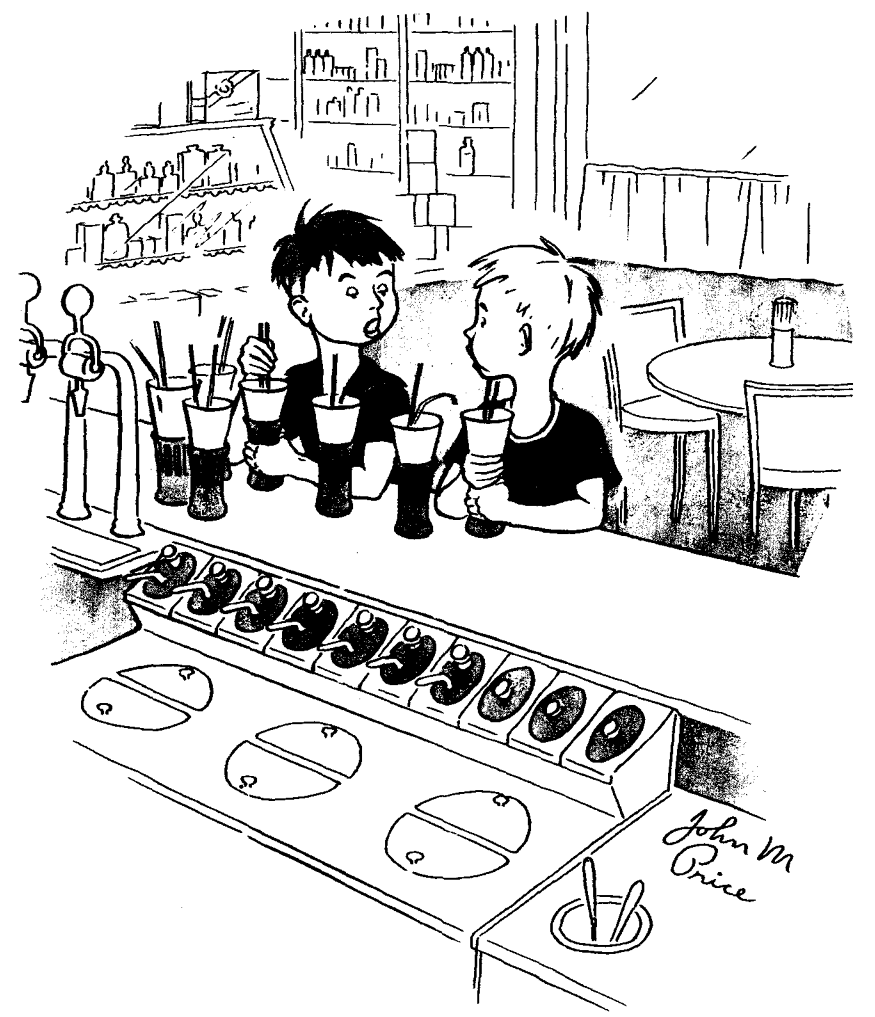
If a husband is older than his wife he's apt to have sons, if a woman is undernourished she is more likely to have sons. And Mr. William Shakespeare, somewhere in his writings, remarks as casually as if everybody knew it for a fact, "A man who goes to bed drunk begets a daughter." If this was a general rumor in those days it undoubtedly was originated—girls being the liability they traditionally are, though I've never believed it—to scare men into sobriety.

The Boys Have the Edge

And then there's the idea you've undoubtedly heard and more likely accepted as fact, for lots of bright people do, that after a war there are always more boy babies born for a while to make up for the men who were killed. But the hitch is that there are always more boys than girls conceived, so when you go collecting statistics after wars what is known as the norm is in your favor.

It's a funny thing about that norm. Scientists who have collected figures on miscarriages and premature stillbirths say that there seem to be approximately a hundred and twenty-five boys conceived to every hundred girls, but only a hundred and six boys born to every hundred girls; still more boys, you see, but an amazing drop all the same. Nobody knows why boys should be so much more often conceived than girls and then be so much less hardy. It's just a rather bewildering fact, though there is a theory about the first part at least that we'll come to in a minute.

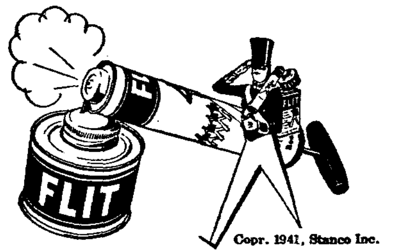
Now there is one more theory that I've been saving till the end because if any of them have anything to them it's this one. Notice that *it*, please. But first let's go back to Mrs. Smith and how she lost her inferiority complex. Has



"I think I'll get home late tonight, so I can be sent right up to bed without any supper" JOHN M. PRICE

QUICK, HENRY, THE FLIT!
Dr. Seuss

● No fear of an insect returning to pester you, once you spray it with FLIT. On mosquitoes, flies, bedbugs, roaches, ants and gnats, FLIT spray is certain death. Yet it's stainless and pleasant-smelling. Get a can of potent FLIT today.



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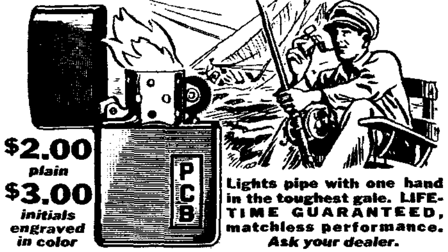
WINDPROOF



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the suspense been killing you? Let's hope not, because to get to Mrs. Smith we have to go still farther back into elementary biology. Everybody in these enlightened days knows that we all, you and I and even Hitler, start life as one microscopically tiny cell which divides and divides and grows and grows until we're us. And practically everybody who doesn't cling to the stork theory knows that that cell is formed from the joining together of two other tiny cells, the ovum, which is the female cell, and the sperm, which is the male cell.

Now in each of these two parent cells are a number of little things called chromosomes, which carry all our hereditary characteristics, and research workers who have studied hundreds and hundreds of ova have found that in all of them the number of chromosomes is the same. But—and here's where Mr. Smith comes in—not so with sperm. There are, it seems, two kinds of sperm cells, one with an X chromosome pattern and one with a Y pattern. And scientists have proved that it's not the right and left ovaries that make boys and girls but the Y and X chromosome patterns.

Sperm cells, by the way, look quite a little like tadpoles with very long tails, and some scientists believe (although they haven't been able to prove it) that the reason so many more boys are conceived is that the Y sperm cells are smaller and faster swimmers in general than the X cells and so have a better chance of reaching the ovum first. So it wasn't Mrs. Smith's fault that X sperm always united with her ova instead of Y sperm. Too bad Mrs. Smith didn't know this in time to look reproachfully at Mr. Smith over the head of her newborn fourth, fifth and sixth daughters. Of course it wasn't actually Mr. Smith's fault, either. The chances either way were probably some hundred and thirteen million out of two hundred and twenty-six million, but all the same it was he that produced the little girl cell and not his wife.

It has been pretty well established lately, and now we're back to our theory again, that a woman can become pregnant only during a certain part of each menstrual cycle . . . only, you see, after the ovum has been released and before it has been cast off. Well, the theory is that the fresh ovum is more susceptible to one kind of sperm cell and the ripe ovum to another. The only trouble is that although a good many of the people working on this idea think the susceptibility is to the Y sperm cell when ripe and the X sperm cell when fresh, almost as many think it's the other way 'round.

Cattle and other livestock breeders have been using a system very much like this for over fifty years with pretty good results, and their working theory is that breeding mares or cows late in heat produces males and early in heat produces females. But so far scientists haven't been able to do more than theorize and collect unreliable statistics when it comes to humans.

Too Many Variables

The human animal is pretty difficult to figure on, for the reproductive system is somewhat more complicated. The menstrual cycle varies by as much as weeks in different individuals and that makes the fertile period vary too in both time and duration. And then, nobody knows yet just how long the life of a sperm cell is, whether hours, days or weeks. So that makes a good many variables for any really exact conclusions. It wouldn't be much more surprising than a lot of other scientific discoveries though, if something came of this idea some day, and though a good many people think the ability to determine sex at will would get the population all out of proportion, most scientists don't worry about it. In the first place most people want both boys and girls, however much they talk of wanting boys first, and in the second place if boys ever should become a drug on the market, which is doubtful—ask any hostess—why there would immediately be a counterbalancing vogue for girl babies, and everything would even up again.

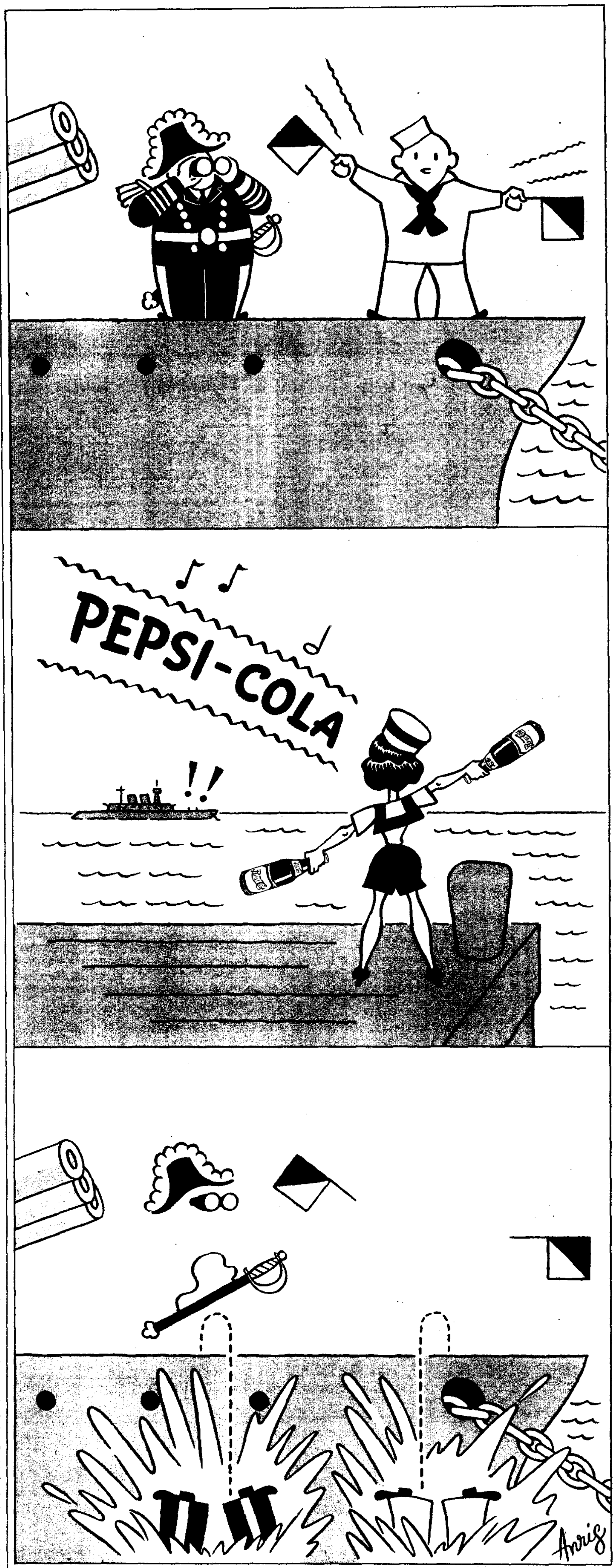
Most people haven't much desire to play God when it comes to deciding the sex of their children so all this is pretty theoretical. But we'll have to admit that very few fathers or mothers, can sit calmly back once they know they are going to have a baby and say, "Time will tell." For, of course, time will but meanwhile there the baby is practically in your lap and all those months to wonder in. It's not surprising there's been even more delightful idiocy written about this than about actually determining sex.

Gossips say that girls are likely to arrive early and boys late, which again is contrary to polite social usage. Girls are supposed to give you pains on the left side, boys on the right, but this, of course, is a carry-over from the girls-on-the-left, boys-on-the-right theory, and so is the French peasants' belief that a woman will walk with her right leg thrown forward and her right breast will be larger if she is carrying a boy. Poppycock, all of it, of course. Ask any obstetrician, be he Park Avenue specialist or country practitioner. Poppycock, he'll tell you. The only thing any of them will place any faith in at all is the fetal heartbeat. Apparently it is a fact that if the heartbeat is less than 124 it is apt to mean a boy and if more than 144 to mean a girl, but cautious authorities admit only a fifty per cent infallibility for even this rule, which isn't very infallible.

Just Take a Guess

There have been two rather hopeful research ventures lately that might prove something some day. One was done on rabbits and one on bitterlings, a kind of fish, and both boil down to a test for male sex hormone. There is both male and female sex hormone present, you see, in the normal pregnant woman, and if she has conceived a girl, the theory goes that the male sex hormone is given off in the urine. So, if the urine of a pregnant woman is (a) injected into an immature male rabbit, or (b) put in the water in which a female bitterling is swimming, and if certain changes take place in the reproductive organs, why the incipient baby is a girl. The only trouble is so far no other researchers have been able to duplicate these results. But just as the mouse test of yesterday is the rabbit pregnancy test of today, so the rabbits and bitterlings of today may be the forerunners of a standard fetal sex test.

Meanwhile, as good a method of determining sex as any is that practiced by the Persians, Mohammedans, Hindus and probably quite a few Christians, i. e., prayer. And as for finding out, once you know you've got something, well, one obstetrician tells his patients to lie flat on the floor and then he swings his watch, an old-fashioned turnip, over their tummies. If it swings clockwise it's a boy, counter-clockwise it's a girl. And another obstetrician asks his patients which they want, tells them that's what he's ordered for them, and to make no mistake writes it down in a little black book . . . only in reverse. If the mother gets what she wants, she tells all her friends how psychic her doctor is. If she doesn't, and casts it up to him, he shows her the book. "See, my dear, you must have been confused. I knew all along you'd have a girl." And they call this the scientific age!



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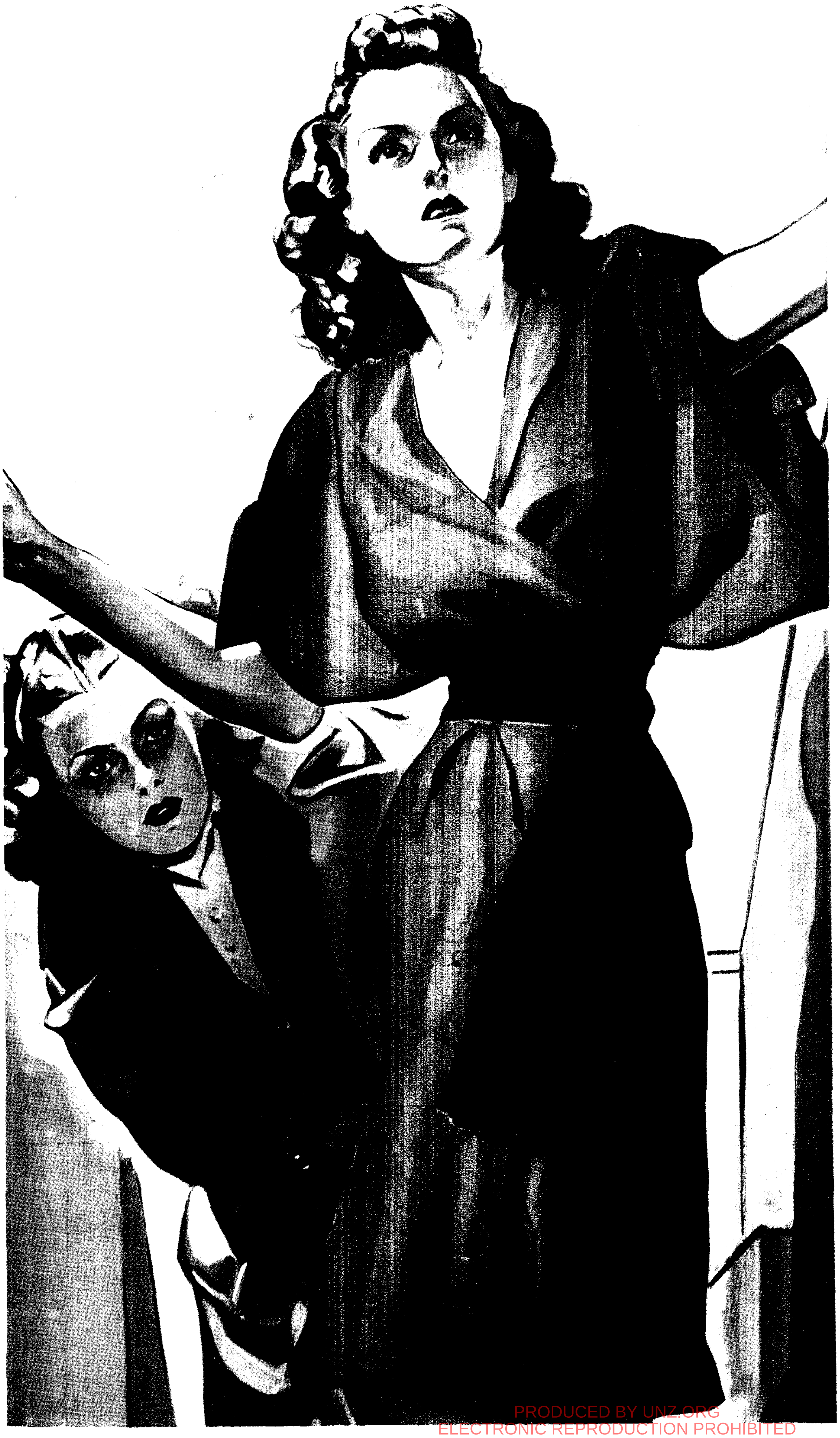
LADY IN ARMOR

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



They had been watching the fi[illegible]—horrified. Peggy had moved to one side but Rita was standing rigidly at the head of the steps

The Story Thus Far:

IN NEW YORK CITY, Rita Fenton, a night-club singer, marries Jerry Hamilton, owner of Chinquapin plantation, near the little Southern city of Karnak. Then—after she and Hamilton separate and Hamilton returns to his plantation—she marries a man named Paul Campbell, without securing a divorce. . . .

Karnak County is rotten politically. Hoping to improve conditions, the good citizens elect an honest sheriff—a girl: Dale Meredith. Dale starts an anticrime and antigraft drive. And Neil Berkeley, the leader of the crooks, decides to "eliminate" her.

Hamilton's wife comes to Karnak. Hamilton, in love with Dale, implores the woman to divorce him. She ignores his pleas, ensconces herself in his home. And, because she is his wife, Karnak accepts her. A short time later, Paul Campbell (who knows nothing about Rita's first marriage) arrives on the scene. Learning that his "wife" is a bigamist, he urges Dale to see that she is prosecuted.

By this time, Neil Berkeley is deep in a none-too-secret affair with Rita. Curious to know what the newcomer is up to, he picks Campbell up, worms the story out of him; after which, he lures him to a lonely spot and murders him. No one sees him kill Campbell; but he knows that he is, nevertheless, in peril. Tom Garrison, a young engineer—the scapegoat in a tragedy in which thirty-nine persons had lost their lives—will soon return from Minnesota (where he has been hiding); and he will be prepared to give evidence that will send Berkeley to the penitentiary.

Meanwhile, Dale's sister Peggy has fallen in love with Berkeley. Dale and her father and their house guest, Peter Aylesworth (an English war veteran) all warn her. But she insists that Berkeley (who, hoping to use her as a shield against Dale, has asked her to marry him) is an innocent victim of political intrigue. . . .

Hidden in a clump of trees, Berkeley shoots Dale—shoots her once, wounding her slightly. It is night. After that one shot Aylesworth and Spurious Williams, a Negro, attack Berkeley and force him to flee—not, however, until the Englishman has been injured. . . . Jerry Hamilton interrogates Rita, forces her to admit that Berkeley had told her that he had killed Campbell. After which he decides to have a talk with a man who had once been his best friend: Neil Berkeley.

Conclusion

SATURDAY night, after returning from the fairgrounds, Neil Berkeley accepted Les Carson's invitation to stay overnight. Sunday morning, Mr. Berkeley further enjoyed the hospitality of the Carson establishment. He breakfasted heartily on hominy grits, pork sausage, waffles, corn syrup, orange juice and coffee. Les then suggested that Neil take a look at his new tractor and, much to his surprise, Neil said yes. Then Mr. Berkeley put in a telephone call to Angel Verner.

He told Angel where he was, and the ex-sheriff answered nervously. He said, "I got to see you personal. All hell has busted loose. If anybody shows up out there, you lay low. Tell Les to keep his mouth shut about you bein' there."

Mr. Verner's arrival a half-hour later did nothing to make Neil feel at ease. The former sheriff of Karnak County was not a good dissembler and he worked almost too obviously to get Neil off by himself. They finally escaped from the hospitable Mr. Carson and strolled into the woods, where Angel's first words were anything but reassuring.

"Neil," he said, "you sure messed things up."

"How?"

"In the first place, Dale Meredith ain't dead. She ain't hahdly hurt."

"So I heard." Neil Berkeley shrugged apologetically. "Half a dozen folks telephoned the Carsons this morning giving them all the details." He seemed to be obsessed with the idea of excusing his faulty marksmanship: "After the grandstand caught fire, the little lady wouldn't pose for me. She came out of the office running and I had to shoot quick. And at that instant some man came from nowhere and jumped me."

"Yeah, I heard about that, too," Angel observed dryly. "You got any idea who that feller was?"

"Not the slightest."

"It was that English guy, Aylesworth."

Neil whistled. "That's bad," he commented.

"It's wuss than that." Angel wasn't pulling his punches. "First of all, that colored boy of Otis Meredith's seen you in the woods. He ran over to fetch help, and got holt of Aylesworth. Aylesworth got there in time to jump you and also to recognize you."

Neil's face was grim. He said, though with no great conviction, "Les Carson and the boys will swear I never left here last night."

"That won't do no good, Neil—so quit kiddin' yourse'f. Ev'ybody in town knows it was you, and they're sizzlin'. I never seen Karnak so het up. This mawnin' Dale sent out some of her deputies to look

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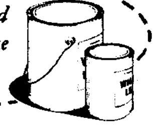

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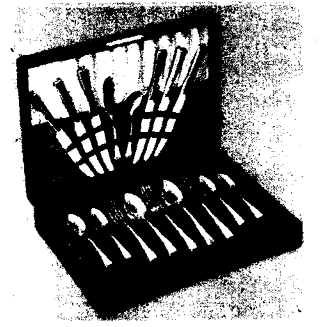

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fo' you an' I just heard that Jerry Hamilton is one of 'em. You know what that means, Neil."

In Neil's eyes there was a cold, calculating hardness. He said, "Looks like the cup has spilled over, doesn't it?"

"Brother, you ain't said half. Folks is plumb crazy mad. I ain't even shuah they'd let you come to trial if you was picked up. You know how people are: they're your friends one day, and then somethin' slips an' they're all on the other side—"

"Riding the band wagon. Yes, I know. But I also know this county. Give things a little time to blow over, and all this new virtue will die down. . . ."

"Yeah, but not this time. This mess ain't fixin' to blow over, Neil. Besides, the impawtant thing now is Jerry Hamilton. He ain't sayin' a word, but he's lookin' ev'ywhere. He's bound to find you."

Neil said slowly, "That might not be so good for him."

"Nor neither fo' you, Neil. Why don't you be sensible about this? You got to admit that you've gone awful far. Shootin' at Dale last night. Ev'ybody knows you did—no matter what Les Carson might say. What's more, they know you been chasin' around after Jerry Hamilton's wife, an' that puts a heap of right on his side."

NEIL asked quietly, "What are you suggesting, Angel?"

"You got to git away. I'm tellin' you, Neil—it's se'ious. And I'm dogged if I can think of any safe hidin' place fo' you in this county where ev'ybody knows you."

Neil stood thoughtfully, staring off through the trees. Then a slow smile creased his lips. He said quietly, "There's one place Jerry Hamilton would never look for me."

"Where?"

"At his house."

At first Angel didn't grasp the idea. Then his jaw dropped and his eyes widened. He said, "At Chinquapin! Good gosh, Neil—you wouldn't dare!"

"By your analysis, Angel—it's about the only thing I *would* dare."

Mr. Verner emitted a long, low whistle in which there was an admixture of admiration and apprehension. "You reckon you could trust Miz Hamilton that much?"

"Rita will play ball," said Neil calmly. "She'll have to."

"H'mm! Sounds so crazy that maybe it's good. An' I sho don't know no other place."

"Then," stated Neil, "that's where I'll go. I'll take the river road: it's pretty deserted. I know where I'll hide my car . . . in a thicket a mile or so from Chinquapin. I'll walk the rest of the way. I don't like hiding out . . . it isn't exactly my idea of fun . . . but I'm taking your word that it's my healthiest course. Meanwhile, you can try to figure some way of getting me out of the county. If an idea hits you, or if there's anything I ought to know—just telephone Rita. Ask her to deliver a message. She'll understand what you mean."

Mr. Verner said, "Ain't nobody can whup you fo' long, Neil. You're the durnedest feller. . . ." He lowered his voice as though fearful that someone might be within earshot. "You got a gun?"

"Yes." The taller man smiled down at his friend. "I have one, Angel—and I still know how to use it."

RITA HAMILTON was upset. Ever since Jerry's departure from Chinquapin that morning she had battled against jumpy nerves.

She ate dinner alone. After dinner she left the house and walked along the pathway which followed the river. The air was clear and cool and still. Rita had the feeling that she was living in a vacuum, that this was a pause between ghastly happenings of the immediate past and the immediate future. She felt acutely her lack of understanding of Karnak, and of the spirit of the people. She had found out the previous night that she didn't even know her own husband.

That had been a different Jerry. He hadn't been the quiet, easygoing, lackadaisical, indifferent person whom she had regarded as a gentlemanly, good-natured oaf. She had sensed—for the first time—a steely quality—a strength that frightened her.

She knew where he'd gone that morning. She knew that he was searching for Neil Berkeley and the thought of their inevitable encounter frightened her. Her very selfishness made her fear more acute, because she was caught between these two men—hopelessly involved in the causes and effects which had motivated everything that had happened or was about to happen. She felt terribly alone and bewildered.

She followed the narrow, twisting path, and jumped as though from a physical impact when a quiet, suave voice said, "Good afternoon, Mrs. Hamilton."

Neil Berkeley stood in front of her: calm, confident, smiling, assured. She said, "Oh . . ." and then she rushed to him and was grateful for the feel of his strong arms about her.

Hysteria was very close to the surface, and she started talking. She told him about her scene with Jerry the previous night, told him where Jerry had gone, and heard him say, "Yes, I know. That's why I'm here."

She looked up at him with wide, startled eyes. "Neil! You don't mean . . ."

"I don't mean what you're thinking, honey. I'm not at all anxious to meet your husband while he's in his present warlike mood. As a matter of fact, I'm not anxious to meet any of my fellow citizens. At the moment, my dear, I'm in the community doghouse."

"Is it that bad?"

"It's worse. Much worse. It seems that there has been some talk that I tried to kill Dale Meredith last night. Virtue has been outraged, and the county idol of yesterday finds it necessary to hide out."

"But you shouldn't have come here. . . ."

"That's where you're wrong." He told her then that he planned to hide at Chinquapin until an opportunity for escaping from the state presented itself. "So you've got a house guest, Rita. The attic of your home will be a most comfortable sanctuary."

NEW fear struck at her. The idea was fantastic, she argued. Jerry would be coming home, and then . . .

"He'll never suspect that I'm in his house," explained Neil. "And the actual getting away will be rather simple."

She tried to talk him out of it, but her arguments were of no avail. He was quite matter-of-fact about it. Here he was, and here he intended to stay.

Rita submitted because there was nothing else she could do. He hadn't said so in so many words . . . but he conveyed the impression that she was in this almost as deep as he was. And so she went ahead of him into the house, and made sure that Jerry had not come back and also that no servants were about.

She led Neil up to the attic. Then she went downstairs and returned with food and water. He took her in his arms again and kissed her. She was still trembling when he released her, and he said, "I know you can't help being afraid, honey . . . but you must try not to show it."

She said, "But suppose Jerry should find out that you're here?"

"That's possible, of course." He seemed unusually tall and handsome in the dim attic light. "I'm afraid, my dear, that if he did find out Chinquapin would be the scene of another killing."

KARNAK was experiencing a new excitement—one different in quality from anything that had gone before.

Families at their Sunday-night supper tables discussed only one thing: the fact that Jerry Hamilton was looking for Neil Berkeley. There was the crisis, the climax of all the drama that had shaken the county for these many weeks.

It was only little details that the townsfolk did not know, such as the fact that at nine o'clock Sunday night Jerry Hamilton drove moodily back to Chinquapin. He'd been under terrific strain—tense, alert and watchful, knowing the nature of the man he sought.

He put his car in the garage and entered the big house. Rita was sitting in front of the fire with a magazine open in her lap, as though she'd been reading. She, too, showed signs of strain. She was nervous and jumpy, and there were dark circles under her eyes. She sat rigidly, not moving, not speaking, as her husband came in and dropped wearily into a chair. He regarded her intently and said, "No luck. Neil has dropped out of sight."

If he noticed that she seemed to be more—rather than less—tense by reason of his remark, he gave no sign. It was odd the way he felt about Rita. He was too honest a person to blame her entirely for this situation. As for her infatuation for Neil, that seemed the least important factor in the whole miserable setup.

For a few moments he smoked, gazing into the flickering fire through half-closed eyes. He was thinking hard, but the effort wasn't getting him anywhere. He'd been thinking all day, so that by now his thoughts were moving in circles. Finally he got up and walked into the spacious kitchen. He rummaged in the icebox, where he found some cold fried chicken, a couple of cold boiled potatoes and a container of fresh milk. He ate slowly and without relish. Then he returned to the library and relaxed in his leather club chair.

Rita feigned indifference. She made a heroic effort to appear unconcerned. But alarming thoughts were pounding through her head. Uppermost in her mind was the knowledge that all afternoon her husband had been hunting for Neil Berkeley and that Neil was here, in the attic of this house. The situation was preposterous and dangerous. She heard sounds when there were no sounds, saw things which were not there. The strain on her nerves was ghastly, so that she was waging a discouraging battle against hysteria.

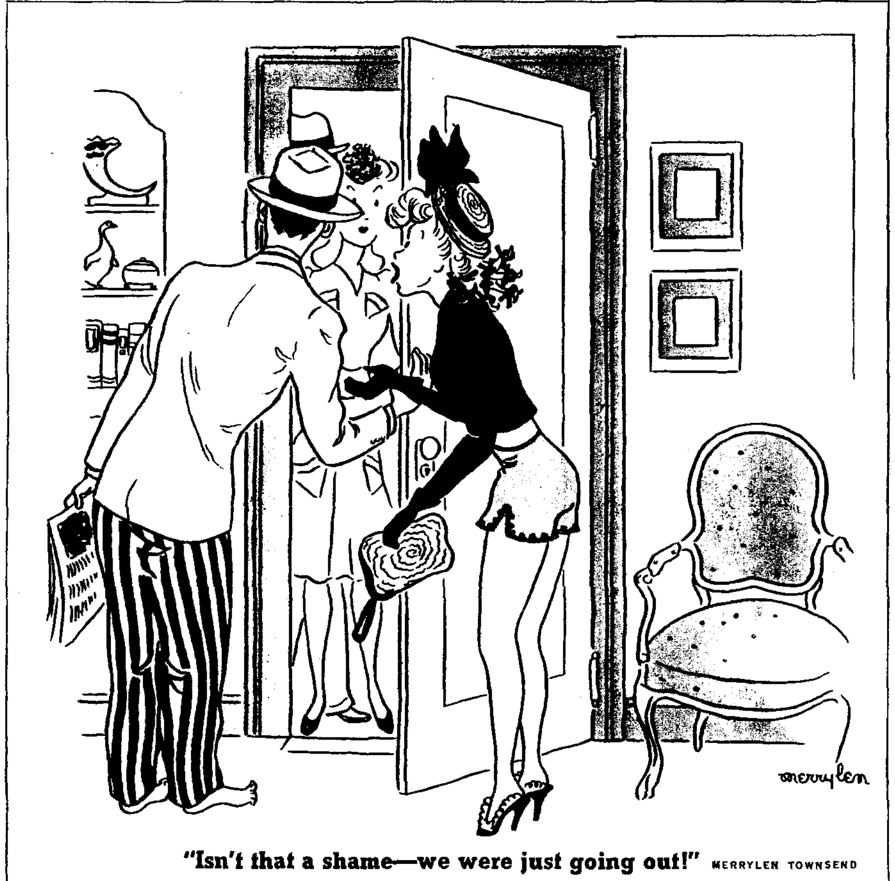
Meanwhile, back in the town of Karnak, in the quiet little cottage on Marsden Avenue, Dale Meredith was thinking, too. She was thinking about a report that had just reached her ears—a rumor that had emanated from a Negro field hand at Chinquapin. He had seen something and told a friend, and the rumor had reached Karnak by grapevine and eventually come to the ears of Deputy Sheriff Chet Wilson. Chet had told the story to Dale, and she hadn't quite grasped it at first Now it was beginning to hit hard.

It all dovetailed so perfectly; was so precisely the one thing Neil Berkeley would do. Dale asked herself a multitude of questions: why was it that Jerry had been unable to find Neil? Where could he possibly be when he was so well known throughout the county . . . and yet no one had seen him? Yes, it all added up to the thing Chet Wilson had suggested.

CHINQUAPIN! That was the one place where Jerry would never think of looking. It was daring—incredible even—but logical. If Neil was there, then Rita must know it. She'd make every effort to conceal him, but suppose her nerves betrayed her? Suppose Jerry noticed that something was wrong and succeeded in breaking her down, as he had done the previous night?

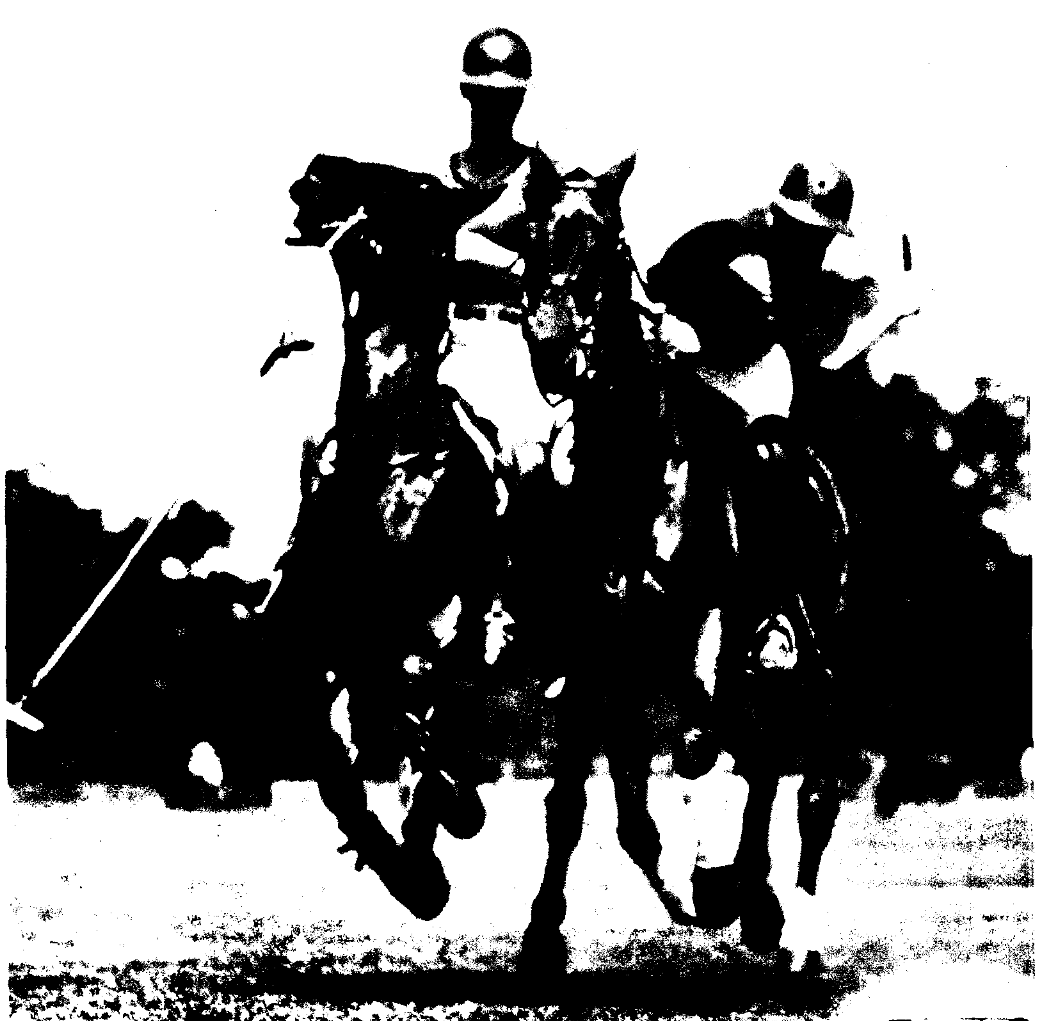
The answer was frightening. Jerry would be alone in the house with a desperate man who would not hesitate to kill him. Dale hurried into the hallway and picked up the telephone. She called Chet Wilson.

She spoke swiftly and softly to the laconic Chet, giving terse orders, making efficient arrangements. Then she went to her room, donned a light coat



"Isn't that a shame—we were just going out!" MERRYLEN TOWNSEND

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE



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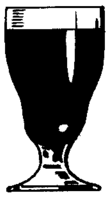

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EVE: Well, if you aren't getting enough of the Vitamin B Complex, try my vitamin cocktail. Get these vitamins this *natural* way. Twice a day, keep it up, and maybe all of a sudden everything's upsy-daisy! Buy a week's supply. It keeps perfectly in the refrigerator. And, in tomato juice, it tastes like oven-fresh bread. Swell!

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and slipped out of the house. But when she reached her car it was to realize that her conversation with Chet had been overheard.

Peggy was sitting behind the wheel. "Get in," she said in an oddly mature voice. "If you think you know where Neil is—I'm going with you."

Dale protested: "You can't, honey. I'm not sure at all. I only asked Chet to meet me . . ."

"Get in." Peggy's voice was flat. "Chinquapin's a long way off."

Dale resigned herself to the inevitable. She slipped into the seat beside her sister, and as they started through town she was thinking, "What glorious confidence! If only it weren't so misplaced." She felt sympathy and affection for the youngster beside her. Impulsively she reached over with her one good hand and squeezed Peggy's fingers.

"You're a peach," she said, trying to keep her voice steady. "Any man is lucky to be loved by a girl like you."

Peggy said quietly, "Don't get gooey, Dale. You're doing what you think is your job. Well, I think you're crazy—and I'm trailing along to prove it. I haven't the faintest idea where Neil is. Maybe he's at Jerry's house, and maybe he isn't. But I do know that he's not being given a square chance. Suppose he *is* hiding: what could be more natural? People are condemning him without giving him an opportunity to say 'Not guilty.' I'd never believe Neil tried to kill you . . . not unless I had proof."

THEY had passed the station and bumped across the railroad tracks. The swamp loomed ahead. Dale said, "Slow up, Peggy. Chet was to join me here."

A horn sounded and Chet's car appeared from a rutty little side road. The gaunt deputy got out and ambled up to Dale's car. She said, "Suppose you follow along behind us, Chet," and he said, "Sho will, ma'am." Then Peggy drove on toward Chinquapin and the headlights of Chet's car cut a yellow path through the night for them.

Dale said casually, "I feel easier. Chet's a good man." She turned to her sister. "Listen, Peggy," she said, "there's no reason why we shouldn't talk honestly, is there?"

Peggy was cautious: "About what?"

"Ourselves. We're both in love. We each feel that the man we love is in danger. You're being very brave about it. I'm not. I'm scared green."

"Jerry can take care of himself."

"So can Neil. That's the trouble, Peggy. Neither of us can guess what we're running into. But whatever it is, I'd like to feel that we're stepping into it together . . . not as antagonists."

"I'm not antagonistic," said the younger girl, "and I'm not stepping into anything. I don't believe Neil is at Chinquapin."

"I hope he isn't. . . ." Dale was silent for a moment. "All I want is your happiness, Peggy. For your sake I hope Neil isn't there. For your sake I hope he isn't guilty and that we can find the man who is."

Peggy had been staring down the twisting ribbon of road. "You're terribly sure you're right, aren't you?" she said suddenly. "You're so positive of Neil's guilt that you're willing to make pretty speeches."

"That's not fair."

"Nothing seems to be fair any more. Get this, Dale: maybe I'm just the kid you think I am. I'm old enough not to be sure—even of that. But I do know that it hasn't been easy to keep on defending Neil when everybody is against him—when they twist things around to make him look guilty. Don't you understand, Sis . . . I'm in love with him. Doesn't that explain why I can't make myself believe that he tried to kill you?"

"I understand. . . ." Dale tried to change the subject. She said, "I wonder whether you know that Peter is pretty fond of you."

"I reckon so. But I've tried not to think about it."

"Why?"

"Because Peter's so completely tops . . . and I'm engaged to someone else."

They emerged from the swamp and approached the uplands that separated Four Holes from the river. The woods opened up and they saw the clear, cloudless sky with its million stars. They rolled up the curving driveway toward the gracious old plantation house. Lights glowed palely from the reception hall and library. Things looked quiet and normal, and Dale sighed with relief. Peggy braked the car to a stop, and Chet Wilson stopped his car behind it. He walked forward, deep-set black eyes keen, long fingers hitching at his gun belt.

"You stay outside, Chet. You might look around while we're in the house. If Neil is here at all, he'd most likely be in the barn or one of the other outbuildings."

"Yes'm." The deputy seemed very calm. "I sort of figgered that-a-way myse'f. Neil won't be likely to start nothin' less'n it's forced on him, an' tha's the ve'y thing I ain't proposin' to do."

Chet moved off slowly. Dale and Peggy walked up on the spacious veranda and tapped on the front door.

It opened almost instantly. Jerry Hamilton gazed at his visitors incredulously and said, "Well, imagine this. Come in."

He led the way into the library. Rita stood rigidly by her chair, saying nothing.

Jerry said, "What is it, Dale?"

"Nothing." She tried to smile, tried to make it look natural . . . and all the while her ears were straining for sounds from outside. "Just dropped in for a social call."

"So-o . . . ? What was the idea of the second car?"

She looked startled. "You see everything, don't you, Jerry?"

He wasn't smiling now. "Whose car was it?"

"What difference does it make?"

"I'm still asking."

"One of the deputies," explained Dale quietly. "He wasn't keen about letting me drive through the swamp alone."

"Chaperon?" asked Jerry, but the query wasn't meant lightly. "That doesn't add up right. Let's ask him in."

"No!" Dale was too quick. "He's comfortable enough out there."

"Okay . . ." Jerry looked from one to the other. "I don't get it," he repeated.

RITA, whose nerves were near the snapping point, broke in: "Why don't you quit asking questions, Jerry? Why do you keep on insisting that there's *something behind it.*"

He looked at her levelly. "Because I can't help believing that there is."

Dale said, "You haven't even asked me how I'm feeling." He didn't rise to the bait and she hurried on, too eagerly, too gaily: "It hurts, thank you, but I managed to get here. Perhaps because I had pleasant company. Perhaps because I knew that Chinquapin hospitality was waiting at the end of the road. As a matter of fact, we might make a little coffee."

"I'll fix it," said Rita. She started for the door, but Jerry stopped her.

"Just a minute." The big man was standing in front of the fire so that he threw a gigantic shadow on the opposite wall. "You're sure your deputy stayed in his car?"

"Of course."

"I thought I saw him get out."

"So what? A man might want to stretch his legs."

"He might. He might also be looking for something."

"Jerry, please . . ."

"He might," went on Jerry quietly, "be looking for a man. A man named Neil Berkeley, perhaps."

There was an awful moment of silence. Rita said sharply, "Jerry! You're crazy!"

"Perhaps Dale is crazy, too. But I don't think so." They were all silent for a moment, then Jerry nodded slowly and spoke, as though attempting to clarify his own thoughts: "Funny I never thought of that. Chinquapin is the only spot in Karnak County that nobody would ever think of looking for Neil."

Dale caught the expression on Rita's face. She knew—knew instantly and beyond any shadow of doubt—that she'd been right. Neil *was* at Chinquapin. Not only that, but Rita knew it.

The voice of the redheaded wife of Jerry Hamilton was shrill with protest: "That's absurd, Jerry . . . absurd . . ."

"No. It's sensible." He smiled at Dale, but it was a grim smile, totally devoid of humor. "I'll let your deputy look outside, Dale. But I'm a deputy, too, and I think I'll take a hand."

"No!" It was Rita, eyes too bright, voice too loud: "You mustn't."

"But I shall." Jerry started toward the hall. "I'm going to have a look around. Right here in the house." He faced them from the foot of the stairway. "I'll start in the attic . . ."

THE sound of a man walking upstairs. Slowly. Steadily. There was nothing unusual about that, yet somehow the three women in the library were aware of a tension.

Jerry Hamilton's wife was standing stiff and straight in the middle of the room. Looking at her now, Dale was conscious of nothing save the fact that here was a woman torn with fear and uncertainty; she saw nothing but a face that was haggard and suddenly older than it had ever looked before. The greenish eyes were wide with dread, the long, crimson-tipped fingers opened and closed nervously.

Up. Upstairs and along the hall toward the stairway leading to the attic. Footsteps that were firm and strong and determined. Deliberate, unhurried. And there was no sound downstairs save the crackling of oak logs in the fireplace, the ticking of a grandfather clock in the hall, the audible breathing of Rita Hamilton.

Outside, all was still. Even the night sounds from swamp and river came in a monotone, indistinguishable one from the other. Dale's ears were strained for any sound from outside. She tried to shake off this feeling of apprehension; she told herself over and over again that Chet Wilson would find Neil somewhere and that whatever happened would occur outside. But this vague, intangible fear persisted. It was transmitted to her from Rita's brain so that she found herself looking at no one but Rita, thinking of no one save the statuesque redheaded woman who was married to Jerry Hamilton.

Rita's hand went to her lips as though to choke back words that demanded utterance. The silence was awful—until Dale broke it. Acting on instinct, she took a step forward and put her hand on Rita's arm.

"What is it?" she asked sharply.

The question seemed to jar Rita. She turned wide, frightened eyes on Dale. She said, "You've got to stop him."

"Jerry?"

"Yes."

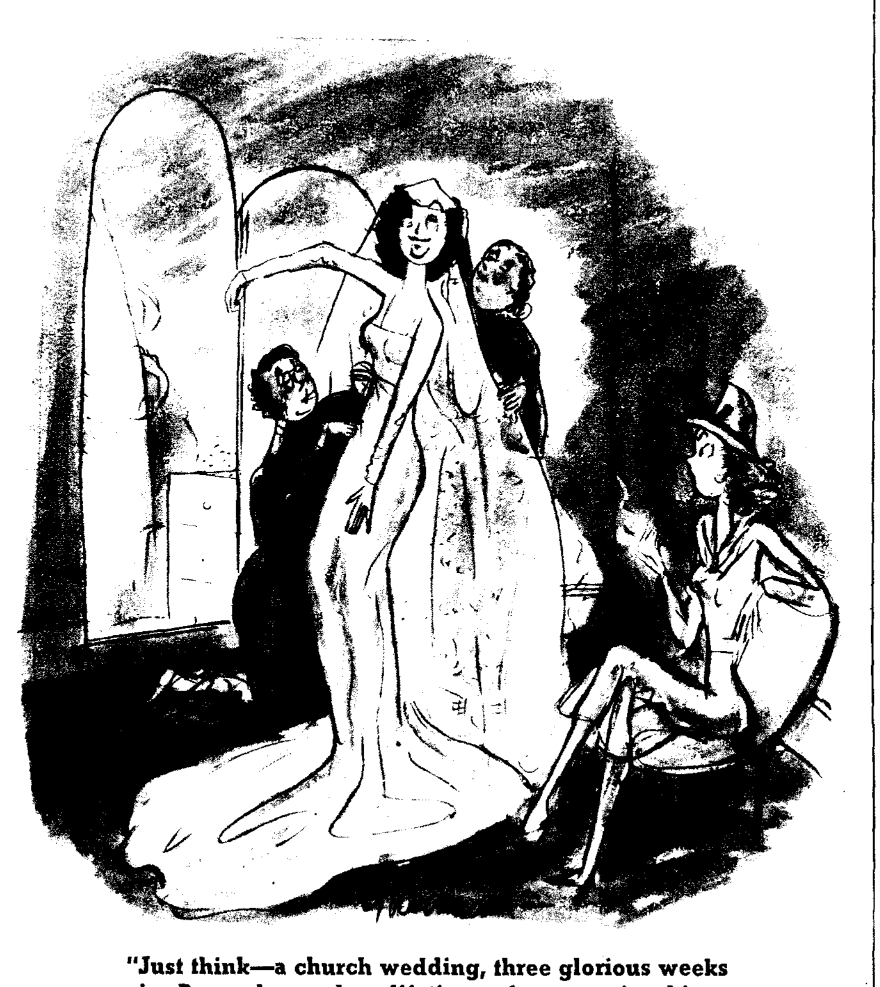
"Why?"

And then it came—sharply, fearfully.

"Neil's up there," said Rita. "Neil is hiding in the attic."

Rita's words were simple enough, but their impact was terrific. Dale's first thought was of Peggy.

The blue eyes of the younger girl were filled with pain and with horror. No question now that she knew the truth—not alone because Neil was hid-



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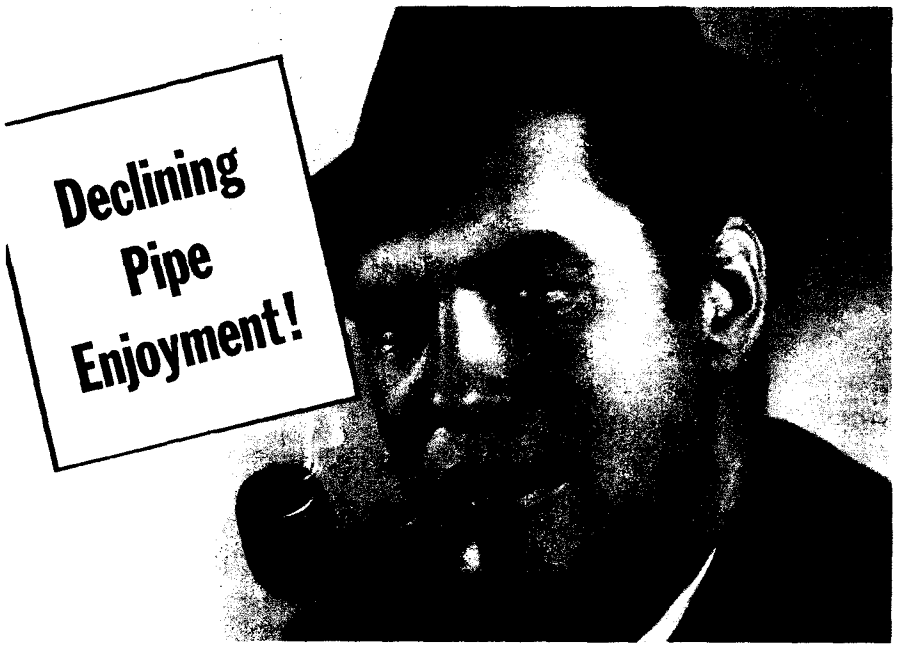
BARBARA SHERMUND

ARREST.



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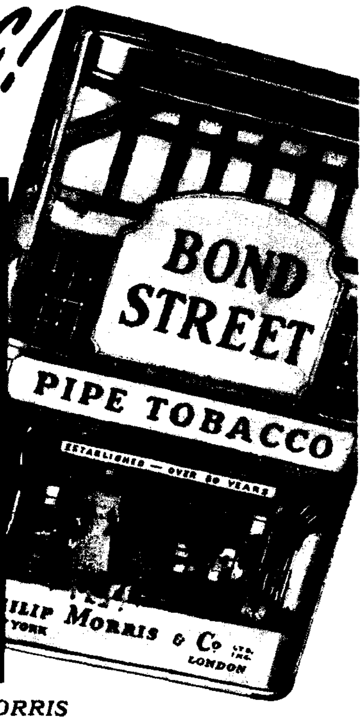

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PROFESSIONAL APPLICATIONS AT BARBERS.

ing here, but because of Rita's attitude. You couldn't mistake it. Neil was guilty and Rita knew he was guilty. Not even Peggy's fierce loyalty was proof against the story in Rita's eyes.

Almost as profound as Dale's fear was her sympathy for Peggy. This was too cruel for any girl so young; too great a shock, too awful a realization. But this was no time for softer emotion. There was grim danger abovestairs. Neil was in the attic and that was where Jerry was going.

Dale said sharply to Peggy, "Go outside and get Chet Wilson."

But Peggy did not move. Dale repeated her order, and Peggy said, "I'm going upstairs."

Dale wasted no precious moments. She ran to the front door and flung it open. The cold air of a winter night swept in, but neither Peggy nor Rita noticed. They were staring at each other . . . and they heard a sound from above, an ominous, frightening sound. . . .

JERRY HAMILTON had moved without haste or fear. But he, too, was aware of a tightness that he could not understand. His senses were alert, on guard. He paused briefly at the foot of the attic steps and snapped a switch so that light flared from a bulb which dangled nakedly from the beamed ceiling of the uppermost floor.

Then Jerry started up those steps, still without haste, still warned by that instinct which kept muscles tense and eyes keen. He went up and up, step by step, prepared to meet something that sheer common sense told him could not be. He reached the top of the stairway. The electric bulb cast weird shadows beyond the stacks of trunks and packages and old furniture and other odds and ends that had accumulated there over a period of generations.

A voice came out of the shadow, a low, quiet, dangerous voice.

Neil Berkeley said, "Stand right there, Jerry."

The big man froze. He knew danger when he heard it: this was not the voice of a man who was bluffing.

Neil spoke again: "You understand that I've got you covered. You know what that means if you start anything."

Jerry wasn't frightened, but he knew what he was up against. No time now for a false move, no time for a move of any kind. He felt admiration for this man, hunted and beaten, who yet retained so much of his customary calm and suavity.

Odd about that. Here he was facing a dangerous and deadly Neil Berkeley, who lurked in the shadows with a gun. He'd grown up with Neil—had known him since they were kids together. They'd played on the same teams in high school and college; they had swum and fished and hunted together. They had rather liked each other, because each recognized in the other those predominant masculine qualities: strength and courage.

No, Neil wasn't bluffing. Right or wrong, he never bluffed. He hadn't bluffed since the beginning of this horrible mix-up which had turned all of Karnak County upside down. He had been unscrupulous, but fearless. He had killed, and he would not hesitate to kill again.

Jerry said, "Here I am, Neil."

"So I see. You weren't very smart—coming up here."

Neil emerged from the shadows. He was taller than Jerry, though not so broad. His muscles had the quality of steel. His eyes were narrow and hard. The hand that held the gun was steady.

Jerry said, "There's nothing much you can do about this, Neil."

"No? Maybe I think different."

"Shooting me isn't going to get you anywhere. It would only make things worse."

Berkeley gave a short, sharp, bitter laugh. "I don't check with you on that, Jerry. They couldn't be worse."

Two old acquaintances talking. Talking calmly, as though one did not possess a gun and a motive.

"Let's do it the easy way," suggested Hamilton quietly. "It'll be best for you."

Neil said, "I'm deciding that. So listen: You're walking downstairs ahead of me. I don't want to hurt you, Jerry . . . but I'm warning you. You understand?"

"Yes. I understand."

"Turn around and walk down. Slow and easy. I'm right behind you."

Jerry was thinking fast. Dale Meredith was downstairs. Peggy was there. "Not so good," he thought. "I've got to take a chance."

He turned his back, wondering whether a man could hear the sound of the shot that killed him. He heard Neil move close—closer. His ears were keen; he was trying to estimate Neil's distance from him. He heard Neil say, "Go ahead . . ."

Jerry Hamilton moved suddenly. He took one step toward the stairs, then he leaped to one side. He heard an exclamation from Neil Berkeley and a shot. He dropped to the floor, twisting as he did so, so that a second shot plowed through the planks dangerously close to him.

He grabbed for Neil's foot and jerked with all his strength. Neil's body crashed on top of him; Neil's head crashed into his face. The gun clattered to the floor.

Jerry twisted and heaved and wrapped his arms about Neil Berkeley's sinewy body. He felt the knee of the other man come up, seeking to paralyze him with a kick in the groin. He squirmed to one side, clinched his fist and struck hard at the face that appeared briefly within range.

They fought silently, only the harsh, labored breathing punctuating the sound of big, powerful bodies threshing about on the bare floor. The irresistible force had clashed with the immovable body; the battle was on, the battle between two dangerously powerful men.

THEY did not fight as gentlemen fight. They did not battle by rule. They came together and punched and tore and kicked; they broke away from each other, faces crimson, clothes torn, breathing labored . . . and then they were at each other again, fighting venomously.

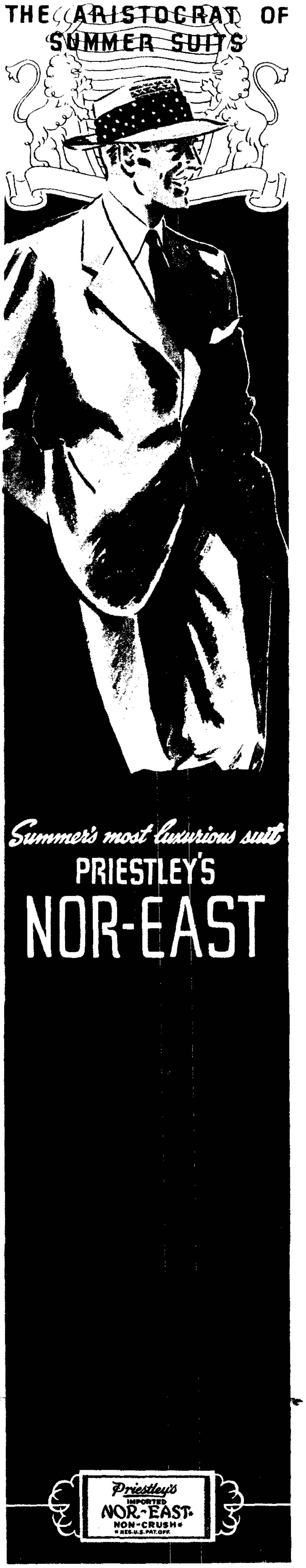
Slowly, inexorably, the tide of battle was turning against Neil Berkeley. For the one and only time in his existence he had encountered a man who was stronger and more expert than he; he had encountered something he was not competent to handle, but if he knew this he gave no sign.

They lurched about the attic, crashing into old, discarded furniture, falling over trunks and packing cases, shaking the walls of the stanch, venerable old house. But each time they closed with each other the tide of battle turned more definitely against Neil. His strength was ebbing, and, apparently, Jerry's was not.

There was something terrifying, something disconcerting, in the ruthless power of Jerry Hamilton, in the relentlessness of his attack. Neil realized that this could not go on indefinitely, that his own body—powerful as it was—could not stand this punishment much longer.

But he had no thought of quitting. He started thinking again, calculating every move, watching for the opening that might decide things. The attic was a whirling, formless thing; his body a blur of pain. But his brain was keen.

Then the opportunity came. They



tore loose from each other and paused briefly—chests heaving, shoulders swaying. Then they lurched forward again. Once more Jerry's arms reached out as he came close. Neil waited, and then lifted his head sharply so that it drove into Jerry's face. The impact was sickening and unexpected. Jerry staggered back, groping for a Neil whom he could not see.

Neil's foot shot out and caught Jerry in the kneecap. The larger man sagged, and Neil was on him in an instant, pounding with fists and feet. Jerry fought back fiercely. But he was hurt, and in sheer desperation he reached for Neil's throat—found it! His fingers closed. . . .

Neil exerted the ultimate ounce of his waning strength and tore loose. But instead of returning to the attack, he leaped for the stairway.

Neither man had seen the two women. They had been watching the fight—horrified and helpless. Peggy had moved to one side, but Rita was standing rigidly at the head of the steps, wide-eyed and silent—terrified and ill. Peggy had called out shrilly, but neither Jerry nor Neil had heard, nor did they hear her now as Neil leaped for the stairway.

It was an unexpected, lightning move. One step—two. He crashed into Rita. She screamed as she pitched down the stairway. Neil also fell, and the pounding of their bodies on the steps came to the ears of Dale Meredith and Chet Wilson, who were hurrying upstairs.

Jerry leaped to his feet and dashed for the stairway. He started down, not knowing that Peggy was behind him. He started down the steps . . . and halfway down he paused.

At the foot of the stairway lay Rita, motionless. Chet Wilson flung himself on Neil Berkeley, who had been stunned by the fall.

JERRY came downstairs. His head was spinning, his face covered with blood. He helped pinion Neil Berkeley. Chet Wilson produced a pair of handcuffs. The gaunt deputy rose and looked down at his prisoner. "Reckon he's safe enough now," said Chet.

Dale moved close to Jerry. She had seen his face and was sick and afraid. She saw Rita, lying white and still, and she dropped to her knees beside the other woman. She felt no definite emotion . . . it was too soon yet for that.

Rita was sprawled grotesquely. Dale had an odd thought—it seemed to her, crazily enough, that the vividly beautiful woman must be very uncomfortable. She turned Rita over, and a light of horror shone in her eyes.

She reached for Rita's wrist and felt her pulse. She put her ear to Rita's heart. Then she rose and steadied herself against the wall. She did not recognize her own voice, nor grasp the full significance of her own words.

"I'm afraid," she said . . . "I'm afraid that Rita is dead."

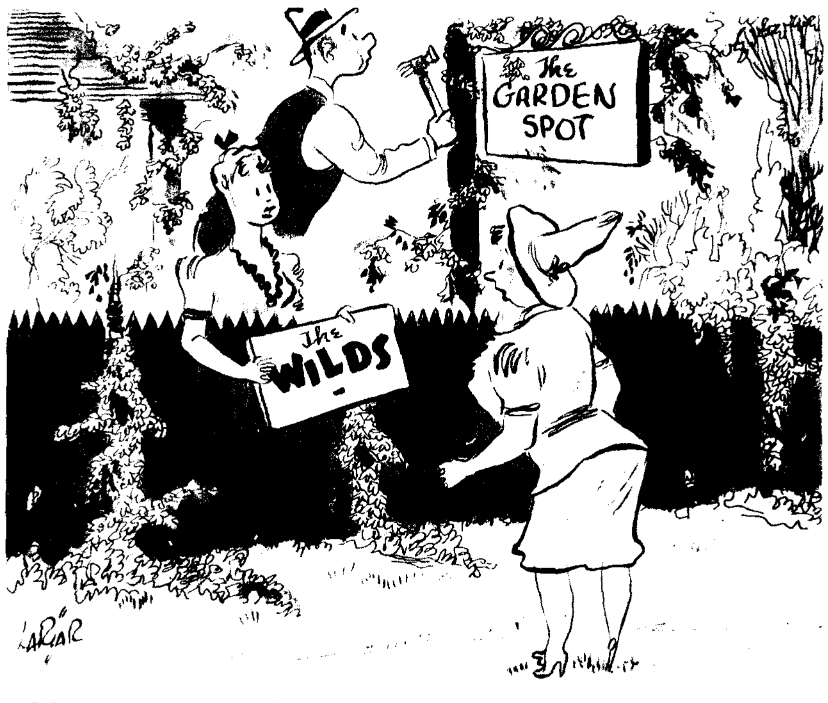
THE big corner window of the Bon Marche Store was designed to attract the attention of every woman in Karnak. Suspended from the ceiling, piled in gaudy heaps on the floor, and draped artistically on metal frames was an assortment of gaily colored yarns: balls of wool in red, green, yellow and in-between shades. Loosely folded skeins of novelty yarns in plain and fancy effects. A normal appeal to a populace mercifully reverting to normalcy.

But it was the center of the window that fascinated the estimable ladies of the town. There they discerned a bold placard that proclaimed that, with its customary generosity the Bon Marche was offering a cash prize of fifty—count 'em—dollars for the best example of handiwork, be it knitted, crocheted or embroidered. There were lesser prizes, too, but they were unimportant.

This was not only an opportunity; it was a challenge. Women who had recently been absorbed in local drama and gossip now devoted their energies to fancywork. It was a blessed relief from the more important happenings of the recent past, and in consequence the result was more far-reaching than even the altruistic Bon Marche management could have foreseen.

It was with a community sigh of relief that the good ladies settled into an orgy of knitting. Husbands found themselves living in an atmosphere of knit-and-purl debate. Events of the past few weeks were shoved into the background and the slightly bewildered menfolks found themselves stifled by a new language replete with words such as cable stitch, tree-of-life pattern and gros point. Here was quiet, here was tranquillity. Here, in the last analysis, was the heritage of Karnak.

Here again was the somnolent little community which always had been and always would be. There were still several bits of unfinished business in which the townsfolk maintained a more than



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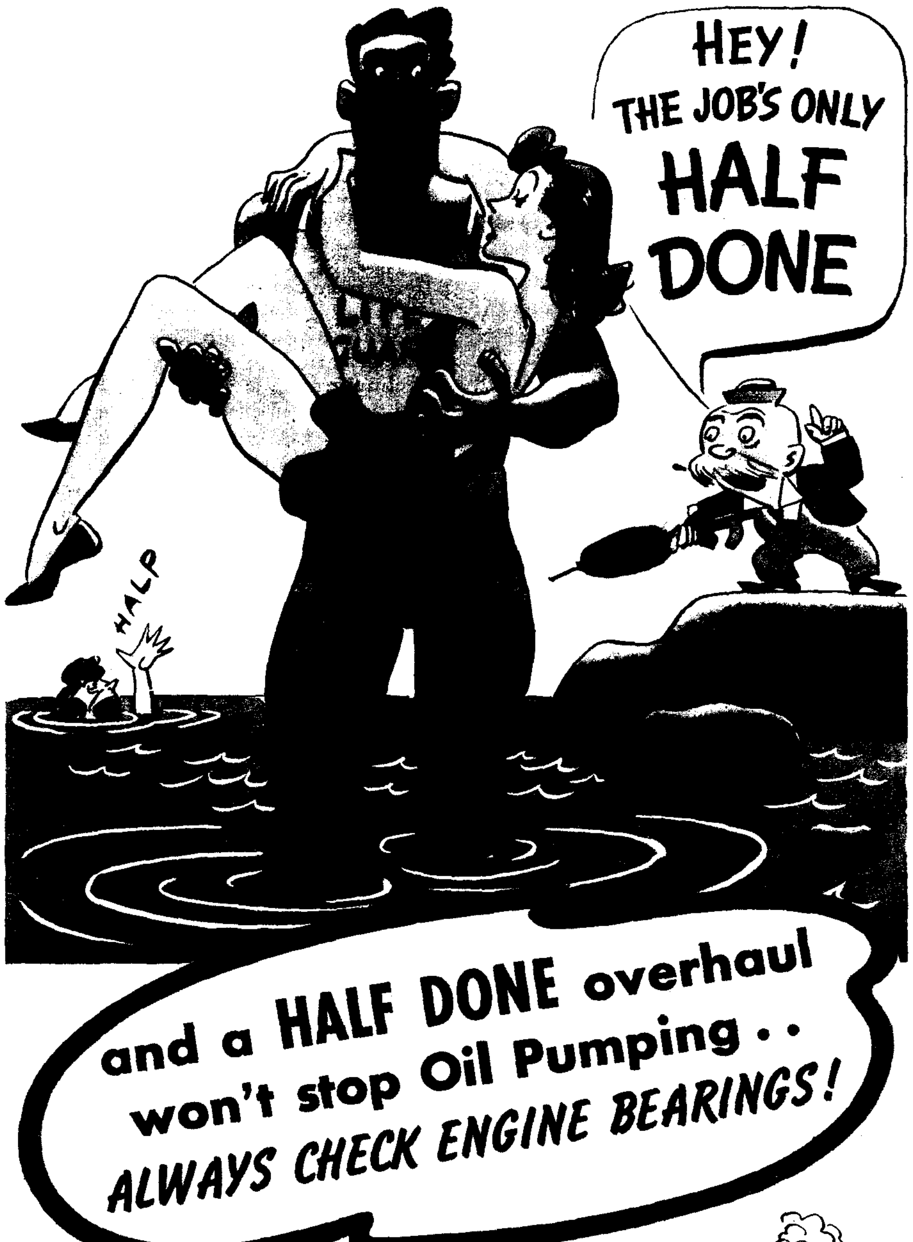
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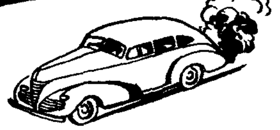

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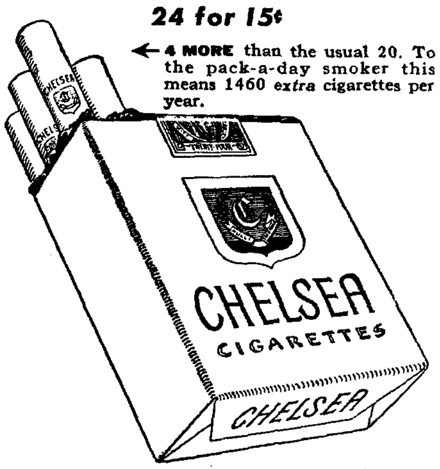

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Westinghouse MAZDA LAMPS

casual interest . . . the trial of Tom Garrison, for instance . . . but it was with genuine relief that they washed their hands of excitement and settled down to the pursuit of everyday happiness.

The days were short and darkness fell early, so that there was more time for intensive knitting by cozy firesides. Life in Karnak was once more quiet and pleasant. And out at Chinquapin it was even lonely.

Jerry Hamilton sat in front of his fireplace, his big frame sprawled comfortably in the leather club chair. He puffed at his favorite pipe and stared into the crackling fire. His thoughts wandered, dwelling now on this, now on that. He was relaxed without being particularly contented. His own adjustment had not been simple. The events of the past weeks had left him with too many things to think about, too few things actually to do.

OUTSIDE, the late afternoon sun was dropping slowly toward the gray-green fringe of pines that marked the edge of Four Holes Swamp. In one of the cabins the rich, full-throated contralto of a Negro woman could be heard, punctuated occasionally by the laughter of children at play. Otherwise there was silence. Particularly inside the great and gracious old plantation house.

Jerry did not hear the car that rolled up the driveway. Nor did he hear the light step as Dale Meredith crossed the veranda and rapped on the front door.

He hoisted himself from his easy chair and opened the door. He said warmly, "Dale! This is swell. Come on in."

He followed her into the library and helped her to remove her coat. She was wearing a simple little beige-and-black dress which fitted her firm young figure snugly, and she kept her hat on as she sank onto the comfortable couch and stretched her rounded legs out toward the welcome warmth of the fire. Jerry seated himself beside her and fumbled with his pipe.

It was she who broke the silence. "The mountain would not come to Mahomet," she said, "so Mahomet has vice versa'd."

He smiled and nodded. "Don't think you're not welcome, Dale. It's been lonely as the devil out here."

"I've waited for you to show up in town." She was trying to be casual. "But since you wouldn't . . ."

He said, "How's the shoulder?"

"Right as rain."

"You were mighty lucky."

"I usually am."

The conversation stopped there for a while. She stole a glance at the face of the man beside her. No, it definitely wasn't handsome, but it had a certain masculine quality that made an irresistible appeal. She said, "I brought some choice bits of news out with me."

"So . . . ? What?"

She looked down at the tips of her brown shoes.

"I'm no longer sheriff of Karnak," she announced quietly.

"I'm not exactly surprised."

"I heard from the governor today. He accepted my resignation and appointed Chet Wilson in my place."

"Chet's a good man."

"And honest. Karnak should have a good many years of decent government."

"Thanks to you." He raised his eyes to hers. "You did a pretty neat job, Dale. Folks hereabouts owe you quite a debt."

"I didn't seek it," she said seriously, "and I certainly didn't enjoy it. From now on I intend to indulge in an orgy of simply being a woman. Anyway . . . Chet has given me his word to carry through with what I started. He has promised to protect Tom Garrison, and to see that he gets a speedy and fair trial. I believe he will. Saying which, I shall wash my hands of county politics and hope never to hear of them again."

"That's a reasonable wish . . ." Jerry was finding it difficult to be casual. He tapped his pipe against the smoking stand and reached for the tobacco humidor. There was so much he wanted to say, and so few words he could find for the saying.

She, too, seemed not entirely at ease, but she forced herself to carry on the conversation, as though her visit to Chinquapin required justification.

"There's more news, Jerry."

"What?"

She hesitated, but only for a second. Then:

"Peter is leaving Karnak soon."

That roused him. He straightened up and looked at her sharply. "Peter leaving?"

"Yes. He's taking Joyce with him." She wasn't looking at him now. "I shall miss them both horribly."

"I don't doubt it. Wasn't this decision of Peter's rather sudden?"

"Perhaps . . ." She hurried on. "He has relatives in Canada. He's taking Joyce to them. He has been in touch with the Canadian government and made some sort of arrangement to help train their recruits. With his experience in Flanders . . . well, anyway, he's going."

Jerry said, "He's a fine fellow. But what about Peggy? I sort of had the idea—"

"And I've still got the same idea," she said. "Unfortunately for Peggy, her tragedy is too recent, and the emotional shock was too great, for any swift recovery."

"Does his leaving mean that there's no chance of that ever working out?"

"No—thank goodness. Peter talked to me. He doesn't attempt to conceal the fact that he's in love with Peggy, although he's delightfully embarrassed about it. I told him to run on off to Canada until Peggy has had a chance to return to normalcy. Basically, those two belong together. And Peggy is much more fond of him than she realizes."

JERRY filled his pipe and lighted it, but the big hand that held the match was not quite steady. The sun was tipping the pines now, and dusk was closing in on Chinquapin. Dale waited, but nothing happened. Then she rose and reached for her coat.

"I'd better start back before dark," she said, with a casualness she did not feel.

He said, "Thanks for coming. I'll miss you more than usual this evening."

Something tightened inside her. She slipped her arms into the sleeves of the coat he was holding for her, and then felt his hands on her shoulders. He spoke softly: "I want to ask you something, Dale . . ."

"Yes . . ."

"You've always loved Chinquapin . . . ever since you were a kid. But recently . . ."

"Go ahead, Jerry."

"Well, I've been wondering how it would seem to you now. Whether what has gone on here . . ." His powerful hands swung her around violently so that she was facing him.

"I'm trying to tell you again that I'm in love with you," he said swiftly. "I'm trying to ask whether you could be happy at Chinquapin."

She stood looking up at him. Her gaze was frank and unashamed. She reached up, so that her hands were on his shoulders.

"Don't you know that that's why I came here this afternoon?" she said. "I've been wanting to tell you for years that the answer is Yes."

(THE END)

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Full Moon Over London

Continued from page 14

Robertson of PM was playing backgammon with an English reporter. Joe Evans of the Herald Tribune came in and dropped wearily into a chair. "The night fighters got fourteen up to one o'clock," Jim MacDonald of the New York Times reported gleefully.

"How many Jerries are up there?" I asked him.

"Around four hundred, I hear," Jim said. "That's a lot of airplanes."

Titich, the waiter, broke in, "Why doesn't someone invent a death ray?"

"Hold my drink, Titich," I told him. "I'll invent a death ray."

Then we argued as to which blitz was worse, this one or the famous Wednesday one in April. Both had their points. The old gal was taking a real pasting tonight and none of us felt good. I'm sure that most of us were afraid. George Lait and Red Mueller of INS walked in. Their clothes were filthy and their faces heavy with soot. They had had a bad time. They had been in a wooden house. One of a block of them. Three bombs had dropped and demolished every house in the row but theirs. They had pulled wounded from the burning buildings and brought them into their house. They had some iodine and they tore their sheets into bandages and did what they could for the tortured men and women who lay there bleeding. Finally doctors and ambulances had come to relieve them. Now they were reporting for work. The blitz was at its very height and more than once the big Savoy shook under the fury of the bombs.

The People's War

"I wonder how many of us will be alive in the morning," a woman said calmly. We looked at her incuriously. None of us knew her. She was a stately, middle-aged woman in evening clothes and she was sipping a tall drink.

"Well, anyway, so far so good," I said to her, and then incredibly, mercifully, came the long, joyous sound of the siren. It was Sunday morning.

Last fall after a bad raid people in London would shrug their shoulders and say complacently, "We can take it." All that feeling is gone now. I walked around the streets of London on Sunday morning. The streets were filled with grim-faced, sullen-looking men and women. They were through taking it. They wanted to give it. Every bomb that the Nazis dropped during the night carried germs with it—germs of hatred. I could feel the hatred rising from the ruins infecting everyone. Tight-lipped men and women stared at the debris of treasured landmarks and you could feel the hatred of Nazi barbarism emanating from them. This war is too important to be fought by generals—it is being fought by the people. The people have borne the brunt of the attack. The people will insist upon making the peace. The people will not be generous victors.

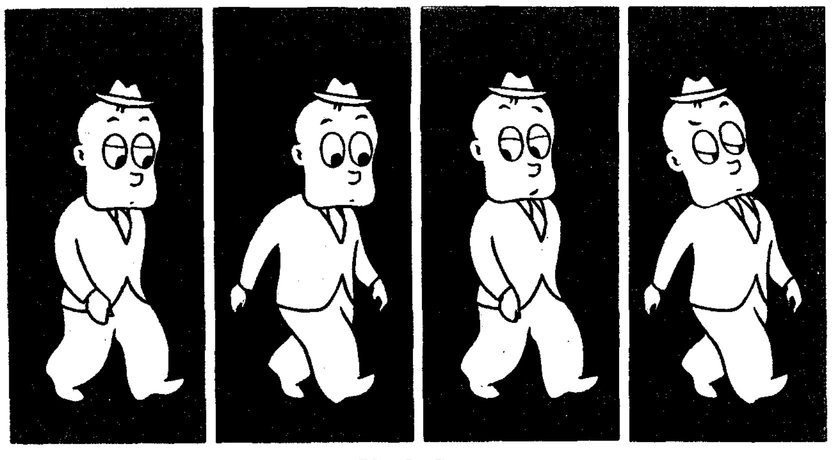
People stood staring at the smoking wreckage of a well-known church. The church was still burning and the light from the flames within showed softly through the stained-glass windows. Someone will have to pay for that one day, the faces of the people said. Another church was nothing but smoldering ruins. Historic Big Ben was hit but although his voice was stilled the hands of the huge clock still traveled slowly around the face. Westminster Hall adjoining the House had the largest wooden roof in the world, built by William Rufus in the year 1200. Incendiaries had destroyed the roof. Bombs had found the two symbols representing what England is fighting for—the House of Commons, the symbol of free speech, and Westminster Abbey, symbol of a Christian form of life. People walked about the city grim-faced.

It was a beautiful day. A warm sun bathed the city but there was a pall of smoke over the city and through it the sun shone blood red. A breeze carried soot from still smoking buildings and your hands and faces grew grimy. The firemen, unexhausted after a bitter night's work, kept at their job methodically. Mobile canteens dashed up and uniformed girls served them tea and sandwiches.

Air wardens and police were searching among ruins, hoping against hope that they might find something living under them. Two men got out of a car in front of the House of Commons. They passed through the police lines. One man was bulky and he smoked a large cigar. The other was small, almost gnomelike. They walked through the ruins of the House, scene of so many of their battles. They wasted no time in being sorry for the old house. Then they came out. The very angle of Winston Churchill's cigar showed anger and determination—not complacent acceptance—and Lord Beaverbrook's face was grim. These men are tired of taking it. Like the people they govern they, too, are anxious to give it.

Two things remained untouched; the huge, frowning figure of Abraham Lincoln which looks across toward the House and Westminster Abbey, and the figure of George Washington standing in front of the Royal Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

Washington looked puzzled; in his time churches and civilians were not military objectives.



Black Cat

CROCKETT JOHNSON

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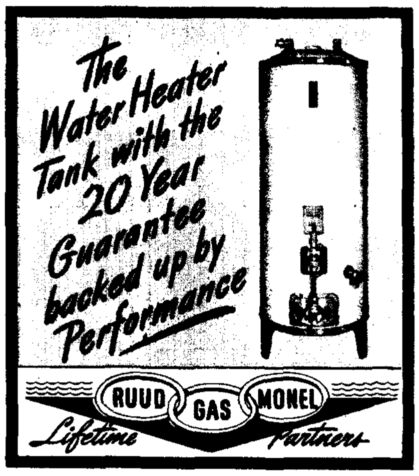
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Savannah Shows the Way

What is the country doing to entertain its new Army? Collier's wanted to find out and in the issue for March 29th it asked the question: How's your hospitality? One hundred dollars was offered for the letter best describing the accomplishments of one community. From Vermont and Florida, from Michigan, Hawaii, California, Newfoundland, Oregon, Washington, Wisconsin, Arkansas, New Jersey, Georgia and Texas letters poured in—hundreds of them. The one adjudged best is published here as a guide and help to other communities. Meanwhile, the United Service Organizations have taken up the campaign and are doing their active best to make the soldier's life a happy one. From every side comes evidence that there is no lack of hospitality in the land—once people have been given a means of showing it. Here, and in the accompanying photographs, you see how Savannah has solved the problem

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

S.S.S.S. card games are a far cry from crap games over an Army blanket

Dances always bring out the boys, who also seem to like group singing

Headquarters Squadron,
35th A. B.,
Savannah Air Base,
Savannah, Georgia.

The Army Editor,
Collier's Weekly,
250 Park Avenue,
New York City, New York.

Dear Sir:

Just a few years ago, and I can speak from actual experience as an enlisted man, the Army, on the whole, was thought of by most taxpayers as more or less a necessary evil. Enlisted men had little to do with the civilians residing in near-by communities. Little thought was given the soldier by civilians, and the soldiers bothered themselves even less with their neighbors.

Since so many thousands of men, like myself, have been called into service or voluntarily enlisted, the cities near the old and new encampments are quickly taking cognizance of the fact that it is to their advantage, as well as the soldiers', to provide amusements that will not only be inviting but instructive and intelligently directed as well.

Beautiful Savannah, Georgia, is one of the first to take an active part in this new drive. Located in and around Savannah, are Fort Screven, Camp Stewart, Parris Island Marine Base and the Savannah Air Base. There are approximately 30,000 men stationed in these four camps. Naturally, the hospitable and intelligent citizens of Savannah realized, in conjunction with the military authorities, that concerted and well-directed action should be taken.

On the corner of Bull and Charlton streets, on the main thoroughfare of Savannah, there is now established the Soldiers' Social Service of Savannah, Georgia. Housed in a large, well-built red brick building, the S.S.S.S., as it is commonly called, is an attractive meeting place for all soldiers from the Air Base, Fort Screven and Camp Stewart. Shady parks surround the building. Well-cultivated shrubbery, and tall, leafy trees add a quiet, restful atmosphere to the outside of this recreation building. Once the Savannah Old Guards' Armory, and more or less unused, this building has been transformed as an answer to the soldiers' problem.

Inside this structure, the visitor is amazed by the story that can be told by any one of the directors of the project. Civilians and Army officers co-operate in the planning of the various activities within the S.S.S.S. building. Colonel G. Arthur Gordon, U.S.A., Ret., President of the S.S.S.S., has the kindly assistance of Savannah's mayor, the Honorable Thomas Gamble, and the latter's hard-working executive committee. This executive committee has the jurisdiction over several smaller but as equally important subcommittees.

There is a committee on visitors. This group arranges facilities for aiding visitors to Savannah, who have sons or brothers, or even fathers, in the Army camps. Here a soldier may meet his mother, sister or any visitor, and if that soldier is a stranger to Savannah, as he most likely will be, the visitors' committee will guide him and his relatives to a good hotel or rooming house.

Athletics constitutes a very important part of any soldier's life. The committee on athletics arranges all sorts of games between soldiers, and these games are not all necessarily played within the city limits. Intercamp boxing meets are regular events. Volleyball, basketball and fencing help the soldier to attain the highest form of physical and mental well-being.

One of the most popular committees arranges dances and other social gatherings for the enlisted men. Once a month Savannah's large Municipal Auditorium is used for dancing. Girls, chosen by the social committee from all walks of life, attend these dances, and eager, willing hostesses help along the introductions. A good orchestra, soft drinks and the pleasant relaxation of dancing with an agreeable partner have never failed to make one of these monthly dances a success for all concerned. Smaller dances held in the S.S.S.S. hall, itself, are more frequent events.

A more serious activity, but also important, is that led by the committee on religious and character-building programs. Members of this committee, helpful Savannahians, all, guide the soldier to the church of his choice, regardless of his faith. Catholics, Protestants and Jews are equally represented on this board. Prominent ministers from the various Protestant churches, priests for the Catholics and Jewish rabbis have been courteously considerate in co-operating with the religious committee of the S.S.S.S. My impression at one Sunday-morning service at the beautiful Independent Presbyterian Church on Bull Street was that the service was being conducted solely for soldiers. I was mistaken. Many Presbyterian soldiers, and some of other faiths, had come to this church because the religious committee had been so helpful in guiding them to it. Many men returned again at evening for the vesper service and also to take part in the Men's Club activities at the church.

We all have our personal problems, which may seem very uninteresting to others, but always loom large in our own minds. Well-educated, experienced men and women on the religious committee are eager to help solve a soldier's problems, if he will consult with them.

Aside from the committees themselves, the directors of the S.S.S.S. offer soldiers the opportunity to remain overnight at the S.S.S.S. dormitory, if they wish. The price for a clean bunk, locker, shower and toilet, is only a half-dollar a night. On the second floor of the building—sleeping quarters being on the third, or top floor—is a cheery, inviting cafeteria, with anything a soldier could desire in the matter of well-cooked food, served by friendly and attractive waitresses. Food prices are nominal, as no profit is exacted from the business.

The scope of S.S.S.S. activities has widened to such an extent, and the response to its program has been so strong, that the Savannah Morning News announced, in the second week of March, 1941, that one hundred citizens were wanted to enroll for a free training course to aid in the S.S.S.S. program.

Part of a letter from General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, United States Army, to Colonel G. Arthur Gordon, director of the S.S.S.S., remarks:

"*. . . wish to express my appreciation* for the excellent work your organization is accomplishing in the interest of welfare and morale of our enlisted personnel . . ."

In closing may a soldier say that the new in Army life is infinitely better than the old. I have seen a little of both, and I sincerely believe that the "old-timer" with many more hitches than myself, will agree that a better Army is being built. Savannah, Georgia, has shown true Southern hospitality to the thousands of American men in Army uniform who live near by. In years to come, I sincerely hope, America will know permanent peace and security. May the memories of many men who will then be older and once again in civilian dress turn back warmly to Savannah, which co-operated so wholeheartedly to make a short sojourn there a happy one.

Sincerely,
Pvt. 1st Cl. Lyman W. Thomas,
Hq. & Hq. Sq., 35th A.B.,
Savannah Air Base,
Savannah, Georgia.

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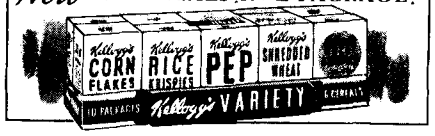
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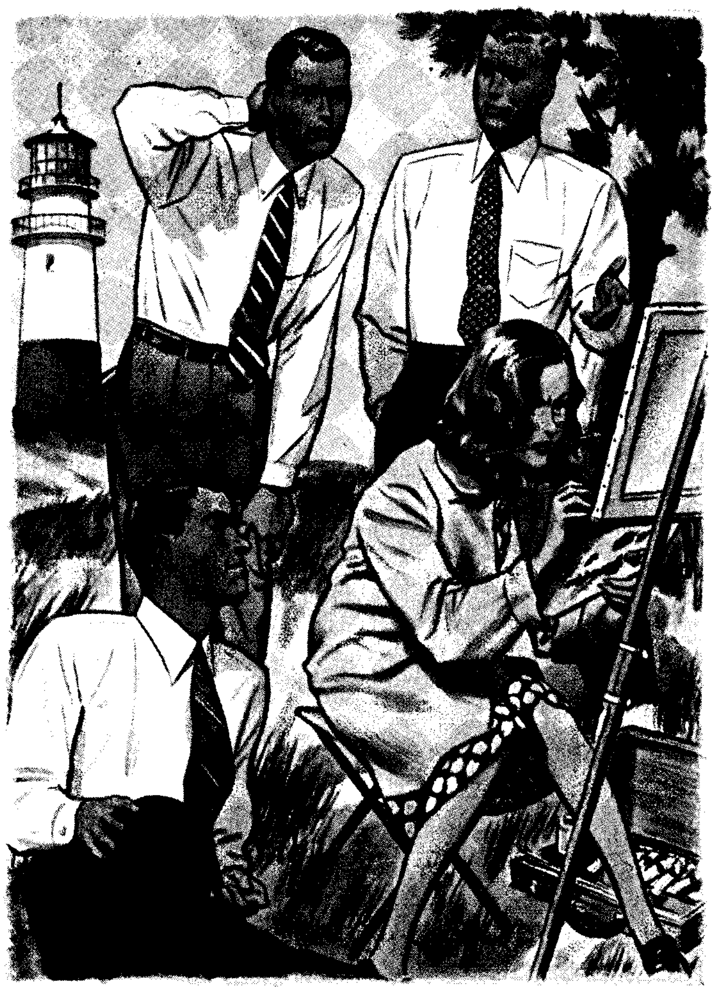
Copr. 1941 by Kellogg Company

Three simple tricks of magic



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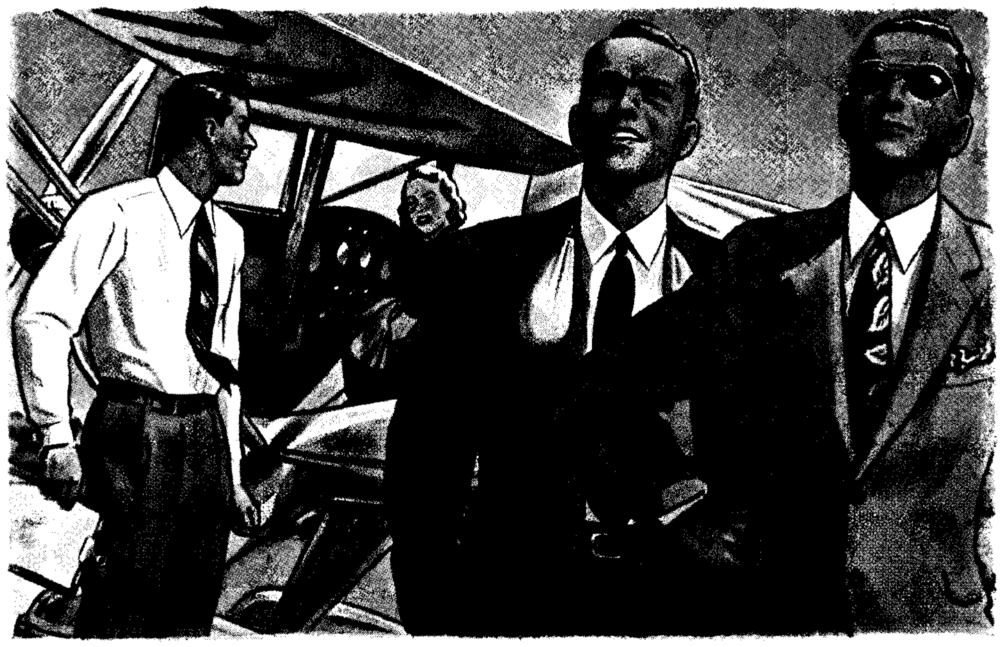
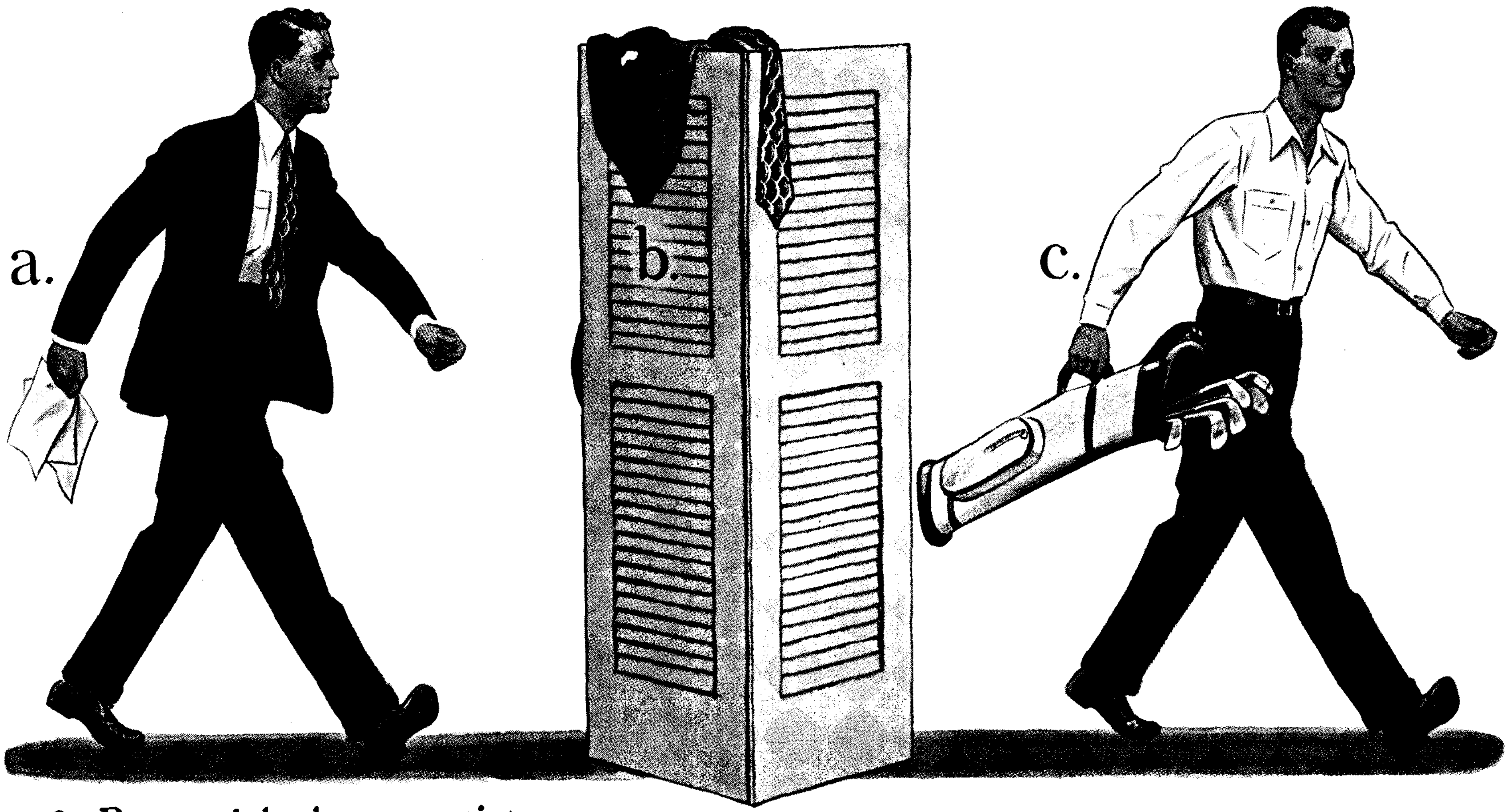
Bounce the sun's heat off your chest! The trick: *white* shirts—white reflects light, color absorbs it. Best all-round whites —*Arrow!* Above: Gordon (oxford cloth), Trump (soft-collared broadcloth), Hitt (non-wilt-collared broadcloth), $2 each.



2. Create optical illusions

If your neck is chubby, make it look longer, slimmer by wearing the Arrow Hull Shirt (left, with new, slope low neck-band collar, $2). If your neck is longish, short collar points de-emphasize it (Arrow Arden, center, $2). If you like collars that look starched, but aren't—Arrow Dale (right, $2.50).



3. Be a quick-change artist

(a) Appear before friends thus. They'll say, "Mm, mighty fine shirt!" (b) Whip off the tie, open the top button. They'll open their eyes! For now—(c) you have on a different shirt—a *sports* shirt with style, comfort, with Arrow's trim "Mitoga" figure fit. It's the new *Arrow Doubler!* At your Arrow dealer's. $2, up.

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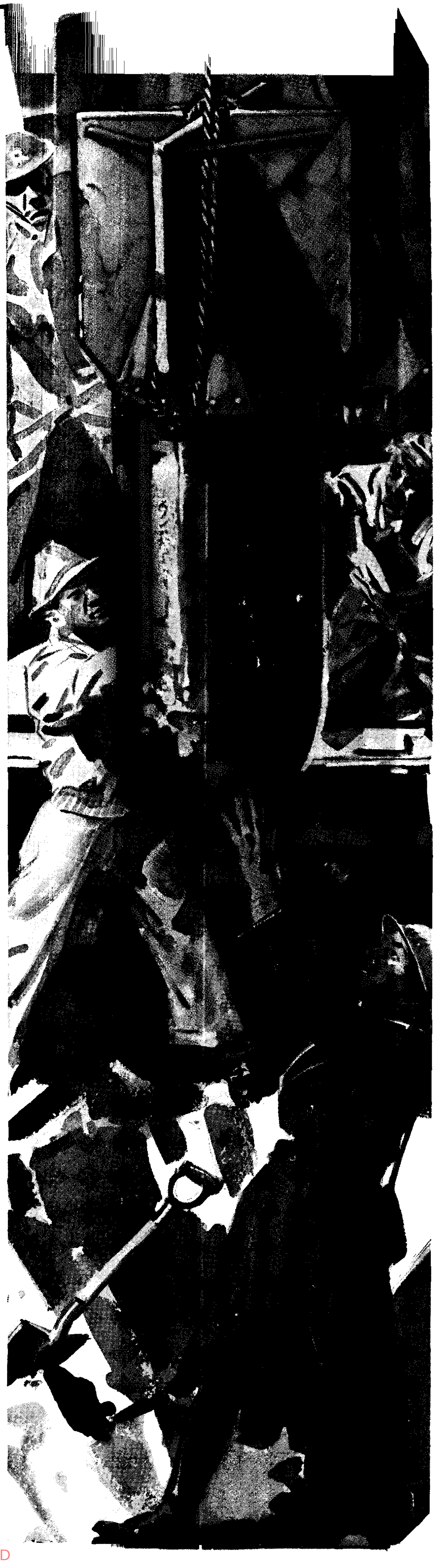
Time Bomb

By Milton K. Kalb

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



AS TRAVIS walked toward the commandant's office, an irrelevant thought struck him, as it always did whenever he was at central headquarters: "How quiet it is here." A polite buzz was the only sound that disturbed this, the busiest room in London.

Travis reached the commandant's door, spoke to the orderly posted before it, pushed the door open. "Lieutenant Travis reporting, sir," he said.

The commandant—a major—looked up and Travis could see strain and fatigue in a face that six months before had been a lovely shade of country-club pink. "Well, Travis," he asked, "how is it?"

"Pretty bad, sir. The whole far end of the No. 34 shelter is collapsed, blocking both emergency exits. We don't know yet how many are buried, sir."

"Direct hit, eh?" He said it almost rather than asked it.

"Yes, sir. Direct hit. Very heavy bomb. Any further orders, sir?"

"Put on a fresh crew and then get some sleep. Carry on."

Travis was tired, worn out. The thought of bed was appealing and, as he left the room, he quickened his steps in his anxiety to finish his job. As he left the building, an orderly overtook him.

"Major Andrews' compliments, sir. Report to him immediately."

Travis retraced his steps. The major was speaking on the phone to someone and as he walked into the office Travis needed only a glance to see that he was tremendously agitated.

"Yes, yes," he was shouting. "Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Very well. Proceed with the evacuation. I'll send a crew over immediately." He hung up the receiver and turned to Travis:

"Travis, there's a two-thousand-pound delayed-action bomb buried in the courtyard of Queen Anne's Hospital. It just landed. Can you assemble your crew—*at once?*"

"I doubt it, sir. My outfit is A. R. P. volunteers. They're scattered all over the city and some of them are on their way home."

The major jumped up. "Never mind. You can get a crew here. Use that microphone outside. And snap to it. The hospital is being evacuated. . . ."

Travis was outside and talking into the public-address system almost before Andrews had finished. His voice boomed through the amplifiers:

"*Attention, please.* The enemy has just dropped a two-thousand-pounder near Queen Anne's Hospital." He could hear the sharp intake of breath from the girls at the switchboards in the room. "It hasn't gone off yet. I want four men to help me dig it out."

TRAVIS marveled. It seemed as if everyone wanted to help. "Thank you, but I want only four—preferably experienced with block and tackle. And only single men. All right. Volunteers to the south wall."

About fifty men lined up. Travis turned to the microphone again: "File past me one by one."

Four men walked through Travis' appraising stare. He stopped the fifth—a black-browed giant who looked like a Welsh miner.

"Name?"

"Flint, sir."

"Family?"

Flint hesitated. "Well, not exactly, sir."

Travis turned back to the microphone: "We're wasting time. Any man with any kind of family who remains on this line will be court-martialed. Now—fall out!" He made his voice sound very sharp. Flint and nine or ten others dropped out. A slight blond man was now at the head of the line; he stepped up to Travis, stopped and saluted.

"Jenkins, sir. Experienced. No family, sir."

"All right. Stand behind me. Next," Travis said.

"Nelson, sir. Experienced. Unmarried, sir."

A few more—whom Travis instinctively felt wouldn't do—walked past. Then, after he had picked two more, unbelievably they were digging at the great, menacing cylinder of steel.

The bomb had buried itself in the soft lawn of the hospital only fifty feet from the nearest wing. With a shovel, Travis scraped a rough oval line in the grass over the space occupied by the bomb and about five feet from it at every point. That would give them some working space when they got down deep.

They began to dig. After a time, Jenkins' voice made Travis start: "There she is, sir. I say, is that 'er what's tickin'?" Concern was in his voice.

Travis smiled. "No, Jenkins. Delayed-action bombs don't tick. Acid sets them off. When the bomb strikes, a bottle of acid is broken inside a metal container. When the acid eats through the metal . . ." He didn't have to finish.

" 'Ow long does that take, sir?"

"You never know," Travis said. "It might go off any minute or not for a week." He observed that Jenkins paled perceptibly at his words and he wondered if the man was a coward. "Don't worry," he continued, "if she blows we'll never know it."

"I'm all right, sir," said Jenkins. His face and voice belied his words, but he returned to his digging with ferocity.

A man in a white orderly's uniform came running toward them out of the hospital. "You in charge?" he panted to Travis.

"Yes," said Travis.

"The evacuation is complete, sir. Except for one—or would you say two, sir?"

"What the hell do you mean?" Travis said. "Speak up, man."

"There's a lady having a baby, sir," said the orderly.

THE men were trying to slip a noose around the vanes of the bomb so that, as they dug the supporting soil away from the nose, the monster wouldn't fall over on its side and crush them. Jenkins, holding one end of the rope, lost his footing and stumbled into the pit. The men cursed him.

"Don't be so damned nervous, Jenkins," said Travis.

Nelson chimed in: "That's right, Jenkins. We ain't transplantin' no bloody tree, you know."

Jenkins silently climbed back to his position.

"Carry on, men," said Travis. He continued to the orderly: "Have the police clear Durham Road. We're taking this thing to the marshes if we can get it there before it goes off. Get everyone along the route into shelters. Lively!"

The vanes secured, the men resumed their digging. Then a sudden tightening of the rope that supported the tail of the bomb apprised them that the bomb was free of the soil that held it.

"All out now and on that block and tackle," Travis said. "I'll hold her steady while you pull." He jumped into the pit and put his hands on the cold metal in a gesture that was like a caress. The ropes creaked and the back end of their heavy truck that was parked almost over the pit dropped on its springs as it received the full weight of the bomb from the pulleys attached to it. Inch by inch the huge projectile straightened as its tail was pulled upright.

Travis could hear his own breath coming fast and hard. This was the critical moment. Sometimes they went off when you first moved them. He could feel the sweat running down his legs. . . . Suddenly the bomb was rising through his hands and then it was over his head like a great fat sword.

He clambered out of the pit. Carefully, with loving care almost, they swung the bomb gently toward the truck, easing slightly on the rope as they did so; and then they were nursing it into its cradle in the truck. With a heavy, frightening thump, first the nose and then the tail settled down in place.

"Three of you sit on her and don't let her buck around," said Travis. "You, Jenkins, come up front with me and operate the siren."

He raced to the cab, jammed the starter and the motor roared. He shifted into first and was releasing the clutch when he heard one of his men calling through the noise of the motor. He eased the throttle. "Hold up, sir," he heard, "here's a doctor."

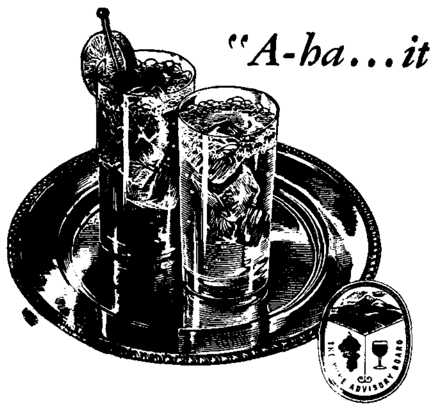
A man in a rumpled white uniform came running around to the window on the driver's side. He was panting from the exertion. "You from central headquarters?" he asked.

"Yes."

"If you see one of your men tell him his wife just gave birth to a boy. Both doing fine. Jenkins is the name."

The truck roared away and the doctor could hear its siren going full blast long after it had passed out of sight.

"A-ha . . . it's a Wine Collins"



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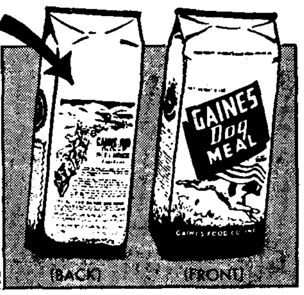


Love Pact

Continued from page 15

themselves and about the other's honorable self. Between each sentence, each allowed herself to be discreetly impressed by the other's knowledge of custom.

The storekeeper's wife recalled herself, after a proper interval, with a gasp: "But where is my memory? If you will accept such a poor thing! These tins of whale meat."

"Whale meat! Such a luxury!"

"No, no. I only thought we seldom have it in our village."

"You have said the words. Seldom do we have it."

The storekeeper's wife measured her bow with the other's, and slid the cloth-wrapped gift bundle three inches farther across the mats. On the beat of some invisible metronome the wine dealer's wife straightened her shoulders and fumbled her thin fingers as she touched her own gift bundle.

"This is nothing I am giving you. Less than nothing!" she said forlornly.

"Surely that package is never for me!" the storekeeper's wife denied with fine surprise.

"If you can bring yourself to accept it. Only *Kyushu* pemmican it is."

"*Kyushu* pemmican! Such a feast!"

"Not for your house, I am sure."

"But yes! Not since the war years have we had its flavor in our sauce."

Down went each forehead to touch folded hands.

"The water boils, I see," the wine dealer's wife said, straightening.

"Yes, I drew it fresh."

"Again I am indebted to you."

"I hope you will drink this medicine tea. It is very poor."

"Medicine tea! What luxury! I brought only the ordinary green. Perhaps you will taste it later."

"Yes, certainly. Later."

"It is very ordinary."

"No, never."

They played this way with etiquette. But it was not slow play, nor dull. Is crossing a swamp at night dull? Each new word can easily be a swamp or a maze when one is making marriage talk.

"THE Ito girl, then, is of an age for marriage?" the wine dealer's wife asked placidly, lifting her tea bowl. She sat hard on her toes and gripped her elbows close, now.

"Yes. Eighteen summers she has had." The voice of the storekeeper's wife was bland and casual, now that the trade had begun.

"Eighteen is it?"

"She has worked the rice six summers. And skillfully, too. Six whole years ago it was that her father petitioned the school to let her quit."

"Ito-San was never one to use the school overly. It was only his eldest son he let do the full eight years. And him with eight to work the rice."

"Five now . . . five since the sick-headed one died and the two grown sons came home from China in white boxes."

"Ah, I had forgotten about the sick-headed one. What about Ito's first wife who was mother to this girl? She was queer in her ways."

"Of the eight children her body made, only one was sick-headed. That shows her stock was good, naturally."

"Naturally."

"Perhaps she was queer now and then in the wind. Many women are."

"But the daughter—how is she if the wind blows?"

"Wind, sun and rain, it is all the same to her."

"H'm-m-m. She is young yet. Sometimes the wind madness comes later."

"Who can tell? But meanwhile she will make sons for her husband."

"M'm-m."

"Have you noticed her beauty—that pale long-faced beauty? Her mother's mother had a scandal, it is said, with a samurai."

"Yes, she has beauty," the wine dealer's wife agreed cautiously.

"Quiet she is, and orderly. Always her paddy is the neatest."

"You say she is strong?"

"Have you seen her carrying seaweed? Such strength! Already with the summer only half over she has burned more weeds for iodine than anyone in the village. It is said the September buyer will pay her more than three pieces of silver for her iodine."

"Only think! Three pieces!"

"She can do other things, this Teru. She is not one to sit under the foot quilts in winter. She uses her hands well. Strong and tight her woven baskets are, so that even in the next village now they buy them for crab pots."

"You speak the truth, I am sure."

"May the fox god plague me if I don't!"

HASTILY the two pinched their ears. This was bad. It was a slip. No one should speak of foxes here, with those woods to cross before even the roofs of the village could be seen—the Foxes' Wood, where more than one woman had been bewitched. The storekeeper's wife bowed her head in embarrassment. This would put her at a disadvantage. She might have to start the asking price at thirty-five pieces.

"Is Teru's name quite good?" the wine dealer's wife asked tonelessly.

"Not even a first lover has that girl had!"

"M'm-m."

"But wait, I have not told you all. Her fingers are soft enough to push a needle in silk. When the priest wanted new humility patches on his brocade robe last winter, he trusted that beautiful silk to Teru."

"Such an honor!"

"Oh, the man who receives her must be deserving. But where is such a man?"

The fat woman sat back. It was the other's turn.

"'There now, you have asked the right question," the thin woman said, sitting forward. "I have an answer for it. I know the husband for this Shining One."

"Steady? Manly? And sufficiently disabled so he'll not have to fight again in China?" the fat one demanded.

"Yes. I speak of Muto's son."

"But Muto's son *has* a woman!" The protest was a wail.

"Not Muto's third son."

"*Third* son! Who wants a *third?* Ito's girl is worthy of a *first* son."

"Muto's third son is like to be first son. Hasn't he come back from China with only a foot wound? Both his elder brothers are still fighting in China. Naturally, no father expects three sons will come back."

"Naturally."

"The man Muto has said he will give this third son his hill field and the beans in the bottom land."

"M'm-m. That hill field is big, yes. But it will break the back of a woman who works it in five years, that field . . . M'm-m. I had thought today to speak of a first son for Teru."

"First son!" the thin woman's scorn was shrill. "Would you have the hire-boatman's first? He that has no more land than the size of a napkin and only a slow, rusty boat to tie to his crazy pier? One wave and the boat is gone and then where is the wife of the first son?"

"M'm-m."

"There is the tubmaker's first, yes surely. He is a fine one, isn't he? who can read and write and can even count to fifty in his head! But what good is he? Off on a salmon boat to Kamchatka in April, he is, and never a sight of him again until he comes falling home in August with only a beer breath to show for all the money he has spent in town! *Aie! Aie!* Is this Chu, the third son of Muto, better or not?"

THE wine dealer's wife spread her voice like a fan now, and waved it enticingly for the other. "Steady, Chu is, and quiet. Never does he come to my man's shop for wine. He drinks only on feast days. That I tell you truthfully. Earnest he is, and quick with the mattock. Mind my words, he will take more from the land than his father has, and you know what a worker Muto is."

"Even though he has this foot wound from fighting in China?"

"Yes."

"But Chu has traveled. He has lived in two cities. Will he not hunger for more than one woman?"

"What man doesn't? But, to hunger and to eat is different," the wine dealer's wife observed.

"But the man Muto, does he speak of a good settlement?"

"Yes, to get a strong wife for this good third son of his, he will be fair."

"Would he be willing to give fifty pieces of silver?"

"You frighten me—such a sum!"

"I speak because the houses in town pay such prices for girls these war days."

"With all the girls being sold to buy rice?"

"Straight from the agent my husband has had the word." The storekeeper's wife opened and closed her hand fan rapidly.

"Does Ito-San think seriously of selling. . . ?"

"What would you? He has two other girls. Last year his second wife gave him another girl child, didn't she?"

"*Aie! Aie!* Muto has told me thirty pieces he would give as a present to the bride's family. Not more!"

"Never could I go to the man Ito talking such small money." The voice of the storekeeper's wife was tearful.

Cautiously the two women sipped their tea.

"Thirty-five pieces, maybe . . . maybe because the man Muto wants a strong daughter. I might ask for the extra five. Mah, but it will take courage to find the words!"

"*Aie! Aie!* After this beautiful talk. After the melon you brought has passed my lips. Do I like to let such words come on my tongue now? . . . Forty-five I might suggest. Forty-five because the father might, in his goodness, sacrifice that to have his daughter married instead of . . ."

"Forty-five, do you say? *Aie!* Perhaps you are right. Our prices will never meet. And only to think . . . those elegant cakes of yours which I ate and swallowed. Mah, never would my body be easy, knowing that I had eaten such a feast and then did not make my price meet yours. We must do something, truly!"

"Yes, truly."

"Suppose we divide the troublesome ten and say forty?"

"Fair it is!" the storekeeper's wife cried magnanimously. "It is not what the man Ito has demanded. No. But I shall spend a whole day persuading him."

"We have done well."

"You think the son Chu will have no other choice?"

"No, he never looks at a woman."

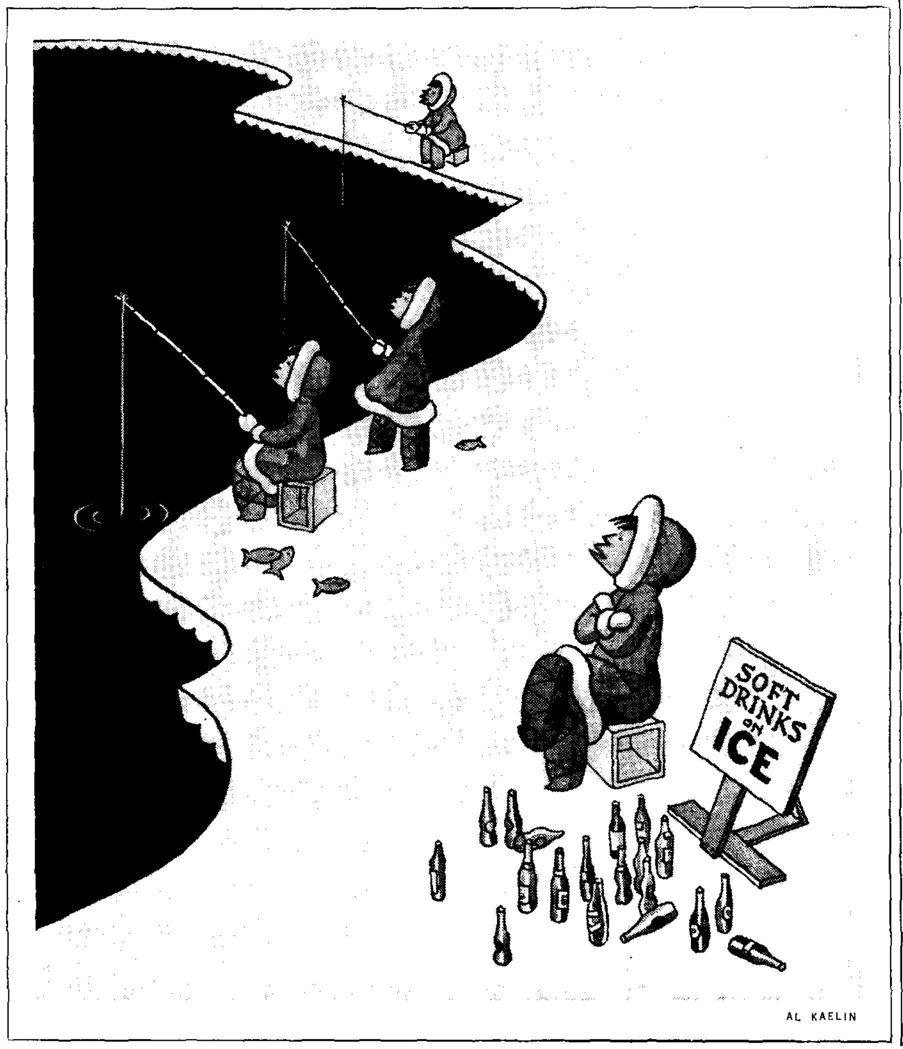
"The girl is docile, too. Her father has only to command her."

"But the kimono money? We have not spoken yet of it."

"Well, if this gift money is small, then . . ." The storekeeper's wife gave her words the obvious implication.

"Chu is young. I doubt if he can buy his bride more than two kimonos."

"Two? They tell me the shipbuild-



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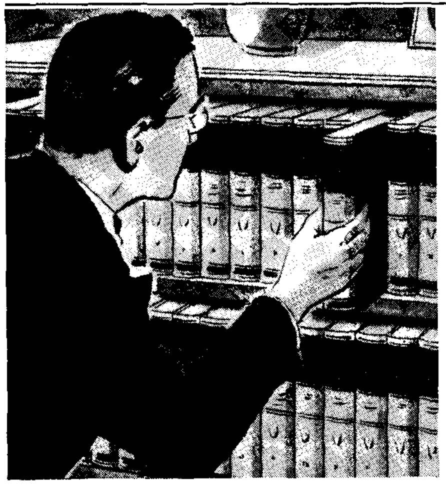

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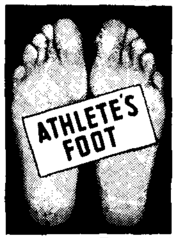

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er's daughter had four kimonos when she was married."

"Such foolishness! How can one woman wear four kimonos? One she needs for work, and one for festivals. What else does a woman do? I ask that. Whatever would she do with the other two?" The wine dealer's wife tapped her tooth in annoyance.

The storekeeper's wife waited.

"You agree then," the wine dealer's wife said finally, "to five pieces of silver from the son Chu to the girl Teru for two kimonos, with maybe two rolls of cotton as well?"

"Five pieces of silver and two rolls of cotton?"

"If she is cunning with her needle, as you say, she can do much with that."

The storekeeper's wife looked thoughtfully at the sea. At last she said, "With soup bowls it is a bargain."

"Soup bowls!" the wine dealer's wife broke out angrily. "Lacquerware or chinaware?"

"Oh, lacquerware, certainly."

"She shall have soup bowls. A woman should have them. Yes, I agree. I agree. . . . And the bride's return gift? It goes without saying that it will halve that which her betrothed sends her?"

"We understand each other well."

"It is a bargain."

A bow solemnized the pact, a bow that divided itself into three before they found themselves rising at the same moment.

"Eh-nah, neighbor!" the wine dealer's wife shook herself suddenly. "Only look at the shadows! *Aie,* we be fools! Now we must cross the woods in half-light. Not for ten marriages would I have had this happen."

"Ala-mah!" the storekeeper's wife jerked herself out of satisfied reverie. "The shadows, only look at them! What shall we do?"

"Come, neighbor, words are no good. Five coppers on a prayer! Make haste!"

"When did a fox ever care about a five-copper prayer? Only our legs will save us now. Come, neighbor, look neither to right nor left. Only hurry!"

AND down in the little valley beyond, the rice lay still in the late afternoon light. A carter sang his evening song of fretted love. His full voice carried up over the little hills. Women lighting their evening fires heard its melancholy surge and hummed with him. It was a song everyone knew. It carried even to the youth and a girl who lay above the road on a hillock of clustered pines. They smiled at each other as they listened. They hummed too, but their eyes mocked melancholy.

"After midday," the man said softly, "when you worked so far from me at the other end of your paddy, I thought stopping time would never come. The sun lagged like an inquisitive old woman. See, even now, my Teru, she is trying to send those last rays of hers through the wild-grape leaves, to see you here in my arms."

"Shut her out! Oh, shut her out! Oh, Chu," the girl jumped up.

"Gently, Teru," the man soothed her. "Have I not sworn to give my secret love only to you?"

"Yes, Chu. It is only that I am afraid."

"Do not be afraid, Teru. I shall find a way. Tonight at dinner I shall begin talk with my father for a bride. I shall be very artful. Never will I say your *name right out. But I shall hint. I shall* speak of the paddy next to mine that is tended so well it grows fully as many *koku* of rice as ours. I shall ask for a new crab pot, so father will know the price you earn for your baskets. He will not buy one, you understand, because he will hope to get one after he has arranged the marriage. It is only to acquaint him with your virtues so he will instruct a go-between to study our marriage. . . . Oh, I shall persuade him, artfully, to let me have you for wife."

"And if you don't?"

"Then our love pact is made, isn't it? I have sworn to it. I shall jump from the shrine cliff with you."

"And I, Chu," the girl's sweet brown face strained up to his, "and I, too, shall jump from the shrine cliff rather than let my father marry me to another than you, my Chu. I swear it!"

"Teru, your face," the man urged in quick tenderness, "let me look at your sweet peony face! Your voice and body I know even in the dark. But your face, my loved one, with those long black eyes, so sweetly long. . . ."

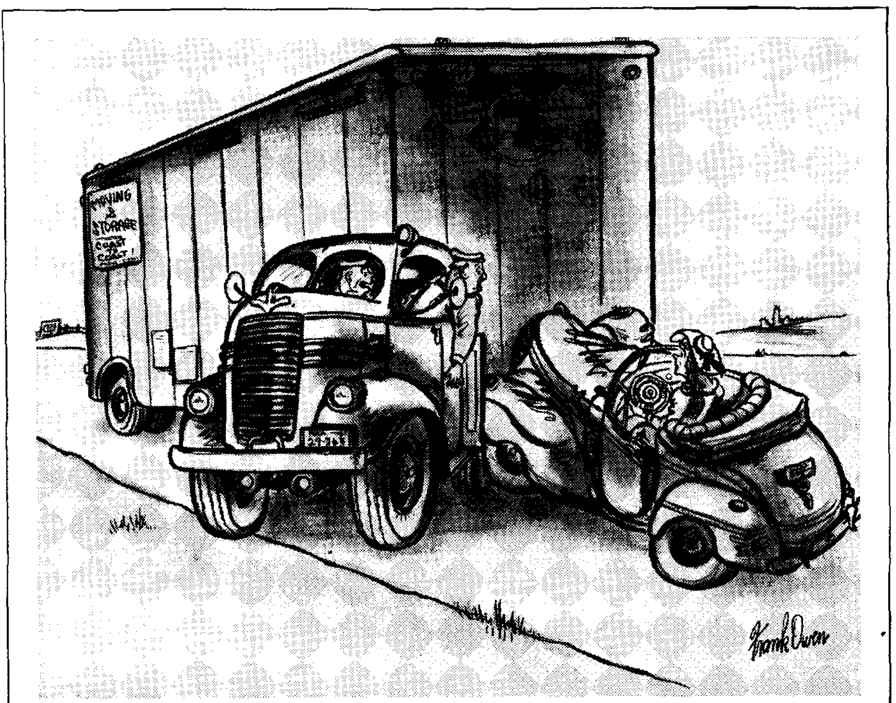
"Yes, look now, Chu," the girl whispered, "for I must run by the short cut if I am to reach my father's courtyard when the others come from the paddy."

"You will come to me tonight at the same place?" Chu asked with fierce intentness.

"Yes," the girl promised. "I will meet you again tonight in the bamboo grove."

"Until then, my only love. And be careful no one suspects!"

"Until then, my only love. And be artful with your father!"



"Nice dodging, Fred—at least she didn't hit us!" FRANK OWEN

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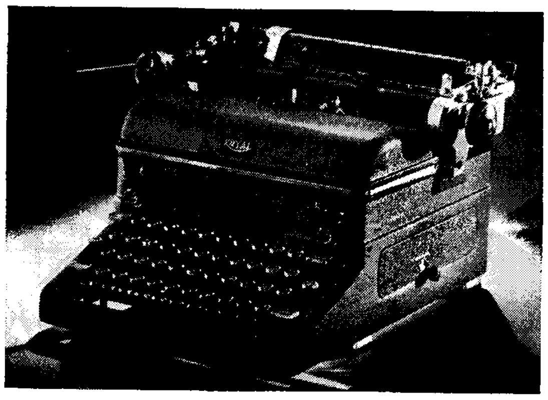

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WORLD'S NUMBER 1

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Collier's

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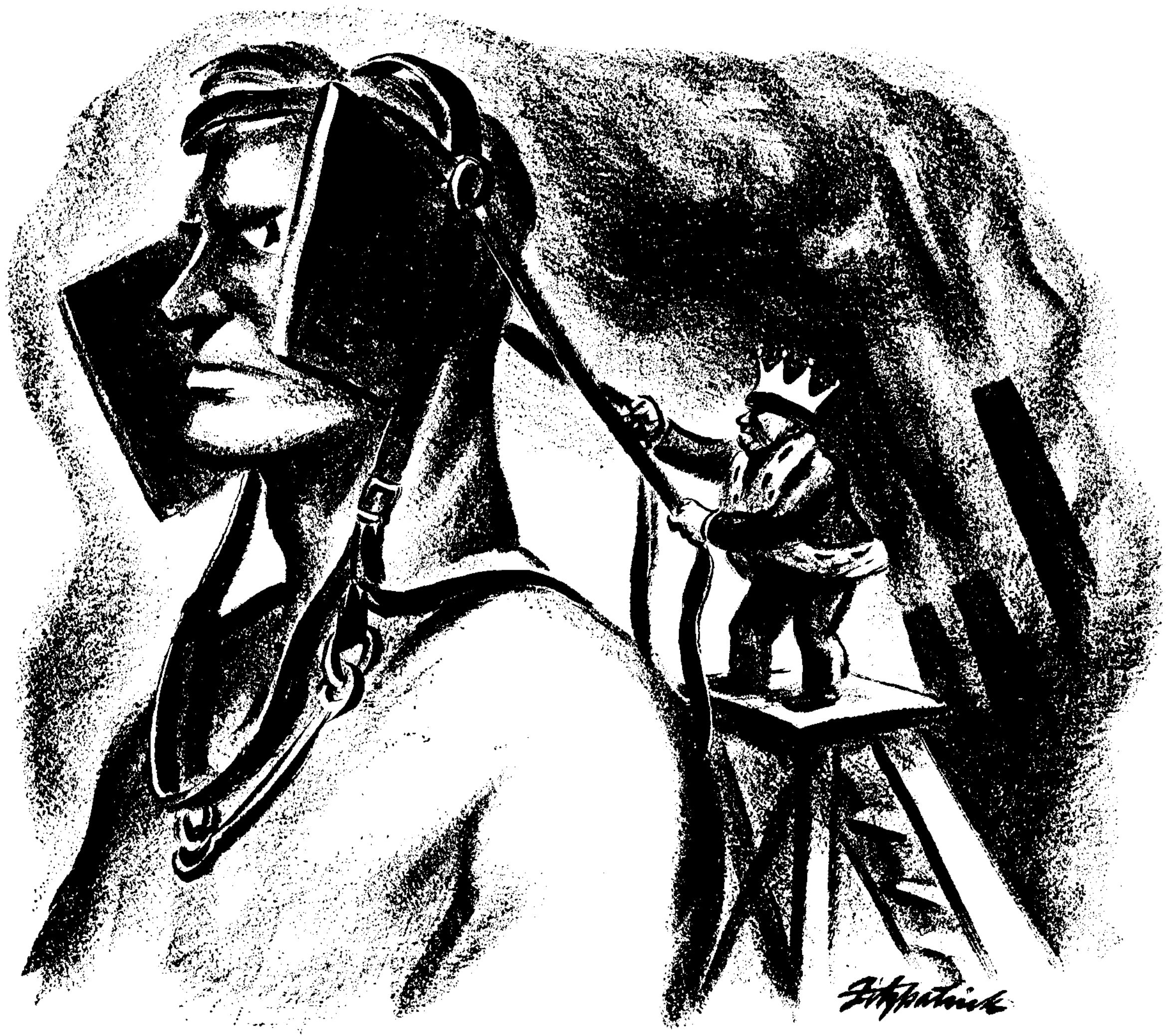

Creel on Censorship

WE HOPE a lot of people, in Washington and elsewhere, took careful heed of George Creel's article, The Plight of the Last Censor, which appeared in a recent issue of Collier's.

Mr. Creel during the first World War was handed the job of trying to keep military secrets from leaking out through the American newspapers and magazines. He is a Ph.D., at the very least, on the subject of censorship in wartime or near-wartime.

And what is this past master's considered verdict on the whole matter? It is simply that censorship of the press in such times is no good. From all points of view, says Dr. Creel, such censorship defeats its own purpose and therefore is worse than useless.

In the first place, other governments don't wait for our papers to reach their shores, then go through them with magnifying glasses and ouija boards to divine our military secrets. They depend on spies mainly, and the spies in turn depend mainly on coded cables and illicit radios. Thus, press censorship aims at a target that isn't there.

In the second place, when the public knows the press is being censored for military reasons, the public automatically takes to reading between the lines a great deal more than is between the lines. Wild rumors get around; and, public confidence in the press having been destroyed by the knowledge that a censorship is in operation, the press becomes powerless to convince the public that any given rumor is false. The effects sometimes can be disastrous to civilian morale.

Mr. Creel advocates a thoroughgoing censorship of the cables in times such as these, plus a strict supervision of all radio broadcasts, plus the swift tracking down of all illicit radio stations by means now within the Federal Communications Commission's power.

And that is all he does advocate as a method of keeping vital military secrets as secret as may be. The rest, he says, is surplusage.

Certainly our government's experiences with other kinds of censorship in this war to date bear out the Creel advice. Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox has initiated the "gentlemen's agreement" system, whereby the press is supposed to censor itself regarding ship movements. Already we've run into the old fact that one man's gentleman is another man's cad; also into the fact that journalism in this country is a fiercely competitive game. The gentlemen's agreement is not working, and will not work.

The fact of the matter is that, in a democratic country, the people are entitled to a maximum of war news, not to a minimum; that only essential military secrets should be kept from public knowledge. There are too many among us that don't trust democracy and who leap at the chance, in wartime or near-wartime, to plug the wellsprings of legitimate public information.

Too many of these busybodies, these haters and fearers of the democratic system, have government jobs. It's up to the basically sane, trustworthy majority of us to clip these petty tyrants' claws and keep them clipped for the duration.

Why These Bribes?

THERE is apparently a feeling in administration and congressional circles that certain sections of the American people have to be bribed to do their patriotic duty in the present emergency.

Congress votes farm crop loans and kindred subsidies as lavishly as if farm prices were at about 1930 levels and most of the farmers threatened with bankruptcy. Prices aren't, and the farmers aren't. The Administration makes wild protests for the record, but hasn't at this writing taken the vigorous steps it could and should take to head off this particular boost toward a runaway inflation.

Some of the excitement about strikes in defense industries has been exaggerated, we think. Still, strikes have been annoying, and damaging to the defense program. Some of these strikes have been unjustified, patently fomented by labor leaders out to feather their own nests first and last. Toward these, the Administration has been namby-pamby—has seemed in some cases, indeed, to be encouraging the boys to go after all they can get.

It all springs, we believe, from the above-mentioned notion that the farmers and workers of the United States are so blind, selfish and unpatriotic that they must be bribed with government money and favors to do their part in rounding up the guns, planes, tanks and shi which we and the British have got to have.

We do not believe it. The American people are made of better stuff than that. No section of our people has to be bribed, cajoled, kidded or catered to at a time like this. All we need to know is what part of the big job each of us is expected to do. We've made sacrifices before; we're not too good or too soft to make sacrifices again.

Let's have an end to these government insults to our patriotism, and be on with the work in hand.

Tip to Graduates

YOU ladies and gentlemen who finished high school or college in the last few days have had an earful of high, uplifting and generally abstract advice. So here's an eminently practical piece of advice for a change:

Don't trust that steel-trap memory of your to retain unaided the faces, first names, nicknames and special traits of all those classmates whom you now think you will never forget. You will forget too many of them, and precisely the ones you can least afford to forget, unless you take precautions now; and we mean now.

Such precautions should include pictures, with names and nicknames attached; notes of distinguishing characteristics; all the autographs you can get, and so on. And these data should be filed away where thieves can't break in or rust corrode, but where you can lay hands on them in a hurry. Don't say, ten years from now, that we didn't warn you.